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The Long Land

CHILE

By Carleton Beals

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THE LONG LAND

LAND

SOUTH AMERICA is shaped like a man with a big paunch. The paunch is Brazil, sticking out toward Africa. Chile is the lean meat along the backbone—the great spinal column of the Andes. Chile also provides one of the legs of the man-shaped continent. The toes stick out into the icy South Seas, and the big toe is blunt Cape Horn, a rock cliff on the southernmost island of the Tierra del Fuego—Fire Land—archipelago.

Thus Chile is a long thin land. It is a narrow ribbon of criss-cross valleys and mountains, deserts and forests, lakes and fiords, that stretches nearly three thousand miles from torrid zone to the sub-Antarctic, from heat to snow, from sea level up to the world's highest peaks outside the Himalayas.

Few lands offer more startling contrasts. Few lands provide so many kinds of resources. Not many countries have so many opportunities for recreation and sport, or climate so suitable. What other region offers so many breath-taking panoramas?

This long thin land not over two hundred and ten miles wide, at one point only forty-six, in some places is cut nearly to the Argentine frontier by deep mountain-fringed gulfs. Its average width is half that of Indiana. It is twenty-six times as long as it is wide.

From a high plane one can see from one side to the other; the mighty Andean snows, the hill-tangled plain—either desert, vineyard, or forest—sloping to the saw-toothed shore line, and the sea. Chile is a narrow foothold on the edge of the continent, a thin shelf at the base of the Andes.

This makes for variety and enjoyment. Those who tire of the

balmy climate of central Chile can get to the high snows for skiing or scenery in a few hours. Those who tire of the eternal warm spring of the nitrate ports can drive up into the foothill meadows.

From north to south the country falls into three main areas: desert, fertile pampas, and forests. These three regions have been described as the lands "where it never rains, where it rains in winter, and where it rains all the time."

But each zone is broken into smaller fragments by mountains or deserts, bogs or forests—severed into segments like Patrick Henry's snake. Thus the forest lands include the glistening wet southern islands. The northern desert region includes a number of rich valleys that thread deep into the Andean cliffs. Every few miles, wherever one goes in Chile, the scenery offers new and startling variations.

"Mad Geography," a Chilean writer calls his country. Mad geography has created a Pandora's box of obstacles and problems, but it has also provided the visitor from outside with the most majestic scenery to be found anywhere, and few countries have been provided with so many good travel facilities—boats, roads, railways, planes—for enjoying it. The Chileans starting with the raw product of climate and natural beauty have made of their country one of the finest playgrounds in the Americas.

In the north are sun-flooded deserts cut up everywhere by the Andean foothills, enormous crags, and great valleys of shifting sand that push clear to the rock-bound coast. Nearly the entire area, except in the artificially watered towns and cities, which have been converted into luxurious green bowers, is devoid of vegetation, barren as the moon. Some valleys are wide white lakes—ancient lava flows as in the Atacama Puna, or else rich nitrate beds formed eons ago, never washed away and gleaming eternally like frosted mirrors. The sand formations are often exquisite. Snow-white dunes dot low pink plateaus. Astonishing combinations of blacks, yellows, violets, deep ochers, dazzling whites flow together under the strong-wheeling sun. The sand drifts up thousands of feet, staining the snows with blood tints.

The land begins to change in smiling Copiapó Valley—the

first goal of early Spanish conquest—where today nestles a graceful if frowzy rural town.

South beyond another tangle of mountains lie the rich central "Vales of Paradise," the most populated part of the country with 80 per cent of the inhabitants, the most prosperous farms, the leading industries. Beautiful cities are set in green acres against towering snow mountains. It is California in climate and setting but more majestic. Its texture is balmy Mediterranean.

From Indian Temuco on south is the emerald lake region—deep purple waters among dark green forests, lakes fed by Andean snows and glass-blue glaciers. The rivers tumble down in churning cascades. The shores, dotted with resorts, are flower clad in summer (September to April) and zestful in winter, though then mostly drenched with rain.

They offer wonderful skating and skiing, hunting and fishing, horseback riding and exploring.

Below this region are the dense forests filled with dozens of superb woods. The coast line from here on is dotted with islands, hashed with islands, tangled with islands, all of them thickly matted with vegetation, a Temperate Zone jungle so prolific it seems eager to devour the settlements and fishing centers. One whole province—Chiloé—is made up almost entirely of forested islands, a thousand of them. They are peaks of a submerged mountain chain. A fourth of Chile's area is made up of islands. More mad geography.

Far south in the Province of Last Hope, tucked away on an island-meshed inlet right against the Argentine border, lies the town of Natales, cattle sheds and meat-packing plants. Farther south on the Straits of Magellan stands the world's southernmost city, Punta Arenas (Magallanes), with its view of purple waters and the snow heights of Fire Land. It is a busy emporium of wool and mutton, gold and coal, and now of oil. It is coolish there the year round, but winters, except in the mountains, are milder than those of the Connecticut shore line.

Such are Chile's three main regions: nitrate desert, Paradise Vales, southern rain forests stretching on into southern ice fields. These three regions are like a combination sandwich between high mountains and seas swarming with fish. Each

of the three regions is patterned with many valleys, scarcely two quite alike. From the vales on south they are patterned with some of the world's most beautiful lakes and waterfalls.

So it is, that in Chile one can lie on the warm sands of the exclusive Viña del Mar resort, or in a few hours he can tickle the flanks of an eternal glacier in the Andean snow passes. If he tires of the luxury of Santiago, in a few hours he can rest his head on a wooden pillow in the primitive *rucas*, or thatched huts, in the Araucano Indian villages outside of Temuco.

THE MAKING OF A NATION

THE Chilean people are the product of the land of mad geography where they have lived and worked for so many centuries. Much courage and industry have been required to make the land yield up its wealth, to link the different regions together, and to forge a real nation.

The Chilean people are also chiefly the product of two indomitable races, the conquering Spaniards and the never conquered Araucanos. For four hundred years those two people alternately fought and embraced. They watered the soil with their blood in anger, and they mixed in love, finally made a nation—one of the most nationalistic and progressive in South America.

Historians like to build up history like a layer cake, one definite period on top of another. In Chile the layers are all mixed together. All are still there. None has gone completely stale. They still can be seen and tasted by the everyday traveler. He can nibble into any layer he wishes. He can sample the wares of all the bakers of time.

BEFORE THE SPANIARDS

Wherever the visitor goes, the names of many rivers and mountains, towns and lakes, islands and headlands bear the lilting music of the early Araucano tongue or other pre-Spanish dialects. The eyes of the folk he meets often flash back the message of native blood. Out in the hills, the bird and animal traps that the modern Chilean uses often are those invented by the Araucanos. Folk in southern mountains still dip newborn babies into icy streams "to make them strong" as did Araucano

mothers centuries ago. Folk in gowns, jewels, and tails in the Santiago opera house often listen to symphonies based on old-time Araucano themes, for instance, those of composer Carlos Isamitt.

If the ambitious modern traveler wishes to dig in wind-swept Patagonia—the first Chilean land mass to rise above the sea—he will find the bones of the greatest assortment of gigantic prehistoric animals of any spot on the globe.

If adventurous enough, he can still come upon settlements of roving bands of the earliest primitive peoples, descendants of the same folk Magellan found in 1520 on his round-the-world trip, when he braved the storm-lashed straits that still bear his name. When Magellan's frightened men rebelled at going farther into the unknown waste of waters and islands he shouted that if he had to he would eat his sails, but they would keep on going.

Magellan called the far south country, the islands below the Straits, Tierra del Fuego—Fire Land—either because of Indian watchfires on the headlands or because of some flashing volcano.

One day a queer human being wrapped in guanaco skins, one arm and one leg bare, came stalking over the hills, a Gargantuan creature so large Magellan came only to his waist.

The savage wolfed down a whole hamper of sea biscuits. He swilled a bucket of water at a gulp. He seemed like a creature imagined by Swift and seen by Gulliver. The discoverer nicknamed him Patagão or Patagón—Big Foot—and thereby named a whole region and its people. The modern traveler can still come upon a few Patagonians with their enormous feet or other Fire Land tribes, roaming pampas and forest in southern Chile.

Most have abandoned their skin capes sewn with whale's beard, which were formerly worn fur out over their naked bodies. More likely they will be wearing a sheepskin jacket of European cut. Now and again, men and women will lay aside all their clothes in storms or when diving deep for the fruits of the sea, just as they were so often seen doing by Magellan and three centuries later by the British naturalist, Charles Darwin. Many still use the same bows and reed arrows tipped with

flint, the same nets and odd fish spears, the same woven baskets and animal-skin pouches, the same caulked-reed boats.

Around Temuco—toward the mountains and down the rivers to the sea—the modern visitor can still find the Araucanos living in dwellings similar to those before the Spaniards came: the round thatched *ruca* with an animal skin hung at the door, the floors covered with deep guanaco or sheep furs, walls draped with hand-woven blankets of rich design, perhaps the old-time rainbow basket sitting in the corner. The women still come to market in Temuco and elsewhere, as they did long ago, with silver medallions around their heads and silver plaques covering their full breasts.

The costume of the present-day *huaso*, or Chilean cowboy, with its looped petticoat apron and the coarse llama-wool cape is a modification of early Araucano dress. Sit in the modernistic bar of the Hotel Savoy in Santiago and look at the *huaso* murals, and you can observe the short rider's cape, the split poncho, like those used by the Araucanos long before the Spaniards came and long before there were any horses to ride.

More eager travelers, not too awed by hardship and altitude, can go up into the lofty mountain valleys above Antofagasta toward the Bolivian frontier and there find Indian villagers living as did their ancestors hundreds of years ago, hunting and fishing, farming and grazing, tending their flocks of llamas and alpacas and weaving the fur into warm homemade garments. Their many-colored, skull-fitting woolen caps, designed for that chiller air, came down over their ears.

Some of these peoples are remnants of the early Quechua or Inca conquerors who came down from the highlands a century before the Spaniards to rule over the rich central vales of Chile. They brought with them their skilled methods of road building, irrigation, and farming; their arts of weaving and of metalwork; and their laws and their system of government. But like the Spaniards who came later, they were never able to overrun the region claimed by the Araucanos.

Such are some of the glimpses the visitor of today can get of the earlier ages in Chile. Besides those remnants of early peoples still clinging to old ways, the blood, the customs, the words, the ideas, much of the food and drink, and in rural dis-

tricts the dress of the Chileans are partly inherited from the Araucanos and brother groups who lived in Chile long before the land swam into the ken of conquering Europe.

Also, the knowledge of earlier epochs can be pieced out by visits to the museums of Santiago and Valparaiso, of Temuco and Punta Arenas where is displayed skillful, often beautiful, handiwork of the earliest dwellers.

SPANIARDS

Spain lives even more in the life of the people of today. The modern sojourner sees the hand of the conquering Spaniard everywhere—upon the institutions, the speech, the habits, the homes of modern Chile. Although today Chile is one of the world's leaders in modern city planning, every community retains the old mold set by the earlier planning of the Spanish crown. The central plazas, the arrangement of public buildings, the churches, the inner garden patios, the overhanging balconies—such things still provide the basic structure of much modern city life and home building.

Or ride out to any of the great estates or *fundos* in the central vales where the most modern machinery often reaps long acres of wheat or corn. Those estates were formed from land grants made by conquistador Pedro de Valdivia to his followers right after his helmeted warriors overran the land. Few such *fundos* have ever been broken up. The old feudal pattern and serfdom have been modified, but the lords of those little empires ruled Chile for centuries. Their names echo down the pages, as governors, presidents, archbishops, statesmen, generals, writers, and thinkers. They are still among the first families of the land, powerful in politics and industry.

Their long rule dates almost from the day in December 1540 that Pedro de Valdivia's little forces reached Santa Lucía Hill on an island in Mapocho River. The hill now lies in the very center of Santiago, the city he proceeded to found. On its summit the modern visitor can find the old story and the dates of the conquistador's exploits on engraved stone tablets. He can look forth, just as the conqueror did, on the river Valdivia forded, which now flows in high stone walls flanked by beautiful Forrestal Park, some of the trees of which may have been

growing there centuries ago. The present-day traveler can look across the great fertile valley as Valdivia did and feel his spirits lift with awe and reverence as he gazes up at the loftiest snow peaks of the Andean chain high and luminous in the east: at Aconcagua, the greatest of them all; at the mighty back of Tupungato—great fists and shoulders of snow pushing against the strong blue sky.

Before Valdivia an early Spanish expedition, under one-eyed Diego de Almagro, had spent two years trying to conquer Chile but had been beaten back by the Araucanos and finally fled back to Peru in death and disaster across the burning northern deserts.

Valdivia, though he could never subdue the Araucanos and eventually died at their hands, got a toe hold and planted a permanent settlement.

He was a big-faced man from Extremadura, Spain. According to museum paintings perhaps more fanciful than accurate, he set forth with red plumes and a showy shield. He took along animals, seeds, and implements for permanent settlement. In the party were four friars, a German named Herr Blumen, and Valdivia's courageous mistress, Inez Suárez.

Even before the first year was out, the Indians swarmed down upon the *cupais*, the white devils, and proceeded to raze newly built Santiago. All would have been destroyed, everybody killed—the story goes—had not Inez cut off the heads of two captured Indian *toqués* or chieftains and tossed them at the attackers, who withdrew in dismay.

All records were destroyed, and the city had to be rebuilt. For years the Spaniards had to work with weapons close at hand, horses ever saddled. They almost starved, for crop after crop was wiped out. The few kernels they might have munched on had to be kept for seed, and Valdivia made his men catch rats and eat "all sorts of abominations." For years the colonists scarcely kept flesh on their ribs. All were in rags. To save these tattered remnants they stripped naked while working—a testimony to Chile's benign climate that later glorifiers have neglected to emphasize.

Gradually, in the face of constant warfare, new Spanish settlements were pushed southward. Time after time they were

razed, the inhabitants driven out or killed, but gradually the roots went down, and the tree of ordered life began to grow.

In Valdivia as in many southern cities some of the old Spanish guardhouses and watchtowers of massive stone still stand. Sometimes they rise out of gardens beside modern homes.

The present-day traveler will come upon plenty of visual records of the early conflicts. On every hand are plazas, towns, and streets named after early Indian heroes, such as Caupolicán and Lautaro. Many a street bears the name of terrible Paillamachú. Chile's greatest epic poem, taught to all school children, is *La Araucana*, by Spanish Captain Ercilla, and it tells the story of those early battles, when the "red arrow" dipped in guanaco blood ran from tribe to tribe calling them to mass uprising against the invaders.

One of the most romantic tales is that of Lautaro. Many Chilean poems and stories have been written about him. Plays telling of his early exploits have been put on the boards in Santiago. Many statues of him dot the land. A small city in south Chile bears his name. Lautaro is also the name of the secret Masonic independence lodge formed by exiled patriots in Europe that planned and carried through the struggle to free the New World countries from Spanish yoke in the early nineteenth century, and whose committee secretly ruled Chile for years after independence had been gained.

Lautaro was Valdivia's page boy, a lad of eighteen, who witnessed the battle in which his people reduced the strongest south-country fort to ruins. Valdivia's leading general was killed, his forces routed. Only Valdivia's calm and courage brought the Spaniards back to the attack and finally broke the Araucano front.

This so humiliated and infuriated Lautaro that he left Valdivia's side, seized up a lance, rallied his blood brothers and won the day against the man whose stirrup he had been obliged to hold. Valdivia was captured.

One legend has it that Lautaro personally killed him by filling his mouth with molten gold—"Let him have plenty of what he wants."

Lautaro drove north, seizing city after city, each one a terrified rabble of soldiers and civilians. He organized the first

Araucano cavalry unit and almost overran Santiago itself. Shortly after, he was killed in a surprise attack, but all his followers fought on to the death.

Peace did not come permanently until 1884, three centuries after Lautaro's death. Following four years of renewed warfare, the Chilean government finally gave all Araucano survivors perpetual land titles. In return the Araucanos opened up the region to outside settlement, railways, and telegraphs.

By that late date the two peoples had intermingled to become one race. Today only about a hundred thousand Araucanos, and few of them are without some European blood, still follow their native ways. The folk of all the rest of the country have become Chileans, neither Araucanos nor Spaniards but the new citizens of a new nation.

The long colonial period is a thick layer of Chilean history. Besides the long running fight with the Araucanos, it had many other dramatic high lights.

English, French, and Dutch buccaneers looted, raped Chilean girls, burned harbor towns.

There on the high hill above Valparaiso where stands Chile's modern naval school, the traveler may see some of the old masonry and the ancient cannon used to repel the raiders. Other forts dot the coast at Concepción and Talcahuano, Arauco and Valdivia and Corral. Far down near Puerto Montt and on the big island of Chiloé stand other stone fortresses dating back to that period of imperial rivalry.

The colonial era even had its famous poison murderess, La Quintrala, of one of the wealthiest Creole families, who did away with her father, her sweetheart, and a score of others, then bribed a corrupt Spanish governor to escape punishment. More poems, plays, novels, and historical treatises have been written about her since then than the number of persons she murdered.

Good governor followed bad governor. Graft alternated with honesty. Peace alternated with war. Earthquakes shook down whole settlements. Floods swept away the work of hundreds of years. But new towns were founded, more land cultivated, new mines opened, new industries started. It took Chile about

three centuries, after Valdivia seized Santa Lucía Hill, for it to become truly Chilean, to become a nation, and to seek to throw off Spanish rule.

INDEPENDENCE

The country had two George Washingtons and a Lafayette, and the Lafayette was more important than either of the two George Washingtons. These three were José Miguel Carrera, the leader of the first independence period; Bernardo O'Higgins, the illegitimate son of Spain's greatest Chilean governor; and José de San Martín, an Argentine, who fought for and won Chile's final independence.

The modern traveler in Chile will have to be pretty dumb, deaf, and blind not to have these three names impressed in his mind. Chile goes in for public monuments in a big way, and scarcely any town is without its statues, particularly of O'Higgins and San Martín. Streets, bridges, plazas, buildings, towns, counties, children, hotels, and horses bear the names of the independence heroes.

The statue of O'Higgins on the Alameda in the town of Copiapó bears the names and dates of the great decisive battles that O'Higgins fought to carve out Chilean independence.

Travelers who put up at Santiago's modern luxury hotel, the Carrera, can scarcely avoid learning the name of Chile's earliest independence hero. Of the three independence leaders Carrera, so reckless, ambitious, and tyrannical, has been the least honored by posterity. As a young officer fresh from the Napoleonic Wars, he presented himself resplendent in new uniform to Chile's first independent congress to offer his services to the new fatherland. Soon he took over the sole direction of affairs. He founded many of Chile's cultural institutions that still exist; he instituted many reforms. For five years he sought to build up an independent Chile and prevent the Spaniards from coming back. But his harsh methods, his flouting of democratic ideas, were not in keeping with the new spirit of liberty and led to divisions, to his downfall, and to the temporary return of Spanish rule.

In 1814, through either fear or treachery, Carrera betrayed O'Higgins, his ablest general, who was roundly whipped in the

terrible Rancagua battle. Both leaders then had to join a wild rout of embittered patriots fleeing for their lives across the snow passes into Argentina. The Spanish firing squad worked overtime.

José de San Martín, who with O'Higgins' help finally freed Chile permanently, was an Argentine leader. He too had fought brilliantly against France in the Napoleonic Wars. After helping to liberate Argentina, he conceived of a grand continental strategy to outflank the Spaniards by crossing the Andes into Chile then sweeping them out of all the rest of South America.

For this purpose he took over the governorship of the north-west Cuyo Province, now called the Mendoza, across the Andes from Chile. It was a good base, for the frontier folk there knew every track through the snow passes.

There, a thousand miles from Buenos Aires, in the Ramada, a primitive retreat on the outskirts of Mendoza, San Martín laid his plans "to overcome three hundred years of colonialism and four thousand miles of zigzag Andes."

He was not a well man. Often he writhed in pain from tuberculosis, rheumatism, and asthma or swayed unsteadily from drugs—for years he had to use sedatives. Sometimes he played chess to forget his suffering, but mostly, sick or well, he dispatched business. For years he even ate his meals standing up, giving orders between bites.

On occasion his efforts were interrupted by lack of co-operation from the Argentine authorities or by outright treachery of pro-Spanish elements. In 1815 the Spaniards threatened to cross the Andes into Argentina before San Martín could push the other way.

The hero lifted himself from his couch, blood-stained that very hour with his own coughing, and still vomiting blood, proceeded across the upper glaciers. Later, wiping the blood from his feverish lips, he lifted his cup at a victory banquet "for the first bullet fired on the other side of the Andes." The doctors gave him less than a year to live.

But patiently, as though he had more than a lifetime ahead, he built up a well-equipped, well-organized army. Recruits were drilled constantly and imbued with unflinching devotion to the great horseman and the cause. All leaders were pro-

vided with accurate maps. Intercommunication between future commands was worked out. An English doctor established a medical service.

San Martín's wife Remedios persuaded women to contribute gold, jewels, household plate. She organized sewing circles to make uniforms. They embroidered the two-tone flag "the condors soon were to know."

San Martín personally organized an espionage service, spread underground propaganda throughout Chile, fed the Spaniards false information. Guerrilla bands were organized. A famous Chilean historical novel, Blest Gana's *Durante la Reconquista*, gives vivid pictures of how the guerrilla bands swept into Melipilla and San Fernando in broad daylight with cries of, "Kill the Saracens"—one of the nicknames for the "Goths" or Spaniards. The story also gives a vivid account of how brave cunning *rotos*—the poorer folk of Chile—relayed information, waylaid crown officers, and staged raids.

In Mendoza, a priest named Luis Beltrán, chief of arsenal for San Martín, manufactured or accumulated hundreds of thousands of cartridges, enormous stores of corn and charqui, dried meat. Special shoes—crude leather lined with warm cloth or fur—were made. Thirty thousand horseshoes were pounded out, a novelty, for on the plains the Argentineans never shod their animals. Fiber cables one hundred and seventy feet long, with anchors, were to provide bridges—Inca style—across ravines. Cannon were forged, and Beltrán himself invented a special vehicle to carry artillery through the mountains. "If the cannon need wings," he remarked, "we shall give them wings!"

January 17, 1817, San Martín's army of 5,200 men set forth. He feinted at southern passes where the Spaniards expected him to cross but struck through the high difficult passes of Los Patos and Uspallata on either side of lofty Mount Aconcagua. Smaller flanking expeditions galloped to adjacent passes.

He burst forth from the narrow gorges into the Chilean valley on February 8 "like a bolt from the blue, like lightning from the sky." Actually it was a frazzled outfit. Men had reeled and vomited and died from *puna*, or mountain sickness. Half the animals had perished in snow avalanches and rushing streams.

But it was one of the world's greatest military exploits. San Martín was the Hannibal of the New World but had a more brilliant outcome.

The patriots routed Royalist outposts and descended to the barren deep-gullied ridge of Chacabuco at the gates of Santiago. There they rolled the Spanish army into the ravines. San Martín reported:

The Army of the Andes has the glory of saying: "In twenty-four hours we have finished the campaign; we have crossed the highest mountains on the globe; we have wiped out the tyrants; and we have given liberty to Chile."

Nobody paused to bury the dead. Travelers who wish a souvenir can still pick up a bleached thighbone from that lonely early battlefield. San Martín entered Santiago in triumph, and the Spaniards fled to their Dunkirk at Valparaíso.

O'Higgins was proclaimed supreme director, and San Martín, when the Spanish remnants were finally mopped up, moved on to free Peru.

THE NEW CHILE

Freedom gave Chile temporary indigestion. O'Higgins carried through many fine reforms but was driven out by revolutionary factions and the aristocratic landholders.

For years while the independence factions wrangled, the astute concessionaire, Diego Portales, agent of the landed aristocracy—the Pelucones or Bigwigs—built his way to power. The Bigwigs finally won full control in the bloody civil-war battle of Lircay and consolidated their position by war with Bolivia and Peru and by the reactionary 1833 constitution. This constitution providing for harsh centralization governed Chile, with minor modifications, for nearly a century.

And so the people's war of independence did not bring a people's victory. The long aristocratic rule that followed was known as the Portales Calm and the Great Silence. Military dictator followed military dictator either by *coup d'état* or rigged elections. Jobs and spoils were dished out behind closed

doors in aristocratic Santiago clubs. Though Portales himself was finally seized by a group of army officers and murdered, his system lived on.

However, Bigwig rule was leavened by growing prosperity and trade. New industries, new mining, new steamship lines, new roads, and eventually railroads remade Chile's economic map. Toward mid-century the development of the coal and iron industry, a big boom in mining, especially of copper, and similar developments caused further changes in feudal rule.

The present-day traveler who visits beautiful south Chile just below Concepción, the country's third city, will see there the smokestacks of one of the country's Pittsburgh areas. He will see the coal sliding down into coast barges to be taken to the steel mill at Corral near southern Valdivia. Or he can visit the copper mines around Copiapó and Coquimbo. He can watch the great electric scoops digging out iron ore from the El Tofo mine north of La Serena. In that way he will get a more vivid idea of how, from mid-century on, new industrial and mining enterprise built up the country and played a growing part in liberalizing the government of the country.

The new industrialists and wealthy businessmen, the builders of railroads and the owners of steamship lines, shouldered their way into the upper brackets of government. They forced a lifting of old feudal restrictions and brought numerous democratic reforms. Chilean historians call this end-century period, when the new Radical party of industrialists and middle class began to play a balance-of-power role in government, the Rule of the New Oligarchy.

During that expanding period, the long new struggle with Spain (1866-1871) was but an episode, but it inflamed Chilean patriotism, increased national unity, and made the government more popular.

The two most important occurrences of the later nineteenth century were the Araucano peace and the long War of the Pacific with the Bolivian-Peruvian Confederation.

No modern traveler misses the echoes of the War of the Pacific. All along the northern coast in every town he will find the cannon and the monuments of that period. They are strewn

through northern Arica in the shadow of the Bufo Hill. The plaza in Iquique is engraved with the names of heroes. In Copiapó, a dramatic monument depicts in bronze the landing of the Tarapacá Regiment on a rock-bound shore. Many a park bench and marble statue scattered through the public parks of Chile were taken away from Peru in that bitter struggle.

But above all the traveler will be hit between the eyes time and again by the name of Admiral Arturo Prat, Chile's most vivid hero of that war. His name adorns more public buildings and parks and streets than that of any other leader. The visitor, even on a short stay in Chile, will scarcely miss some ceremony or military parade or speech fest in honor of Prat.

The seizure of the whole nitrate coast made Chile the greatest exporter of minerals in South America—80 per cent of the total for the continent. Nitrate soon provided revenues for public works, sanitation, schools, transportation. It gave Chile one of the lowest tax rates in the world. The seizure, coming at the same time as the Araucano peace treaty, provided capital for the rapid building up of that rich south region, for bringing in hardy German immigrants, for pushing railroads up and down the whole coast.

There too, in the Araucano south, the present-day traveler may slice the historical cake. From Temuco on south he will see the new frontier opening up, mostly with small settlers, American style, corn sprouting between fresh stumps. All the way south forests are actively being cleared, new farms laid out—all down through the lower archipelagos. One of the newest towns is bustling Puerto Aisén, five hundred miles below the rail terminus at Puerto Montt.

Here in the frontier area he will feel the newer democratic spirit of Chile, the new force of an independent citizenry that has leavened the tight rule of the great landowners and the bigger industrialists. The rapid birth of new towns and cities in the south has called for greater emphasis upon sanitation, road building, schools, water power, and electricity—all the required public benefits. The spirit of this region is different indeed from the Bigwig system of the northern central areas, different from that of the factory centers or the nitrate coast.

These free southern people have helped bring a new era of free government and alert progress to the whole land.

Thus the War of the Pacific and the Araucano peace, each in a different way, altered the very structure of Chilean life and government.

Besides bringing prosperity and new capital, the War of the Pacific tore serfs away from the big estates. Many never returned. Some went south to the new settlements. A larger number became the *rotos*—the ragged men—who toiled in the new mines, the nitrate fields, the coal seams, the steel mills, the textile factories, the new harbor works. These hardy, cheerful, reckless men also became a new force for democracy, for soon they demanded political rights and better living conditions.

MODERN CHILE

When World War I began in 1914, the Panama Canal was opened for traffic. It has been stated that the first ship through the locks carried a load of Chilean nitrates for the European battlefields. Chile then was definitely brought into the American and European trading orbit. The country's long isolation was gone forever.

The Panama Canal and the war demand for nitrate revolutionized Chile. These developments brought the most fantastic dance of the millions Chile had ever known.

But war's end brought the worst depression Chile has ever known. It shook Chile to the foundations, affecting her far more than any other South American country.

War's end left two million tons of nitrate at the mines or in the sheds of the Association of Nitrate Producers. Synthetic nitrates soon seized much of the European market. Within fifteen years after the end of the war, Germany was shipping synthetic nitrate right through the Chilean fields into Bolivia, selling it cheaper than the cost of scraping and purifying the natural product along the coast.

Chilean fields closed down overnight. The golden boom was over. The dusty gray *oficinas* in the embrace of surrounding desolation gathered more dust. Furnaces grew cold. Stacks howed no smoke. The big scoops stood like dinosaur skeletons

in a museum. Whole towns collapsed. The source of jobs was gone. The source of 73 per cent of Chile's revenues dried up in the blink of an eye. The northern desert turned back to its ancient meal of death and despair. Once more it buried a thousand hopes along with the old bones of the marching Incas, the thirst-crazed men of the Spanish conquest, the lone explorers of an earlier day.

Workers, storekeepers, dock hands, and others started the long despairing trek to the ports and down to the central Vales of Paradise. This was Chile's version of *The Grapes of Wrath*.

There were no jobs in the central vales either, so day after day the folk swarmed into the plazas, crying for bread. New words, new doctrines, new hopes and threats were scribbled on the walls.

The apostle of the new unrest was Arturo Alessandri, nicknamed the Lion of Tarapacá. He felt the tragedy of nitrate and mineworkers, or at least capitalized on it. Although a leader of the traditional Liberal party, a group closely knit with the Conservatives and Bigwigs, he rallied the middle class, the workers, students, housewives, *rotos*, the proletariat and forged a center campaign bloc on a platform of far-reaching reform. It was the first real shouting, speechmaking campaign Chile had ever known. In 1920 it swept the slate clean.

The frightened reactionaries seized power by military coup but were powerless to meet the national crisis. Alessandri was hastily called back.

The 1925 constitution resulted. It subordinated private interests to "progress and social order." Church and State were separated. Safeguards for labor, voters, civil liberties were included. In short it was Chile's New Deal, and it still continues.

So it was that Chile moved into the stormy politics of our times. It was hit by the angry swirling doctrines of communism, fascism, democracy, and a few special Chilean catchwords.

But though Chile went through a period of disorder and an economic crisis almost unparalleled in modern times, it is to her credit that orderly democratic processes were soon restored, and the country pulled back to more even keel, its economy rebuilt on a more solid basis. Today the country has

a far more diversified industrial setup to meet the shock of postwar decline in nitrate or copper production. Even on the nitrate coast, through more all-round development of resources and better communications with upper Argentina and Bolivia, steady if less spectacular growth has been assured.

In short, few countries ever met such tremendous disaster more resolutely, courageously, and intelligently than did Chile after World War I. Chile has long had to surmount incredible obstacles in a land of mad geography. This was but a new chapter. Perhaps it was also due in part to the genius bequeathed by two indomitable fighting peoples who combined their bloodstreams and their cultures to make the modern Chile.

CHAPTER 3.

APPROACH

YOU are preparing to go to Chile. Your first requirement will be a United States passport, which can be secured directly from the State Department in Washington or more conveniently from immigration offices and passport bureaus to be found in most major cities all over the country, as well as in Hawaii and Puerto Rico.

Application forms must be filled out, and an old passport or birth certificate (certified) or a naturalization certificate must be presented. Two front-view photographs, passport size, are required. Take along ten dollars. If you have not held a previous passport, the presence of another American citizen may be required for purposes of identification.

Your next requirement will be the securing of a Chilean visa. Until recently Chile had the most exacting entry regulations of any country on earth. But in 1946 as a result of complaints and suggestions made by the author, through our Ambassador, Claude Bowers, direct to the Foreign Office, these were largely set aside for all American tourists pending a full revision of the law. As regulations change frequently and are to be eased, there is little point in listing them here. Get in touch with the nearest Chilean consulate for application forms and a list of requirements. In any case three front-view photographs, vaccination certificate, and thumbprints are required. Nontourists and those planning a longer sojourn are required to produce in addition a health certificate, police good-conduct certificate, business or banking reference, either a return ticket or a state-

ment from a business firm or bank guaranteeing return passage.

At present the visa obtained is valid for use any time within six months and entitles the traveler to three months' stay after entry. Special visas for longer periods are granted to newspapermen, students, technicians, occasionally businessmen. The visa costs \$1.70.

The authorities may take up the passport on arrival in Chile. It must then be recovered within forty-eight hours at the office of the secret police (Investigaciones).

After two months those staying longer must secure either an exit visa, good for one month, or an identity card (*cédula de identidad*), which costs two hundred and fifty pesos. The fine for neglect is from two hundred to one thousand pesos. The requirements for the *cédula* are four photos, fingerprints, personal data. It is secured at the Department for Foreigners, Bureau of Secret Investigations.

While in the country, the tourist is not allowed to engage in any remunerative activity.

No permanent immigration is allowed at present.

With much red tape, tourists may secure permission to leave and re-enter the country twice on the same tourist visa. It is simpler to get a new visa.

CUSTOMS INSPECTION

Customs inspections in Chile are reported to be very exacting, even unpleasant. This writer found them far lighter, more efficient and courteous than in most South American countries and the United States itself.

Personal effects and books may be taken in free of duty, also up to one hundred cigars, five hundred cigarettes, and five hundred grams (a little over a pound) of pipe tobacco. Written customs declarations are required of boat passengers. If the declaration is in error, dutiable objects may be confiscated, and fines and imprisonment may be imposed. This severe warning need not worry the traveler of good faith.

Duty must be paid on all household or office equipment, pictures, phonographs, radios, nearly all electrical equipment,

any textiles, dress goods, or unused clothing that could be resold in the country.

Exit customs inspection (frequently dispensed with in the case of air travel) is similar. Regulations change but some objects, such as pictures, are subject to such heavy export duty and other complications that it is not worth trying to take them out.

Automobiles can be taken in free of duty for temporary use for four months. An application form in triplicate, which includes a description of the car, and six pesos (twenty cents) must be presented; also a financial bond (cost about one dollar) must be given to cover duties on the car should it not be taken out of the country.

On entry, Chilean number plates are provided, and these must be turned back when the car is taken out of the country. No charge is made for these, and in accord with the 1943 Washington convention foreign licenses are recognized, also foreign drivers' licenses.

TRAVEL COSTS

Travel costs to Chile are far too high at present, but cuts in fares are constantly being made. Extensive air and boat competition is looming on all sides, so fares are being reduced periodically.

The minimum one-way air fare from New York to Santiago is \$563.24; round trip, \$1029.68, as of June 1, 1948.

Besides the present Panagra service, various other American lines are pushing in; some already have service to Lima, Peru. International Argentine, Brazilian, British, and other foreign lines are providing service via Buenos Aires.

The new DC-6 planes, sleeping twenty-six passengers or seating fifty-two, provide service to Santiago from New York in a little over twenty hours.

By Grace Line luxury liners, the minimum one-way fare is \$490 plus \$2.10 coastal tax in Chile. A 10-per-cent reduction is given on two-way tickets.

Those who don't mind going to a little extra trouble can cut costs by taking passage to Havana or Panama and in either of

those two ports picking up a passage on European or coastal vessels to the west coast of South America.

The air baggage allowance is twenty-five kilos or fifty-five pounds. Excess is charged at the rate of 2 per cent of ticket cost for each kilo.

The same baggage allowance is given to "international travelers" on the Chilean Air Lines (LAN) within Chile. The test for an international traveler is one using his passport instead of a *cédula de identidad*.

Within Chile air travel comes to less than ten cents a mile. Train travel ranges from two cents a mile to around five cents in parts of the north (including Pullman). Pullman berths range from \$2.70 in the north to \$4.20 in the south.

During the vacation season, December 1 to April 30, special train rates are available. Reduced round-trip rates with stopovers can be arranged. In the winter season no stopovers are permitted, and there is no reduction on round trip unless two and a half tickets or more are purchased. Then the reduction is 15 per cent.

During the vacation season, a special blanket ticket, good for eighteen days of unlimited train travel anywhere, any time, is sold for any of the central and southern lines for one thousand pesos or thirty dollars.

Boletos de turismo—tourist tickets—are sold at reduced rates for five comprehensive round-trip excursions and are good for thirty days.

1. Valparaiso to Puerto Montt and any branch lines: 850 pesos or a little over twenty-five dollars.
2. Santiago to Talcahuano (Concepción) all branch lines 600 pesos.
3. Santiago to Puerto Montt and all branch lines, 790 pesos.
4. Valparaiso to Talcahuano and branch lines, 600 pesos.
5. Talcahuano to Puerto Montt, 600 pesos.

To obtain special tickets, either a *cédula de identidad* or else a photograph in which the size of the head is not less than two or more than four centimeters is required.

Porters' rates for bags and trunks are posted in all railway stations. In most places the fee is one peso for small bags, two

pesos for large ones; trunks are five pesos. In a few large cities the rates are double the above.

Meals on train diners are well served, the food good. Including service charges and tax levies breakfasts come to fourteen pesos (less than forty-five cents) with fruit extra; lunches and dinners, twenty-six pesos (less than eighty cents), wine extra. Except for breakfast, numbered tickets are provided for a definite seat at either the first, second, or third serving, so there is never any waiting.

The Chilean government runs coastwise and lake steamers. The service is not too good, the equipment pretty aged, but the trips are always colorful and enjoyable. The fare from Valparaiso to Puerto Montt is 915 pesos or about thirty dollars; to Iquique, 1,465 pesos (under forty-five dollars); to Arica, 1,710 pesos (slightly over fifty dollars). To Punta Arenas on the far Straits of Magellan, the fare is 2,200 pesos or about seventy dollars. Thus one can cover the entire coast of Chile, more than three thousand sailing miles, for a little over one hundred dollars, meals tossed in.

By train from Iquique to Puerto Montt, the two most distant rail-connected points (except for a fortnightly nitrate train on north to Pisagua), the traveler can cover most of Chile for about forty dollars first class, or about fifty-five dollars with Pullman. This does not include meals. Where the trip is broken, however, tickets must be bought piecemeal (except during the vacation season in the south), which runs up the cost a few dollars.

MONEY

The best exchange rates are secured in Valparaiso and Santiago, and after that, in Arica. There are really three exchange rates at all times: the official and legal bank rate, the lowest; the black-market rate permitted to tourist agencies and also given by some hotels, which is considerably better; finally the completely illegal black market, the best rate. Rates fluctuate slightly from day to day, but for a long time they have held pretty much to the following: banks, 30.5 to 30.8 pesos per dollar; tourist, 33 pesos per dollar; black market, 33.5 to 33.8 pesos per dollar.

Outside the main travel ports it is well to go provided with plenty of Chilean money for in most places travelers' checks, letters of credit, even American bills simply are not negotiable even in the local banks. If by some rare chance one does stir up somebody who will give exchange, one must take a cut of 25 to 50 per cent on the value of his money. Mostly the traveler is in danger of being stranded until he can get money from Santiago.

Also, be provided with enough American dollars for the whole period of stay and enough for fare out of the country. Only a limited amount of dollars can be procured and the process is costly, with heavy taxes imposed. Do not change more dollars than you need as it will prove difficult, costly, and over a certain amount impossible, to convert the money back.

One of the very best places to change money is at Litvak tourist agency in Santiago. They automatically give you top rate, are efficient about it, no filling out of forms, no waste of time. Exprinter is also good in this respect. A bank is the very worst place to change money, for they are bound by very rigid regulations, and the traveler gets the worst rate and on top of that has to fill out and sign a mountain of documents.

COST OF LIVING

Except for several very luxurious hotels in Santiago, Valparaiso, Viña del Mar, and two or three lake resorts, hotel rates for room and board run from 60 to 125 pesos daily, or approximately from a little less than two dollars to a little less than four dollars a day. Add a little over 50 per cent to these prices for two people.

Two of us stayed at the luxurious City Hotel in Concepción, occupying a whole suite with bath with the most up-to-the-minute appointments and eating regular banquets, with music, for slightly over five dollars for both of us.

Except in large centers and resorts, few hotels have rooms with baths although most have running water in the room. Hot water is usually a novelty. Where the room is not provided with its own bath, hot baths cost from six to eight pesos extra, or less than twenty-five cents.

In addition to the hotel bill, a 10 per cent service charge and

a 5 per cent government tax are added. At restaurants and bars a 20 per cent service charge (no tax) is imposed for breakfast; 10 per cent for other meals. No tipping is required anywhere in Chile, but it is wise to add an additional 5 per cent especially if you plan to return to a place. At bars you are usually given a liberal dividend drink, the idea of the waiter being that you will leave him a tip in addition to the automatic service charge.

Hotel rates are posted in all rooms on large cards, which are countersigned by a government official and cannot be altered. Hence there is never any occasion to inquire about the rate, except in several very large hotels in the capital and in Valparaíso where otherwise you may be given the *de luxe suite*. But everywhere else the *de luxe* rooms are only a few cents more and worth the difference.

Only twice in all Chile, at a small hotel in Copiapó and in Iquique, was any trickery practiced on us, the length and breadth of the country. In each case the huge sum of about fifteen cents or so was involved.

However in case any abuse is met with, the tourist needs only to report it with his receipted bill to the Departamento de Turismo of the Dirección General de Información y Cultura in Santiago. The address of this agency is printed in large red letters on each rate placard. Action is swift and drastic, and few hotelkeepers care to risk such complaints.

Because of present inflation, general shopping is not too satisfactory. Although food and lodging are relatively cheap, other goods are fairly high. Imported articles are apt to cost double what they do in the United States. But woolen clothing of Chilean manufacture (remarkably good material and excellently tailored) is considerably less than in the United States. Cotton and rayon goods run higher proportionately. A good shirt comes to about ten dollars or more. Leather goods, and they are handsomely made, are fairly cheap, close to half what they are sold for in the United States. Native blankets and rugs on the handicraft order can be secured for a song, except at regular tourist shops where the prices are exorbitant.

In Temuco, we were asked 160 pesos (less than five dollars) for a handsome blue and white poncho by a Mapuche vendor.

Half a block away at a hole-in-the-wall shop the price was 190 pesos; three blocks away on the main plaza a similar but inferior product was quoted at 900 pesos.

Good alpaca, viscacha, and vicuña rugs (the last unexportable from Peru) can be picked up reasonably in Copiapó, occasionally in Arica or Antofagasta.

CLIMATE

Chile has every climate, although nowhere does it get as hot as New York in summer, and nowhere except in the mountains does it get as cold as the Connecticut shore in winter, not even on the far south Straits of Magellan.

The northern nitrate coast has an eternal spring climate, with some fairly warm days in summer (our winter). In winter night temperatures will get down as low as 50 degrees, but days average slightly over 70 degrees. In summer night temperatures are always under 70 degrees and often as low as 60 degrees, and the average daytime temperature is 81 degrees around noon.

Not only is there never any rain, but cloudy days occur only once or twice a year. It is the region par excellence of eternal sunshine.

The central vales clear south to Valdivia have a climate very similar to that of the Bay region of San Francisco, but with heavier rainfall, especially as one goes south. Winter temperatures range in the upper forties for Santiago and in the lower forties for Valdivia with only one or two frosts a year. Summer temperatures range in the upper fifties at night and in the low eighties in the daytime.

Puerto Montt on the southern Reloncavi Gulf rarely gets above seventy even in summer, but in winter, even at night, it rarely gets colder than forty.

Far south Punta Arenas on the Straits of Magellan stays around freezing most of the winter, and summer temperatures range on an average from 44 to 63 degrees.

Valdivia is one of the rainiest places in the world; the climate varies from showers through torrential downpours the year round, in all nearly 400 inches of rain a year. Even so, it is a

zestful climate, much like our Pacific Northwest. Most of Santiago's rain (52 inches) falls in winter and early spring.

CLOTHING

Summer (December to April). Take summer clothing with some warm spring clothing. Everywhere in the south a light cloak, coat, or wrap is required for evening. For all areas below Santiago a raincoat or umbrella is indispensable. For countryside walks good boots or overshoes are advisable and come in handy even in smaller towns. In the latter, except for the main street or so, the pavement and sidewalks soon give out and after a rain plenty of mud is likely to be encountered.

For Natales, Chiloé, Puerto Aisén, and Punta Arenas be provided with winter clothing at all seasons, and be prepared for rain at any time.

Winter (May to November). Be provided with heavy fall clothing, except along the nitrate coast, where lighter clothing is sufficient though a night wrap is advisable. Winter clothing should be taken for all points from Temuco on south.

For all points from La Serena and Coquimbo on south, raincoats are absolutely necessary. In Santiago and other central cities, even in the dead of winter, fine sunny spring days will burst forth, sometimes for weeks on end, but when the sun goes down, there is a sharp temperature drop. Rain will hit any time.

Those who know northern California or Oregon will know what to wear during winter in central Chile. For Punta Arenas, Natales, and so on, go dressed as you would for New York City or the Connecticut shore line. Although far southern ports have a higher average winter temperature than Connecticut and there are light snows on the plains that soon melt, the constant wind often makes one feel as though one is at the North Pole, even though the thermometer fails to record it.

LANGUAGE

Except for pockets of Araucano and other native dialects, Spanish is the universal language of Chile. However, it is the least standard Spanish of any country in the New World, with

pronounced oddities of pronunciation and an enormous cabulary of typically Chilean words. Even the upper classe not speak classic Castilian.

However, after a day or so the ear soon accustoms itself the swallowing of letters and the divergent pronunciation, the typical phrase book of Spanish expressions serves quit well for Chile as anywhere else. Even when the Chilean his own racy way of describing things, he knows the customary expressions.

The differences are apt to be more disturbing for advanced student of Spanish than for those using simple guide-book phrases.

ROUTES TO SANTIAGO

CHILE can be reached by land, sea, or air or a combination of all three. By sea, the traveler can steam right into the harbor of dramatic hill-climbing Valparaíso or any one of a dozen other spectacular ports. By land, he can roll in from Argentina or Peru by auto or rail. He can climb over the Andes and coast down to Arica or Antofagasta by either of two international railroads. He can make various combination auto and lake-boat trips across the Andes. By auto, roads from Argentina lead into the far southern cities of Natales, Puerto Aisén, and Punta Arenas. The overland routes are the most interesting though by no means the most comfortable.

All air lines converge on Santiago, the capital. No flight is more stupendous than that along the barren northern coast with its brilliant coloring, under the great Andean snow wall, over the great tawny valleys, above the smoking sea of a rock-bound coast. In many places one can see the whole width of Chile: the blue roll of the sea, the white and gold and red roll of the plains, the wavy white crest of the snow mountains. The spectacle grows even more magnificent from Copiapó on south. Underneath, green valleys merge into the sand waste; on the eastern wing tower some of the loftiest white peaks of the American continent.

Equally inspiring is the flight from Buenos Aires to Santiago. For fifty dollars, take one of half a dozen air lines. The Panagra four-motor planes, equipped with oxygen at each seat, now take five to six hours, with stops at Córdoba and Mendoza in Argentina. Superliners with pressure cabins are planned, which

will hop across the top of the Andes, twenty thousand feet or more up in the sky. The British and Argentine planes with deluxe pressure cabins now jump the mountain wall in this fashion in four hours. Panagra plans to cut the jump down to two hours.

At present the Panagra planes fly through the pass. They wait for perfectly clear weather to negotiate the narrow twisted defile. It is a thrilling if bumpy experience, especially in winter.

From the vineyards of Mendoza the plane noses up toward the sky and soon heads straight for the snow wall. Meadows and trees are left behind, and the plane soars over snow-choked gorges, glaciers, and white mountains, crumpled like a sheet of partly written typewriter paper. Here and there wind-swept ridges stick up blackly like the scribbling of an unfinished message.

The plane wings through the main pass, curve on curve, snow heights on either side. At times, peering out the cabin window, if it is not iced over, one is unable to see the top of nearby peaks. Far below are the deep narrow canyons piled with drifts—endless miles of desolation, one of the most rugged mountain tangles on earth. Glaciers flash like blue diamonds. A curl of cloud turns salmon or glows like transparent sulphur.

At the outset of the ride the long grades and corkscrew curves of the road climbing up Mendoza Valley are seen—part of the inter-American highway. Ascending in long straight cuts are the tracks of the narrow-gauge international train. Both routes head for famous Uspallata Pass; both go through the long tunnel at the crest of the divide.

The plane soon seeks its own wilderness; slower routes are lost to view until it nears the central valleys of Chile.

The main snow wilderness is passed in a quarter of an hour. The Andes fall away, and the wings of the plane trace their moving shadow across brown foothill valleys that turn green in the lower reaches. As the plane noses down, little matchbox settlements appear, finally the open green of the Vales of Paradise, an occasional green hummock or pond, houses smaller than a child's block, beetle-size cows, at last the great city of Santiago clustered around Santa Lucía Hill.

The plane follows the curves of the Mapocho River, which the city straddles, past the bulk of the Mapocho railway station and its tangle of silver tracks, and circles down to Los Cerillos (Wax Matches) Airport in the southwest suburbs.

The highway climbs up from Mendoza following the rail line. Cars and busses customarily use the long Caracoles (Snails) Tunnel at the summit instead of the steep zigzag road over the crest. As one approaches the tunnel, the sun on the snow is blinding, and above all the white wilderness rises Aconcagua, giant of the whole Western Hemisphere.

The Chilean side is more precipitous, and the road striking down into the gorges below looks like a series of steep ladders rather than a passable highway. But these dips are not so like a roller coaster as they appear, for the road is well graded and banked. Thrills, though, are rarely absent. In some places turns are so sharp that larger trucks must back into prepared offsets.

The highway follows the railroad part way down, through Portillos, past beautiful Inca Lake, through Juncal, Rio Blanco, and Los Andes. Until well down into foothill country it is dirt and gravel surface. From Los Andes it swings southwest, parting company with the tracks—an asphalt road turning to concrete near Santiago.

Fifteen miles south of Los Andes, the route passes through Chacabuco, where San Martín defeated the Spanish army and freed Chile—the most famous battle in the annals of the continent. Fifteen miles farther on are the Colina hot springs.

The novel Andean rail trip is made in thirty-odd hours. The Chilean portion of the road was completed in 1909, after more than forty years of planning, blunders, struggles, and failures. The tunnel was opened in 1910 in celebration of the independence centenary of both countries, with elaborate ceremonies, fiestas, and speeches. The presidents of the two countries visited each other. The new route—it was hoped—signalized a new era of free trade and mutual harmony. Today, certainly, the two countries are closer politically and economically than they ever have been, and trade barriers have been wiped out.

The trip—two trains a week (three in summer)—necessi-

tates changing cars at Mendoza and Los Andes because of the different gauges of the tracks.

The winter trip is the most spectacular, though not so comfortable, for heat in Chilean trains is capricious. If it gets much above 63 degrees, Chilean passengers, used to living in unheated houses, begin to complain. The traveler should go well prepared with coats and blankets, especially as a snowslide or blizzard has been known to cause delay, even danger.

The diner is apt to be an icebox, and the Chileans eat with their overcoats on, but the food is good, also cheap, although breakfast French style, coffee and rolls, will hardly satisfy American appetites. But ham and eggs are available. The trip, first class and Pullman, sans food, costs slightly more than fifty dollars.

The best train pulls out of Retiro Station, Buenos Aires, at eleven A.M. and rolls through level alfalfa farms and cornfields into open plains. Wheat grows as far as the eye can reach; the monotony is broken only by groves of trees around *estancia* buildings or by little lakes, thick with birds. On in the cattle country, swarthy Gauchos in bright ponchos and flat-crowned hats herd their animals. Farther west are more endless acres of wheat. As the pampas gradually turns to dry scrub growth, small Argentine ostriches, herons, cranes, herds of goats and sheep, and much leaner cows, populate the chaparral or underbrush.

Mendoza, 2,470 feet above sea level, is reached at seven A.M. It is a small city with one busy main street, a flourishing center of alfalfa fields and grape vineyards, the heart of Argentina's great wine industry. The city seems new and raw like an American Middle Western town despite much old-fashioned architecture. Actually it is one of the oldest cities in Argentina, having been founded in 1561 by an expedition sent over the Andes from Chile.

Beyond and above the city rises the long line of sharp gray and brown cones—the Andean foothills that shoot up sharply from the plain.

After station breakfast, the narrow-gauge is boarded. The train winds up the Mendoza River through fertile fields and vineyards to the foot of the Andes, twelve miles distant. Pop-

lar and larch trees are replaced by scrub; finally all vegetation disappears.

If one travels Pullman, fellow travelers are international, similar to those in first-class trains the world over: tourists, businessmen, diplomats. Only the language differs: Spanish, now and then Brazilians speaking Portuguese, a burst of quick French. The women are usually dressed modishly but more extravagantly than at the northern end of the hemisphere and in a less practical manner for traveling. Heels are high; jewelry is plentiful. Their voices have a higher pitch and are rarely silent; their sparkling fingers weave a constant symphony of gestures.

In first class, and still more in second class, there is a far more varied assortment of travelers: bronze-skinned *huasos* and *Gauchos* in typical costume, flat hats, bright sashes, ponchos, wide loose breeches, big boots and the *corvo* knife, perhaps a black or tan llama-wool cape. Priests and friars wear beaver hats, long skirts, and white hand-woven Mapuche socks; nuns smile sweetly out of their starched halos. Officers in gaudy scarlet and blue uniforms (or green and yellow, or green and white) are fine looking popinjays in the best *Chocolate Soldier* tradition.

The train struggles slowly upgrade into the mountain slot beside a stream bright colored from minerals—curve on curve, circle on circle, to the Cahuete hot springs 4,080 feet up.

After Punta de Vacas (Cow Point) 7,852 feet high, where all but Pullman passengers must change cars, the Tupungato Valley, with its wild volcanic upheaval gives a handsome view of snow and glaciers clear to the great white Tupungato cone nearly 22,000 feet in the sky. Presently Mount Aconcagua, the monarch of all American peaks, stamps a white triangle almost 23,000 feet high against the sky.

When the train reaches 9,000 feet at the famous Puente del Inca (the Inca's Bridge) a natural arc of stratified rock soars over the Cuevas (Caves) River—a seventy-foot span—ninety feet wide and sixty-five feet in air. Here is a good hotel, for below the bridge are curative hot springs famous even in early Inca days.

This is a favorite starting point for Andean excursions and

attempted ascents of Aconcagua, a feat that has been accomplished only a few times in history.

From here, too, as well as from the Chilean side, trips are made to view the famous Christ of the Andes, which towers up almost directly above the rail tunnel and right on the boundary line established by international arbitration the year the statue was erected—1904.

The twenty-six-foot statue cast in bronze from the cannon of the two nations was put up as a symbol of eternal peace. It stands on a five-foot granite hemisphere on which the continents are carved in bold relief. Chile and Argentina lie right under the right toe of the Christ. This hemisphere rests on a 22-foot reinforced concrete slab. One hand of the Christ holds a long cross, the other is extended in blessing.

A tablet bears the inscription, "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the peoples of Argentina and Chile break the peace they have sworn to defend at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer."

It is a high world at the feet of the Christ, and some people get *puna* or *saroché* (mountain sickness). The air here, despite the storms, is extremely dry due to quick evaporation. Everything made of wood shrinks. The head of Charles Darwin's geology hammer kept coming off when he was exploring here more than a century ago. Everything crackles with static electricity. When Darwin rubbed his flannel waistcoat at night, it looked washed in fluorescence; every hair on his dog's back crackled, and the leather saddlestraps gave off sparks when touched. Bread and sugar soon become hard as bricks.

Often when snow falls, it brings down little globules of purple dust, and when muleteers pass through, these are crushed, leaving red prints on the snow as from bloody hooves and feet.

Morcones Valley leads the train through snow drifts to the very wall of the Andean Ridge. The engine moves up shuttle-fashion, forward and back—rack rail—through a desolate gorge to the famous Caracoles Tunnel, 10,452 feet above sea level. This tunnel is ninety yards short of two miles long, and twenty-six yards short of being as long as it is high.

The western half of the tunnel lies in Chile. The train

emerges at Caracoles station, and descends at a stiffer angle than on the Argentine side. To Los Andes is a drop of 8,000 feet in 48 miles, with miles of Abt racks. Many bridges, tunnels, and snow sheds click past.

Between Caracoles and Portillo (Little Gate), about four miles, is some of the world's most majestic rock scenery: every tint and blaze of color, every conceivable angle and shape, with sharp snow peaks, score on score of them, stabbing the sky above, a vertical stone world of brilliant-colored porphyry beside roaring streams, patches of colorful Alpine flowers against barren walls surmounted by snow pinnacles. Pumas slink by. Condors wheel overhead. Guanacos and vicuñas look up and speed away with shrill frightened neighs.

At Portillo with its good hotel on the Swiss Alpine order is "the finest skiing in the world." There also are sled runs and beautiful lakes with good boating and salmon-trout fishing. From El Refugio Hotel dining room and the various sports cabins one gets incredible views of the snow peaks and long white valleys. Inca Lake nearby, where a new three-hundred-bed hotel, the Hocorsa, has been erected, is one of Chile's outstanding beauty spots. The lake is deep in the bosom of mighty white cliffs; its shore is edged by bright rock formations. Often, though, the snow completely covers the frozen waters and rises in solid white carpets for thousands of feet. Nothing is quite so gorgeous as sunrise and sunset effects: iridescent colors gleaming on ice, lofty peaks touched with yellow or red fire fading slowly in the night to pale lilac, finally to deep purples in the stillness of motionless cold, then shining forth pale white again in the dark as though lit eternally from within by cold fires. Now and then through the stillness comes the crack of breaking ice or the long echoing roar of a snow avalanche.

The through train from Argentina passes through narrow Rio Blanco Gorge and on into wider Aconcagua Canyon through more majestic scenery and tinted rocks. Gradually the landscape grows smoother, stray farms appear, little adobe settlements choked with vines and flowers, flocks of sheep and goats. The black holes of mine shafts flash by. Single oxen pull one-handed plows, replicas of those pictured in ancient Assyrian stone carvings. The vegetation grows more lush.

The train grinds on down to Santa Rosa de los Andes (2,600 feet high) in the foothills on the edge of smiling fields and orchards.

Here, after fifty minutes for dinner, the traveler boards a standard-gauge coach either for Valparaiso or for Santiago.

Those going to Chile by sea and landing at Valparaiso may go to Santiago by rail (116 miles) in slightly less than four hours or by bus (90 miles) over a concrete highway in three and a half hours. Both routes lie through rugged intervening mountains, snow clad only in winter. There are four de luxe trains daily from 7:45 in the morning till 10:45 at night.

As one steps out of Mapocho Station on the banks of the Mapocho River in Santiago for the first time, either from Valparaiso or from the trans-Andean run, the cool air from the mountain snows moves through a quiet night of clear stars. Interurban busses are stacked along the street. On one side is the park and on the other are cheap little restaurants, patronized by poorer travelers, interspersed with dingy bars, several questionable hotels, and flower shops specializing in funeral wreaths. Many country folk, in black rough wool capes and *huaso* or peasant hats, wait there in the midst of heaps of bundles and baskets for busses out to the farm towns.

Nearby is the main city market, full of vegetables, fruit, fish, meat, and household goods.

Beyond, down a narrow street of very old buildings, comes the glow from the center of the city, four blocks away.

SANTIAGO

THE first thing you do when you get to Santiago," a Chilean businessman told us, "climb Santa Lucía Hill. It's the most beautiful garden of any city and besides you'll get an idea of what all Santiago is like. You'll get your bearings there in a hurry."

It turned out to be true. The real pivot of Santiago is tall Santa Lucía Hill, a sort of hanging garden. On its summit one stands in the very heart of Chile, at the center of its commercial and political power.

Santa Lucía, so to speak, is the Empire State Building of Santiago. It is like the Acropolis in Athens. To Chileans it is the pride of the nation. All Chile's long history is engraved here, and today it adds grace and ease to the modern city.

Santiago stretches out on all sides. Beyond is the fertile plain, the Paradise Vales of central Chile, and ringing the plain on every side are hills and mountains. Though one stands just above the rushing streets of the city, one is still deep in the cup of mountains all about.

Looking to the west, skyscrapers notch the sky above many miles of dwellings, apartment houses, and smoking factories. Everywhere trees reach up from the many public gardens, from the long landscaped boulevards, from the big inner patios. Beyond the city in this direction is the huge midrib range that separates the capital from the port of Valparaíso.

To the east, the Andean snow mountains, the highest in the whole Western Hemisphere, rise in great white-walled majesty. It is one of the most stupendous spectacles on earth.

Santa Lucía Hill is reached from all sides by footpaths or by car over the Caupolicán Esplanade. The most elaborate entrance is from O'Higgins Avenue, known as the Alameda, up broad steps and balustrades with stone urns, flowering plants, grottoes, and statues. On the way to the top are more stone stairs and grottoes, look-out benches, niches, terraces, tunnels, caracole iron steps, footbridges. The whole hill is luxuriously clad with ferns, flowers, vines, shrubs, false pepper trees, eucalyptus, evergreens, and loquat or nispero trees. Aerial and rock plants soften contours. The hill with its shady corners, its peace and quiet, right in the heart of a great city is the constant haunt of students and particularly of lovers.

Near the summit on the east side is a wide tiled terrace with a statue of Pedro de Valdivia, the conquistador. The monument bears the dates of his arrival here and of the founding of the city several months later. Here in 1540 the Spanish captain and his little band of helmeted adventurers stood for the first time in an utterly unknown world and looked over the green valleys, across the curling smoke of the Indian hamlets, at the great circle of snow shouldering the eastern sky.

Those days Santa Lucía Hill was still on an island in the Mapocho River, one arm of which has since become the broad landscaped Alameda Boulevard at the base of the hill.

Below here to the west, on the same island, February 12, 1541, Valdivia founded Santiago.

In September it was almost razed by Toqué Michimalonco, the native chieftain. Valdivia ordered it rebuilt in more durable style.

In the seventeenth century an earthquake all but destroyed it again, and it was badly damaged in the 1906 quake. Soon after the quake some of the finest modern buildings in the city were erected.

In colonial days Santa Lucía served as a fortress. But in 1822, the first supreme director of independent Chile, Bernardo O'Higgins, ordered the hill used as a burial ground for Protestants and other non-Catholics. He was anxious to attract talented foreigners to Chile to help build up the country rapidly. One obstacle was that the Church at that time would not permit any but members of the True Faith to be buried in its

cemeteries. Non-Catholics had to be buried beside the road or in the back yard.

The first Protestant burial in Santa Lucía cemetery was dramatic. The English merchant George Perkins, Esq., was horribly murdered in his home. The criminals were caught promptly and duly shot at the very moment Perkins' body was lowered into the grave.

When it was decided to make Santa Lucía a public park, in the seventies, the bones of the "heretics" were removed and dumped in a corner of one of the Catholic cemeteries, with the inscription: "Exiles from heaven and earth."

The transformation of the hill into a public park was carried out by the author and statesman, Benjamín Vicuña y Mackenna, when he was civil governor of Santiago.

So enamored of the Santa Lucía park project did he become that, when public funds gave out, he spent his personal fortune to complete the job. The results are there for all to see, and the beauty of Santa Lucía Hill is a byword in all South America.

Vicuña's remains now lie in a chapel near the summit. Nearby, facing the city in benediction, is the statue of Manuel Vicuña, Chile's first archbishop. In another part of the hill park stands a noble statue of the heroic Indian, Toqué Caupolicán, which was sculpted by Nicanor Plaza, Chile's first notable sculptor.

Looking up at him in awe, many Chilean peasants, themselves partly of Mapuche blood, remind themselves how their ancestor fought for freedom. One such holds his little son by the hand and tells him of that early gallant fight against the Spaniards.

"Chileans must always be ready to die for freedom," he tells the boy solemnly.

"Who lives in the big mountains?" the boy asks, only mildly interested in the past.

"The condors and the pumas. There is no bird freer or stronger than the condor. That's why he chose the Andes of Chile for a home."

The peasant cast a triumphant glance in our direction. All Chileans are extremely patriotic folk, and they don't mind letting others know about it.

The Santa Lucía view is particularly magnificent at twilight when the sun, long after it has vanished below the western range, paints the eastern snow peaks with rose and lilac, red and purple. Little by little the lights come on—long ribbons of gold beside the winding Mapocho River and along the Alameda—finally, the far twinkle of numerous clustering suburbs and the dots and dashes of lights far aloft on higher hills beyond the city.

Santa Lucía provides a pivot for knowing the city in an easy fashion.

Just below the hill park, slightly northeast, are the Plaza Italia and the Plaza Baquedano, the latter adorned with the statue of General Baquedano, hero of the War of the Pacific, by the well-known sculptor, Virginio Arias.

With the Plaza Italia as a center, the visitor can cut the city into segments like a pie, five pieces, according to the major boulevards. This provides a workable pattern for the whole city.

1. Southwest, between the Alameda and Bustamente Boulevard is the vast Cousiño Park section, largely devoted to second-rate shops and lower-middle-class homes. Except on the outskirts it is one of the oldest parts of the city.

2. The widest section, between Bustamente Boulevard, which runs south by east, and La Providencia, the main highway east to the Andes, is the Providencia area. It was first settled toward the end of the colonial period but has since spread on out for miles. This section now contains the newer better residential districts.

3. Due north, the curving Olivos Dominica Street runs into slanting Recoleta Avenue which bounds the northeast hill section of Cerro San Cristóbal, above Providencia Avenue. San Cristóbal Hill is a high eminence with a fine view, gardens, observatories, restaurant, and zoological gardens.

4. The northwest segment of the city, beyond Recoleta and above the Mapocho River, is known as La Chimba, literally, the inferior part of a city divided by a river. This area of factories, workers' homes, and slums is the other-side-of-the-tracks part of Santiago.

5. The smallest segment of the city, due west from Santa

Lucía and lying between the Mapocho River and the Alameda, which runs southwest from Parque Italia and skirts the hill, is the oldest part of the city, the part originally laid out by Valdivia. It is still the center of all its commercial, financial, and governmental life. In few countries is so much power and wealth concentrated in so few square city blocks.

Activities in this most congested part of the city revolve chiefly around three centers. The first is the old Plaza de Armas. This was the plaza shaped by Valdivia in accordance with the Spanish city planning of the day. From it ray out the main business streets. The Plaza Bulnes is the second—the great new and solemn civic center, where are now concentrated most governmental offices. The plaza and public market in front of the Mapocho railway station on the river is the third.

To get around the city there are the usual taxis (fare three times meter reading), streetcars, and various kinds of busses. Most streetcars carry a second-class trailer, fare one half. The *gondolas* aren't boats plying canals, but are the de luxe busses with reserved seats, no standees allowed. They charge twice as much as do the *micros*. The *microbuses*, though bearing a diminutive name, may be any size, small or large, and they take on the world, inside and out, and are always jammed.

CENTRAL AVENUES, PARKS, AND MUSEUMS

The pivotal Plaza Italia is on a curve of the Mapocho River and we spent many enjoyable hours on the avenues and in the gardens and parks that flank it on either side.

This stream is channeled between high masonry walls, 130 feet apart. Frequently in the dry season when the water was low, we saw peasants from the hills down below on the banks with their animals, much as in Valencia, Spain. At other times the river often races brimful with the spring rains of September and the melting Andean snows. Many bridges, old and new, span the river. Some have been the subject matter of famous paintings, titles of novels and poems, and nearly all figure in some way in Chilean legends and romance, especially those that go back to the colonial period. The oldest most famous bridge, now replaced, was called Cal y Canto, which in Span-

ish has a most alliterative and poetic ring, but all the words mean is concrete and stone.

Two magnificent avenues flank the river: Avenida Santa María runs along the north side, Avenida Balmaceda on the south. They are bordered by graceful gardens or new apartment houses, public buildings, museums, and fine residences.

Along Avenida Balmaceda a promenade walk runs parallel to a bridle path, where on Sundays elegant English-clad riders post by. Others wear showy *huaso* or cowboy attire. Early mornings and late afternoons, on all days, a few riders use the path. Nearly all Chileans are fine horsemen, and they love horses quite as much as do the Mexicans and Argentineans. Horse racing is a greater passion in Chile than in any other South American country.

We particularly enjoyed Forrestal Park, one of the notable public recreation gardens of the world. This handsome landscaped section lies between the avenue and bridle path on one side and the city on the other. It is the chief winter promenade for strollers on Sundays and holidays. In spite of being so near the center of the city, it is an unusually quiet retreat. Here folk rest after shopping; girls wait for their *novios*; old men discuss ancient battles; students read books, for the Catholic University is not far away. Mothers and nursemaids care for children. Latin folk use parks at all hours much more than we North Americans do.

The park was originally made possible by the diking of the Mapocho River, which during most of the colonial period repeatedly flooded Valdivia's old city. Several early Spanish governors tried to bring the stream under control but their slipshod work was torn away by each new spring flood. But toward the end of the colonial period, enterprising Governor Ambrosio O'Higgins commenced building nineteen-foot solid masonry walls, topped by a parapet and promenade, known as Taja-Mar.

This colonial promenade was much frequented from the start. In the museums are many old engravings depicting fashionable strollers along the Taja-Mar: women in long voluminous and costly gowns, with coquettish shawls or enormous hats and chic parasols; brilliant-hued officers cavorting on

horseback; men in breeches and stockings, with embroidered jackets or scarlet coats with long tails. It was the rendezvous for all fashionable strollers.

Until well into the period of the Republic, a racetrack stood at one end. Horses those early days were ridden with sheep-skin blankets instead of saddles. Betting was high.

At the beginning, the park had only a few poplars and benches and mostly was cluttered with *chinganas*, drink and dance places under arbors. When a big fiesta was on, itinerant *chinganas* on wagons and ox carts decorated with flags and streamers moved in.

Musicians and female and male singers were always present, both sexes daubed with powder and paint. Music was provided by harp, guitar, and *ravel*, a three-stringed fiddle. Big crowds on foot and in carriages struggled to get through the tangle. At the promenade hour even the lustrous carriages of the President and Ministers of State found it *de rigueur* to push their way through the maze of pedestrians, burros, and ox carts.

Start thirty orchestras and groups of singers going full blast side by side, the bullock carts swaying and pitching, folk dancing the wild cueca on the heaving boards, spectators joining in to shout out the songs, perhaps even climbing aboard and pounding tables and the soundingboxes of the harps to accentuate the rhythm, and you had a noisy spectacle to write home about.

In smaller towns, and out in the wheat and grape festivals, this old custom still persists. Enthusiastic spectators beat on the base of the harp or on the tables to the compass of the music.

Later on, the *chinganas* were cleared out, and a French architect was called in to lay out the present Forrestal Park. In spite of modern statues and monuments, it still wears the charming nineteenth-century dress he gave it.

Halfway along the park is Parque Francia, a wide avenue plaza, where stands a large aviation monument—heroes "United in Glory and in Death." Beyond is a rowboat pond and children's playground. Here also is the large National Art School and the handsome Museum of Fine Arts, with façade statues

Not much Chilean work is shown in the museum, but whole walls of colonial portraits, if of minor artistic value, give a vivid idea of early grandes in breeches, braid, swords, and perukes. We found a number of canvases by unknown artists that measured up with the best traditional portrait painting in the world.

In the lower patio may be seen "La Quimera," the masterpiece of Nicanor Plaza, Chile's first important sculptor, who also erected many public monuments. Personally we liked some of his minor works, which seemed freer and less conventional, better than his much-touted tour de force.

The Museum has a really extensive showing of modern European painting, some really fine canvases. Many contemporary exhibits are staged here, particularly from other Latin American countries, although previously many European collections came over. With the wife of Congressman Pablo Neruda, the Chilean poet, we attended a very remarkable exhibit from Uruguay.

Some of the regular salons are pretty dark, so it is necessary to visit them at different hours of the day. The best over-all time is toward the midday hours.

On Avenida Merced, which runs from Plaza Italia along the inner side of Forrestal Park then continues through the city to the Plaza de Armas, are many fine if dated residences. The stately gray United States ambassadorial residence faces Forrestal Park. Near the center of the city on this avenue is the North American-Chilean Institute, part of the State Department's good-will effort, with pleasant social halls, study rooms, playrooms, and a library. We went to a number of enjoyable gatherings there.

Forrestal Park ends at Mapocho railroad station. On west of the station, the river garden is known as Centenario Park and there is a large sport field for the carabineros or police. From the Mapocho Station depart all trains for trans-Andean points, Valparaiso, the expensive beaches such as Viña del Mar and Papudo, and the northern nitrate coast.

We often went through the public market, which is southeast of, and catercorner to, the station. It covers an entire block and spills over into all adjacent streets. This trading center, known as La Vega, is more than a hundred years old. In colonial days

the site was a garbage dump, sending up a stench of decay and dead animals. But the first independence president, Bernardo O'Higgins, cleaned this out and put the market there.

We found it much cleaner than the markets along the nitrate coast. But except for rather second-rate baskets, leather goods, and woodwork, it has few handicrafts. It is full of fish, meat, vegetables, fruit, and booths selling cheap cottons and woolens, notions, kitchen utensils. Filthy eating stalls are found inside and out in the surrounding streets where women cook at the open curb over charcoal braziers. For blocks around about, besides the household and drygoods wares, is found the interminable junk that poor people sell to poor people, although now and then we came upon a fine piece of old brass, bric-a-brac and glassware.

The market and adjacent streets provided us with a good cross section of the Chilean lower class and lower middle class: women out buying with their servants, peasants, *huasos*, mestizo types close to the Mapuches in blood, browner than the general run of Chileans. Mercedario, one of the ragged barefoot urchins who hang around to carry bundles for housewives, became our pal. This lively good-humored lad wore peekaboo pants that ended in shreds slightly below the knee and were held up by a piece of rope and a blue knit shirt that exposed one bare shoulder. He was one of six children of a former small shopkeeper from the nitrate coast who had been driven out when the boom broke and was now toting mortar on one of the big new skyscrapers of Santiago.

Bargaining in the market is often shrill and heated—a desperate note to it for the poorer classes of Chile are exceedingly poor, and each penny means a great deal—but underneath, it is a good-natured ritual and no one ever gets hurt.

The whole central Forrestal Park area gives to Santiago a grace and repose enjoyed by few great cities.

The other main artery of the city is the showy and graceful Bernardo O'Higgins Avenue, named after the father of the country. Often it is called simply the Alameda, sometimes "the park of delights." It is a stately and handsome garden boulevard.

Our rooms, near the Union Club and across from the Na-

tional University, overlooked this thoroughfare. Up the street we could see the flower market and red San Francisco Church and high above the city the great snow flanks of Tupungato and the other giants of the cordillera. From this vantage point we saw the great Independence Day parade—miles of ski troopers and cavalry and marching infantry. From there we saw part of the pompous cavalcade for the funeral of President Juan Ríos. From there too we saw several red-banner Communist demonstrations and the big colorful parade of mounted *huasos* welcoming back home the Archbishop, who had gone to Rome.

A barracks must have been somewhere in the vicinity for nearly every day we saw contingents of gaudily uniformed troops march by, always with a tremendous hammering of drums and blowing of bugles.

Like the avenues facing the Mapocho River and Parque Forrestal, the Alameda starts at the pivotal Plaza Italia and runs southwest past the red-brick Catholic University. It circles the base of Santa Lucía Hill and, after dodging the out-jutting corner of old red San Francisco Church, widens into an attractive combination of park, promenade, drive, and main thoroughfare three hundred feet wide that runs for three miles through the heart of the city. The avenue mostly follows the once shallow arm of the Mapocho River. When the river was walled into its north channel, this south arm became a tangle of briars and refuse, the haunt of vagrants and small boys. It figures thus in Blest Gana's great historical novel, *Durante la Reconquista*. President O'Higgins cleaned it up, started to grade and beautify it with gardens, tiled drains, and flagstones.

Today it is a magnificent boulevard. Down the center are a double row of poplars, walks, flower beds, and many fine statues. Large monuments to O'Higgins, San Martín, Vicuña Mackenna, and other notables are found there. The Swiss lion and the Italian lion (Baquedano Plaza) were gifts of the two respective immigrant colonies. The impressive monument to the heroes of the battle of Concepción is by Rebecca Matto de Iñiquez, who has sculpted many of Santiago's public statues.

Fine homes have been built along the avenue from colonial days right down to the recent past. It is flanked with the huge

palaces of the *nouveaux riches* of the War of the Pacific, the nitrate boom, and World War I profiteers. These grandiose homes, more ostentatious than handsome—now a bit off key, no longer so impressive—provide past-century stateliness and a pleasing Old World flavor. They remind one of the more elegant but forgotten corners of old Paris. Mostly the residences belong to the tradition of big gates, massive portals, wide dignified staircases on the princely order, great high ceilings in monster rooms decorated with curly stucco, brocades, gaudy gold mirrors—but not one hint of central heating. In winter the fashionable owners eat their meals in overcoats and furs with great *éclat* and elegance, taking bites between exhalations of vaporized breath. The northern visitor, should he be invited to such a banquet, which is unlikely for most Chileans follow the French tradition of inviting none but long-standing intimates to their households, will scarcely thaw out again for a week, but the Chileans seem to thrive on such temperatures. In fact all Chilean homes, if they have any heat at all, are kept exceedingly cold, rarely more than sixty. Social gatherings during the winter, which fortunately lasts only about three months, are a real ordeal for the northern visitor and for most other Latin Americans. However, the nine months of balminess in Santiago quite make up for this frigid interlude.

From the very first the Alameda became the most fashionable summer promenade avenue of Santiago and was so used for nearly a century. During hot evenings and especially on feast days, it was always crowded with the beauty and fashion of the capital, with fine carriages and elegantly dressed families. But the last few years traffic has become so heavy and noisy that the promenaders have betaken themselves to more secluded Cousiño Park.

At the foot of Santa Lucía Hill at O'Higgins, 651, are the National Library and National Archives. The fine statues before the buildings are by Virginio Arias.

The library was founded by the dictator Carrera in 1813 and re-established, following the temporary Spanish reconquest, by President O'Higgins with funds donated by the Argentine liberator, San Martín, who declined to accept the money voted to

him by the new independent Congress as a reward for his services in freeing the country.

Today it contains over 600,000 volumes and has special Hispanic, United States, French, Italian, and British libraries and reading rooms. Other reading rooms for children of various ages are maintained. Rare items are on public display. For a hundred years the library has required that it be sent copies of every book, pamphlet, magazine, and newspaper published in the country so that it has one of the finest historical collections in the world.

One large wing of this building, facing the side street Miraflores at Number 70 and right at the base of Santa Lucía Hill is devoted to the Museum of National History.

Just as Santa Lucía's summit gives a full physical view of Santiago, so this museum provides a full view far back in time, even the prehistoric era, for the basement is devoted to anthropological exhibits of the first races. It is a well-arranged, well-catalogued museum and we spent hours, and days, and weeks in it pleasurably and profitably.

Boldly looking down the main stairs is a painting of Inca Tupac Yupanqui during his invasion of Chile in the early fifteenth century, as imagined by the artist. The Inca wears gold shoulder, knee, and leg guards, almost football style. A gold sun spreads over his massive chest. His headdress is blue and gold with sun-god symbols; his tunic is Inca red, with gold plaques about the flounce; his shield is of gold and silver.

In sharp contrast is the companion painting of small, pinch-faced Almagro, the Spanish conquistador, with his nervous little gray beard, his greedy irritable face, and malevolent eye. He spent two years ransacking Chile for gold he could not find and attempting to subdue the land, which he failed to do.

Chile's first well-known painter, Pedro Lira, gives his idea, not wholly accurate, of the early founding of Santiago. He shows Spaniards in coats of mail, helmets, and padded circus-stripe trousers.

Innumerable are the records of the War of Independence, the famous march of San Martín across the Andes, the great decisive battles of Rancagua, Chacabuco, and Maipo.

San Martín, according to numerous oil portraits, was a bold-

faced dramatic man with sideburns and scraggly black hair. His powerful long nose ends in a sharp overhanging hook. He loves fine uniforms, his favorite being bright sky blue with a wide gold-embroidered collar.

Here is San Martín's gold-embroidered orange-red parasol teamster size, under which he headed parades down Merced Street to the old Plaza de Armas. Here, too, is his portable altar with handles like a palanquin, the image of the Virgin set against brass-studded leather, which he carried right into the battle of Maipo, and his folding iron cot for campaigns.

San Martín's aide, Bernardo O'Higgins, the Chilean hero and the first ruler of a completely freed country, stands massive in several canvases—a big fleshy man in skintight white breeches a long-tailed sky-blue coat, and black gold-topped boots. Around his waist is buckled a dust-dragging sword.

The independence soldiers mostly wore scarlet and blue uniform but the *rotos* and Mapuches had little other than a military cap to indicate their martial status. They wore a crisscross blanket roll, red sashes, cotton trousers and thong sandals, often were naked from the waist up.

Another room tells of the early war with Bolivia and Peru. The brutal bombardment of Valparaiso by the Spaniards in the sixties is dramatically symbolized by the old Intendencia clock. A Spanish bullet stopped the hands at 9:20.

The museum is heavily weighted with trophies of the aggressive nitrate War of the Pacific (1879-93) when Chile sealed Bolivia away from the sea and seized the whole nitrate coast from the two neighbor countries. On the walls and in glass cases are scores of banners captured: a llama and quina tree embroidered on padded silk; the Inca sun, bleeding hearts of Jesus, and other symbols.

There is a striking portrait of Irene Morelos, the famous *cantinera*, who among other things was barmaid and water carrier. She accompanied the troops right into battle. This early WAC wore a gray hat with bold red plumes, an army jacket with red buttons, baggy trousers, boots, and carried a flintlock rifle and a keg. We wondered whether the keg was to bring up water or pisco—a fiery brandy.

We found it a relief to turn from this prolonged military dis-

play to the simple handicrafts of ancient and modern Chile: basketry of Panimávida, fine woven with rainbow tints; Rancagua clay dolls, animals, and birds and highly polished wood carving; the woven cowboy sashes of Colchagua; the fiesta objects for the Virgin of Andacollo; the musical instruments of Chiloé Island; the beautiful Mapuche silverwork and weaving.

In the basement anthropological section a still longer time span is recorded. As they still do today, a thousand years ago the fishermen of Cahuel and Pichelemú went forth in reed boats, three bundles tied together, with paddles strapped to the end of long poles. In the water the reeds swell up tightly and the boat swerves until the reeds become permanently waterlogged. On this buoyant but seemingly flimsy and treacherous contraption, they even built leather-roofed lean-tos.

The early basketry and pottery of Atacama, Calama, and Chinha—also similar modern work—are shown, also farm implements tipped with stone or tempered copper, hammers fitted on wooden handles, curved hardwood machetes shaped just like those turned out in steel today by Collins in Connecticut. The early folk found gourds useful, and they sewed leather and cloth with bone and thorn needles.

In Chinchihué and Lazama, the folk made lacquered wooden cups with inset designs. They wore bone or stone beads, headdress caps of twisted human hair with bright tassels; they wove llama and human-hair coats.

The whole exhibit is thrilling and informative. Strange burial habits indicate early belief in the afterworld. One folk embalmed their dead, even the aborted infants, with fine plumage. Often infants were wrapped up in their mothers' hair and buried with green parrots.

The southern Araucanos sent their dead across the sea in *trolöfes* or covered canoes. They made dishes and trays and adornments of copper or silver, big silver disks to wear around the head and over the breast, large silver earrings—just as they do today in the neighborhood of Temuco. They imitated these silver designs in beautiful textiles, some of the most competent weaving on the American continent.

In El Tabo and on Chiloé Island, the folk used arrowheads and stone and terra cotta bowls. Today they make the image

of San Miguel in terra cotta, carve out big wooden locks and wooden keys, and make their canoes out of three strips of curved wood, sewed together with leather or fiber and caulked. These have cross seats and stone anchors in baskets.

The Museum has a fine representative collection of artifacts from the early Fire Land region of the far south: skin and thatched tepees, baskets, wedges for splitting trees, ingenious bird traps. The Fire Land folk played games with feather balls bound in wolf intestines. Liquids were carried in bark or wolf-leather buckets sewn with whale beard. Some of their seagoing vessels, made of wolf intestines, could be blown up like modern rubber rafts. The early folk decorated parchment bags, and in fiestas used leather masks with red stripes across the eyes and mouth.

Farther west along the Alameda, just beyond San Francisco Church, we frequently visited the main flower market, set right in the promenades, filling a whole block between Estado and San Antonio Streets. On either side of the walks rise tiers of roses, lilies, chrysanthemums, gladioli, violets, pansies, and other flowers, nearly all of them well known to folk of northern climes.

The stately University Building stands on the Alameda on the south side between Arturo Prat and San Diego Streets. There is no campus for the various university schools are scattered all through the city, in Valparaiso, and even remoter parts of the Republic. Even with this dispersion, the university plays an active political role. Both professors and students are always deeply involved in politics.

Here on the 900 block of the Alameda are located the various administrative offices of public education, primary and secondary education, mining and industrial education, and commercial schools.

Directly across from the university is the famous Union Club, between New York and Bandera Streets. The actual pseudo-classic edifice, with broad entrance steps and big columns, is recent. We were invited to dine there several times and were served the best food in all Santiago. We found the interior luxurious but stuffy, with marble stairs and balustrades, rich red

draperies, all rather old-fashioned. There are a library, some good paintings, large and small dining rooms, recreation rooms, lounge rooms, and a small hall. Many important lectures and musicals are given. Women are present at these cultural activities, also for special luncheons and for afternoon tea—*once* is the Chilean expression. Strictly male conviviality begins after ten P.M. when bridge and poker start.

The Union Club is one of the conservative forces of Chile. Here much of the political planning and logrolling of Rightist forces are carried on. It is said that for more than a century, national presidents were made—or broken—in the Union Club or the earlier Conservative Club. Here during the long period of independence was a government behind the government. More important decisions were made here than in official cabinet meetings. Here policies were elaborated, tactics and strategy planned, and jobs doled out.

But of late years the complexion of the club's membership has broadened greatly, and in fact here we met one of the Radical party's chief leaders, and the Radical party is now the core of Chile's more leftist governments.

One block farther west, the Alameda parts in a big circle around an enormous ever brimming fountain. The south side of the big square here is called Bulnes Plaza; the north half, Plaza Libertad. Here, between Morandé and Teatinos Streets, rises the big new Civic Center in lofty gray granite stateliness—the most showy and most austere part of the city.

The various buildings house consulates, embassies, private offices, and the Ministries of National Defense, Agriculture and Labor, Treasury and Justice. The center consists of bulky office skyscrapers, perhaps more impressive and powerful than aesthetic, although in his fine book, *Cities of Latin America*, Francis Violicl declares that this "Barrio Cívico is the finest group of public buildings . . . in Latin America, in that it achieves dignity without monumentality." But monumental it seemed to us, though not in the classic ponderousness of most architecturally boring governmental edifices. Certainly it is the most severely modern and unadorned expression of this sort anywhere to the south.

On one side of Liberty Plaza and Morandé Street, as a sort of

old-time foyer to the Civic Center, are located the finest old colonial buildings to be found in all Chile. The most famous is the Casa de Moneda, once the colonial mint, a gigantic palace now used for the presidential offices and for the Ministries of Interior, Foreign Affairs and Commerce. It covers a whole block, with various delightful interior garden patios, with pleasant open balcony corridors, columns, and arches. Salons, open to the public, contain relics, paintings, and statues, nothing of too much worth, but the building and its contents are interesting because of the early colonial architecture and their identification for so many centuries with the stirring events of the colony and the Republic.

On the corner of Calle Moneda is the powerful *Diario Ilustrado*, Santiago's bulkiest morning daily, somewhat British and old-fashioned in format. It has excellent news coverage, however, and is the arch-Conservative, pro-Church, pro-Franco paper in the country. When we were in Santiago, the editor was being given a banquet in honor of his departure to Spain as the invited guest of Suárez, the brother-in-law of Franco and the head of the Falange, the Spanish Fascist party.

Also near the Civic Center, facing a small park just east of Teatinos Street and opposite the Ministry of Justice, is Hotel Carrera, Santiago's luxury hostelry, a massive pile of dark gray stone and black marble. It serves excellent meals, but we found its luxurious cocktail lounge pretty chilly during the colder months.

On the ninth and tenth floors of Teatinos, 220 are the American embassy and consulate. Other foreign embassies and consulates are located about the square or in the Carrera Hotel.

Farther out on the broad Alameda are Plaza Argentina and the Alameda railway station, where all trains for the Cartagena beaches and southern Chile are taken. This is also the terminus for the largest number of streetcar and bus lines in the city.

Nearby, on intersecting Matucana Avenue, is the Quinta Normal de Agricultura with model farms, an agricultural school, conservatory, school of veterinary surgery and of arts and crafts. It is faced by a large public park where is located the fine National Museum of Natural History. There are a row-boat pond and a good restaurant. This entire collection of

buildings and gardens just west of the central business area is one of the handsomer quarters of the city, much frequented on Sundays and holidays.

THE BUSINESS CENTER

The main commercial center of the city lies within the triangle just described: the Mapocho River, the Alameda, and the Quinta Normal. Here are located the city's chief mercantile establishments, hotels, tourist offices, banks, cafés, restaurants, and theaters. This is the core of the city, and heart of this heart, to this day, is still the old Plaza de Armas around which the conquistador Valdivia initially laid out twenty-five blocks for his soldiers and followers to build their homes and settle.

Until the recent construction of the big new Barrio Cívico the Plaza de Armas, which had been the center of colonial government, still housed the main offices of the Republic. It was always the historic seat of all administrative power in Chile. Today the colonial buildings house municipal offices. One is the weather-beaten yellow post office and telegraph building. This had a convenient service that could well be emulated by United States post offices in larger centers. For a few cents one could get packages wrapped and sealed.

The western side of the square is mostly occupied by the gray stone cathedral and the Archbishop's Palace, the southwest corner by stores and a small café, which we discovered serves the best coffee and pastry in all Santiago. We particularly enjoyed their black *café cortado*, almost Turkish style, cut by a couple of drops of cream.

The first church on the cathedral site was built in flimsy style by Valdivia. The cathedral was started by García Hurtado de Mendoza, one of his early successors as governor, but was not completed till 1619. The monstrance, altar ornaments, and sanctuary lamp in the Holy Sacrament Chapel are of solid silver. The statue of Saint Francis Xavier is carved from pear wood. The big crystal chandelier was taken from the former national library, where it shone on the agitated sessions of the first national congress.

The south side of the Plaza de Armas has bulky stone arcades, prosperous business establishments, and inner passage-

ways through the block, which are lined with small up-to-the-minute shops, book stores, antique places, curio stalls, and clothing establishments for both men and women. The curio shops charge exorbitant prices compared to what the same things can be bought for in more outlying places, but several have really choice handicrafts: jewelry, silverwork, ostrich feather capes, Mapuche and Quechua weaving, alpaca, viscacha, vicuña, and other fine fur robes. Chilean leather goods—handbags, suitcases, brief cases, purses, desk pads, and so on—are elegantly made, and prices are reasonable.

Under the arches of the south plaza arcades are numerous curb drinking and eating stands that give this part of the plaza something of the appearance of a busy Eastern bazaar. Here at *once*—Chilean teatime—the passageway is jam packed with clerks and shoppers taking their afternoon repast standing up.

When in the early eighteen-thirties enterprising Don Ambrosio Adunanate built the city's first four-story building along the whole east side of the plaza, he was never able to rent the upper three floors because of the fear of earthquakes. People said he was downright mad to put up such a monstrous building. But when it went through a bad quake unscathed, people began to move in, and for more than a century the edifice has been occupied, with no casualties except for a man who fell downstairs (he was quite sober) and broke his neck, and a lover killed by a fair lady said to have been quite annoyed. Santiago has since gone in for many skyscrapers and other large buildings especially constructed to resist earthquakes.

The plaza arcades on this east side, the Portales, are filled with small bargain-counter drygoods stores. Cloth, overalls, cheap dresses, ribbons are festooned overhead above the sidewalk. Steps lead up right through the arcade columns to second-floor stores. Nylon, silk, and rayon stocks are advertised by dazzling neon signs and darting arrows of light pointing the proper path upward.

The center of the plaza is plentifully supplied with graceful trees, splashing fountains, statues, and iron benches, some brought from Peru as booty of the War of the Pacific. The spot is constantly used, and we found it always an enjoyable place to rest after tramping around the city, for it is close to the shop-

ping districts, banks, agencies, movies—most of the active life of the metropolis. Here in the plaza, young people make dates, weary shoppers from nearby stores put down their bundles for a while. But only the women of the lower classes do that. The more chic women sit free and unladen, for the feudal tradition still makes it a sign of utter vulgarity for a man or woman to carry even the smallest package. Many folk sit opposite the post office scribbling letters on their knees. Groups discuss politics, but however heated feelings may grow, always with that polite unsmiling soberness so typical of Santiagans, so different from the rest of Latin America. Shoeshiners, newsboys, candy and lottery venders buzz about, adding to the enjoyment or annoyance according to the mood of the moment. They are less persistent than similar types in other Latin American countries. Also they are less communicative, and it is more difficult to break down their laconic dignity.

On two late afternoons each week concerts are given here, and there is the typical ring-around pedestrian parade. In northern climes people sit quiet while the music plays and stroll and talk at other times. In Santiago people stroll and shuffle their feet and chatter, and couples flirt, all the while the music is playing. Just as soon as it stops, they sit down and are quiet.

South from the plaza, clear to the Alameda, runs the main business thoroughfare, Ahumada Street, on which are located large department stores, the supermodernistic Savoy Hotel, and the Café do Brasil (*café express*, two cents a cup). The last-named establishment is one of a large South American chain run by the Brazilian government to advertise the national crop. It contains an exhibit of all the stages of growing and preparing the coffee bean, and the coffee is roasted on the spot by machinery, boiled, and served fresh. Except for one or two other places, it is the best coffee obtainable anywhere in Chile.

Alongside is an attractive vegetarian health store.

The shops along Ahumada reveal the changing times. A few years back such things as radios, frigidaires, washing machines, electric and gas stoves, bathroom appliances, steel office furniture, and so on, would have borne German, British, or United

States trade-marks. Today the brands are Argentine, Brazilian, and Chilean.

Just off Ahumada west on Agustinas Street is the Crillón Hotel, long the city's leading hostelry and still quite fashionable, genteel, and friendly. It is the more aristocratic center, the place where the Bigwigs or Pelucones hang out. *Once* there is quite an elegant social event, especially on Thursdays when the aristocrats gather in their best clothes and most glittering jewels. Tea in the Crillón is stately and elegant—a banquet.

Across the street are various steamship and tourist agencies, such as Wagon Lits/Cook and Exprinter. We found the Brazilian Litvak agency around the corner on Bandera Street the most efficient, fair, and courteous outfit in all Santiago. No task was too small for them, be it merely getting an overnight Pullman's reservation to nearby Concepción on a minute's notice. The foreign airplane companies turned up their noses at us when we wanted transportation and told us haughtily nothing would be open for a month, but Litvak wangled passage on two days' notice.

Worth visiting, we found, was the Municipal Theater, the old opera house, a few blocks east on Agustinas. It faces a small garden plaza at the corner of San Antonio Street and occupies the site of the old colonial Institute of San Felipe, first dedicated in 1756.

Before the war, many Italian opera companies were subsidized to appear. Of late it has been given over to Chilean plays, music, entertainments, Argentine comedies and zarzuelas, folk dramas and folk dances. On gala charity occasions there is an elegant turnout of the cream of the first families, wearing formal dress, décolleté, and jewels. Chilean women certainly dress in extravagant and showy fashion. There is a large promenade foyer where refreshments are served during the unusually long intermissions. One box is reserved for the president and the intendente, or city governor. A special box for mourners is screened from the sight of the audience.

South from the eastern corner of the Plaza de Armas, on Estado Street, another business thoroughfare ending at the Alameda, are located the big Chilean Bank Building and the large

international Garth and Chaves department store, which has branches in London, Buenos Aires, and elsewhere. It has an afternoon tearoom much frequented by the elite.

The Santo Domingo Church, a fine colonial building, is on 21 de Mayo Street, between the plaza and the river. A block west of the Plaza on Catedral Street is the Congress building. It is a stately old edifice on the outside, in the monotonous classical style which governments like to achieve, but inside has grown pretty shabby. We visited a number of congressmen in their offices, among others Pablo Neruda, one of Chile's outstanding poets, who is a representative from Antofagasta, the nitrate port. That is not Neruda's home, but as in England prominent candidates can stand for election in any district where they think they can be elected. This gives them a better chance but is hard on the hometowners.

On La Compañía Street and facing little Montt Vara Plaza is the Supreme Court Building in sunken gardens behind high iron pickets. In the back of the Congress building, on La Compañía, is the library of Congress, admirably catalogued, and with exceptionally good collections on Chilean history and law, economics and international affairs.

On the southwest corner of Morandé in a stately old building is *El Mercurio*, the oldest and most famous of Santiago's dailies. It is an offshoot of *El Mercurio* of Valparaiso, founded by the patriot monk, Camilo Henríquez, in 1817. It is now a mouthpiece of the ultraconservative business viewpoint, although said to be partly government subsidized. The Associated Press has its offices there.

Originally on La Compañía Street stood the first roofed-over theater of Chile, opened in 1821 with government assistance. The original curtain bore the words: "Here I have the mirror of virtue and vice. Look into it, and make your choice."

The opening night featured four full-length plays, including Addison's *Cato*, ever popular in Latin America, and Shakespeare's *Otelo*. Sometime later the most popular actress of the day, Lucía Rodríguez, was roundly hissed. She rushed to the footlights spitting fire and told the audience off in such plain gutter language that she landed in jail.

POORER SANTIAGO

La Chimba, north of the Mapocho River, except for fine residences and apartments along the banks, is mostly a factory and workmen's section and contains the worst remaining slums.

The cemeteries lie in this zone. As an ill-clad *roto* told us with a grin, "More of our kind die than any other, so it's right handy to have the graveyard close by."

These cities of the dead are veritable cities within cities. The General Cemetery, which lies at the far end of La Paz Avenue at the foot of small Blanco Hill, presents a cross section of Chilean life, from its endless white-cross pauper field to its wealthy section with costly mausoleums. Some tombs bear the most illustrious names in Chilean history. One corner is for *disidentes*, i.e. for people not of the faith, an area set aside when the bones of heretics were pulled off Santa Lucía Hill to make way for the modern park. Nearby, on the other side of Recoleta Avenue, is the regular Catholic cemetery.

Chilean cemeteries are almost like public parks, an intimate part of daily life. Excursions to the cemetery to commemorate the dead are often made en masse, especially by the lower classes, in the form of picnics, dancing the cueca and drinking.

In the vicinity of the General Cemetery are located, it would seem most conveniently, Santiago's largest hospitals: Alemán, San José, and San Vicente.

Out on Independencia Avenue, northwest, is the big Chilean Hippodrome, the older race track of the city.

All through here, also northwest of the Quinta Normal, are tangled slums.

The Chilean slum building is called a *conventillo*. This, as do most Latin American tenement-type buildings, usually consists of a long narrow alley, with one- or two-room cubicles down either side, usually without windows. Sanitary facilities, if they exist, are at the end of the alley. Sometimes there is a communal concrete washtub or two. The people often do their cooking in this narrow passageway over charcoal braziers.

The visitor who does not come around with the air of a social worker or with a feeling of race or class superiority will

find a hearty welcome among these humble folk. The poorer Chilean, whether the itinerant *roto* or the more settled worker, has fierce insolent good humor; he is not so polite as similar classes in neighboring countries but has more innate independence and loves racy repartee.

For ten years and more Chile has been actively concerned with better housing for her people. The first public housing agency was formed in 1906, but it was not until 1936 that the Caja de Habitación Popular (Popular Housing Fund) was set up to promote cheap low-cost housing in all parts of the country, especially in Santiago. Thousands of houses, apartments, and co-operative workers' buildings have been built.

Much new low-cost housing has also been built by the Workers' Social Security Agency. Social security in Chile totals 23 per cent (8 per cent from the worker, 15 per cent from employers) and a given per cent of the funds is earmarked for health, hospitals, public clinics, and housing. So, little by little, the government is doing away with the unsightly and unhealthy slums of La Chimba and other congested areas.

COUSIÑO TO CRISTÓBAL HILL

The vast zone of Santiago south of the Alameda, the Cousiño area, is filled with typical middle-class dwellings. Interesting are the shabby shopping streets, such as Avenida Prat and Avenida San Diego, that run south from the Alameda. Here are knockdown household goods, low-cost clothing, cheap furniture, junk shops, secondhand book stores, poor wine taverns, cubbyhole restaurants, rattly old hotels, sometimes a frowzy female in the doorway. It has something of the air of the Union Square neighborhood in New York City.

The main civic center of this whole large zone is Cousiño Park, the chief playground for the whole city, frequented by all classes.

This park, a mile long and half a mile wide, was presented to the city years back by Isadora Cousiño, wife of Chile's first great coal and iron magnate. She herself had been a Goyenechea, one of the richest landed and mine heiresses in all Chile. The Goyenechea estate extended from the very doors of Santiago through the rich central valley clear into the Andes, and

contained whole towns. Other lands and mines circled Coquimbo and Copiapó in the north.

Their marriage united two great fortunes. Her show and extravagance, especially after her husband's death, startled Europe and her native land. He left her millions in herds, mines, railroads, steamships, real estate, and she figured as a great and generous benefactress.

In Santiago may be visited the great brick Cousiño château, still a showplace with its great halls, stairways, and salons, its tapestries, paintings, mirrors, and French murals. She herself built another magnificent château in the beautiful gardens of Lota, also one of the showplaces of Chile.

Cousiño Park, likewise laid out by her, is reached from the Alameda, eight blocks down Dieziocho Street. Much of the northern half is given over to a large grass oval with reviewing stand, used as a parade ground and athletic field. There are tennis courts, and the Santiago Tennis Club maintains headquarters in the park. The grounds, shaded with eucalyptus, acacias, poplars, magnolias, nisperos and filled with many rare flowering shrubs, have been laid out capriciously. There are shady nooks, intricate paths, and curving drives.

Here, also, is the city's Coney Island, dance halls, cafés, a rowboat pool. One sees folk dancing the cueca. Couples pair off with handkerchiefs that are waved gracefully as they go through steps face to face, occasionally circling each other with swaying bodies.

During the daily afternoon *paseo*—now celebrated here instead of along the Alameda—autos roll slowly through the curving drives. Others stroll along—families, *novios*, girls flirting, gentlemen "throwing flowers," *i.e.*, sweet compliments to the good-looking girls. Music plays. On Sundays promenaders are often dressed in frock coats and silk hats, the women in expensive dresses.

Two short blocks west from Cousiño Park is the Club Hípico race track, one of the best in South America, with three courses, two turf, one dirt. Betting, on the pari-mutuel basis, runs into millions each holiday and Sunday, and the frenzy has become almost a national mysticism. Racing keeps up from early morning till the sun dips.

Recently part of Santiago's light system broke down because of lack of wartime replacements, so daylight saving was inaugurated. This threw the first races into the dim morning light. A facetious columnist suggested that the jockeys carry lanterns. The first race, he claimed, was a photo finish, but the light was too scant to record it on the camera negative.

Most of the fine new residences and apartment houses are located in the Providencia area, east of Parque Italia and bounded by Providencia and Presidente Balmaceda Boulevards. To the southeast are the fine new National Stadium and sport fields, located at Plaza Valdivia on Avenida Sur, between Montt and Valdivia Avenues. Besides the huge stadium, the sports center includes a large municipal swimming pool, a casino, tennis courts, basketball courts, boxing arena, football field, polo grounds, track field, and a theater. It is one of the finest sport and amusement centers in all Latin America.

On the city's outskirts is the fine landscaped Toabalaba Boulevard, laid over the old San Carlos Canal. Well out, is the Prince of Wales Country Club, with large dance floor, terrace restaurant, lawns, gardens, and tennis courts.

On either side of the Mapocho River, beyond Plaza Italia—we are back again at the hub of our wheel—runs Santa María Avenue on the north bank, and the Taja-Mar and Costanera Avenue on the south, a continuation of the Forrestal Park clear to the city's suburbs. Farther out, between these drives and San Cristóbal Hill, are other landscaped parks and the zoological gardens.

On east from Plaza Italia, south of Costanera, the O'Higgins Boulevard or Alameda becomes Providencia Avenue. This briefly follows the Mapocho River, through the eastern continuation of Forrestal Park, until it reaches Toabalaba Boulevard. There the river bends northeast against San Cristóbal Hill, and the main avenue takes the name Apoquindo. It is the main route east toward the Andes.

Special busses go out this road to the golf club and links in the Providencia area. The course has eighteen holes and two runs. The first run, nine holes and 251 yards long, is for women. The second, nine holes, 2,195 yards, is for men. Since the

women can't resist trying the more strenuous course, the men usually end up using the women's course.

San Cristóbal Hill is really a ridge poking down from the Andean foothills. The tall summit nearest at hand, which rises a thousand feet above the plain and the city, is reached by an auto road or by funicular tram. On adjacent summits are various observatories, one belonging to the University of California.

From the saddle of the first hill, a zigzag path goes up to the seventy-two-foot cast-iron statue of the Virgin, originally imported from Paris. Many pilgrims, especially poorer *rotos*, climb up to pray and often kneel before it for hours on end, arms outstretched.

We spent many pleasant hours atop San Cristóbal. On the slope just below the holy statue is the rustic casino and dance hall with a dining terrace and tables scattered over the hillside under circular thatched arbors. Here one can have refreshments or food while enjoying a magnificent view of the whole city and the mountains and plains.

NEW SANTIAGO

At first glance, the central portion of Santiago strikes one as severe and plain—which is quite in keeping with the general character of the Santiago folk. Even new centers, such as Bulnes Plaza with its tall rigid cubes, though imposing, are stiff and arbitrary.

But there is much grace in the old Plaza de Armas, the Portales, the parks and boulevards, and as we looked about, we found far more varieties, and unusual ones, of architecture than in most cities the size of Santiago.

Over the centuries many architectural styles have imposed themselves at different periods. Chilean colonial architecture was much less ruled by tradition than that of colonies less remote, hence is exceedingly varied. Thomas Sutcliffe, an English traveler back in 1839, was quite impressed by the casual and unusual mixture of early building styles.

Earlier constructions are mostly of burnt brick and stone and have withstood the various severe earthquakes, on an average one really bad one each century.

The buildings on Mercedes Street along Forrestal Park, in end-century style, are reminiscent of the older, stately but overornate private residences along Riverside Drive in New York before the inrush of big apartment houses, except that in Chile the French influence is always subtly present. In Santiago time has softened bungling lines and fussy adornments, and all are pleasingly blended, an atmosphere really more Old World than American.

Now, new modern architecture thrusts up everywhere in the rapidly growing city, which has doubled in size with the war years. These new structures mostly outtop the wilted growth of earlier centuries, and even the casual visitor feels a twinge of regret for the earlier buildings, which are passing. Although the fine new apartment houses along the Mapocho River and out through better residential districts do not have the radical originality that one observes in Rio or new Colombian cities, they are touched with Latin grace. Few, for instance, are without balconies for each apartment.

Parts of older Santiago sometimes present a jagged appearance. Streets are slowly being widened in accordance with a long-range plan. In the United States we would probably tear all older buildings down in a jiffy and get the project over with the next day. In Santiago they wait for time to take its course. New buildings on such thoroughfares have to be set back ten to thirty feet, while older, often frowzier, buildings still poke forward boldly to the original width. Window-shopping on such streets is like following a winding river. But in due time the more crowded portions of the city will all be more spacious.

Many delightful corners will not be affected by over-all city planning—delightful old plazas tucked here and there. Quaint angles can be found where streets debouch into the river boulevards, and the river-park area, all its curving length, is very delightful.

In 1900 many new parks were laid out, and after the 1906 earthquake a master plan was worked out to guide the city's future growth. Recent new parks, such as Japonais, Italia, and Baquedano, shoved aside old slums and added much to the city's beauty.

All Santiago is today a city of trees, avenue parks, garden

trees, trees in every possible nook and corner. That was not always so. Though Mapocho Island was once densely wooded, the Spaniards soon chopped down nearly all the trees. Everywhere in the Americas, the conquerors seemed to have a horror of trees, almost a mania for destroying them. They wanted the landscape as hard and bare and sterile as most of their beloved native Castile, so they hacked away furiously at the exuberant growths of the New World. Even in cities, they much preferred hard paved plazas to gardens. But of late years in Santiago, the city authorities and the ever active Society of the Friends of the Tree have busily planted the parkings from end to end of the city, and no new boulevard is laid out without handsome landscaping.

The people of Santiago, especially these later years, have taken great pride in their unique metropolis and seem determined not only to have it match the grandeur of nature but to make it correspond to all the requirements of modernity, to wipe out all slums and unsightliness and make it one of the world's most beautiful metropolises. Always a handsome city, it promises to become, in the not distant future, one of the real showplaces of the Americas, with the mighty snow mountains towering in the background, visible down every boulevard, through every break in the buildings. By nature, Santiago is dramatic and spectacular; the setting is grandiose.

STREET SCENES AND LIFE

Street scenes have special charm and meaning in every city. They reflect the mode of life and popular psychology even in a rushing, clanking, honking city as big as Santiago.

Although the Santiagans are among the most aloof people in South America and pry but little into other people's business, and as a rule do not strike up conversations easily, if something unusual happens they are always johnny-on-the-spot. Although there is such stiff formality to their manners, a shyness almost Yankee, and they are the most puritanical folk of the southlands, they always take notice if something occurs on the streets and find time to participate. Few people watch the new construction going up so rapidly on all sides, fewer than would in New York City, but let a dog fight start or an argument occur,

and traffic will halt. Stop to ask your way, and in a jiffy you will be surrounded by a large group all trying to give you the most expert advice. Let a policeman give a car a ticket or arrest somebody, and the whole world wants to know all about it and whether justice is being done.

The life of Santiago has much grace and ease. As in most Latin cities there is a more marked rhythm than in most North American communities. Though the Latin American is so much more individualistic than the North American, the folk are exceedingly gregarious and enamored of set customs. They like the feel of crowds, of other people, and at definite intervals. Thus it is that at concerted hours of the day, the major part of the population, especially males, converge and rub shoulders, mingle and talk and gesture.

There is the hurried going-to-work time, common to all cities, but shortly there is the leisurely midmorning coffeetime when small blacks are drunk. People then gather in every café, almost as though a bell had been rung. Then there is the prelunch glass-of-wine time (Chileans don't go much for cocktails). Streets grow deserted during the two o'clock lunch period. Then comes afternoon teatime, when a definite feminine note appears. All the tearooms are filled with both men and women. Even the bars serve tea, a complicated ritual of much food, many sweets, and tidbits. The plaza arcades are jammed with humbler folk taking their tea or repast standing up.

Following *once* comes the afternoon promenade hour. Those who cannot get to the traditional promenade spots, Cousiño Park in summer, Forrestal Park in winter, walk the streets more leisurely. Men take more time to stare at passing beauties. There is a leisurely abandonment of duties and hurriedness.

Next comes the predinner wine or cocktail hour when the bars fill up and the cocktail lounges are jammed.

During the dinner hour, nine to ten or so, the city seems almost deserted, except for those who eat early and get to the first movie at nine-fifteen or nine-thirty. Before the hour of the last movie and the theater, the streets are again brimming with people. There is a new surge when the last movie ends and the last play closes. The cafés fill up rapidly.

These recurrent tides of people are zestful, put an eager sparkle into eyes, a friendlier smile on faces.

At the hours when the streets are almost deserted, Santiago seems like a small town; at other times, the narrow sidewalks with the incessant shoving and hauling make it seem like a city with a population far greater than a million.

New visitors always watch the traffic police. It is a national corps so that from end to end of Chile their uniforms and astonishing conduct are identical. The members dress alike, are trained alike, act alike, and doubtless think alike. They wear smart green uniforms with white helmets, white belts, white pistol holsters, and wave a long white baton in a series of extravagant gestures and contortions as though expecting applause from an audience. No average man would act that way unless his wife had just given him quintuplets.

When Ernie Pyle was wandering around Santiago, he, too, was struck by the police theatrics, "They go through a gymnastic contortion that is exactly like that of the antics of a college band leader."

On May 13 Santiago stages an annual street procession for El Señor de Agonía—a custom that originated during the 1647 earthquake. This particular image miraculously survived, though its crown of thorns slipped down over its neck. Amazingly the crown was then too small to be pulled back over the head, and so it has remained about El Señor's neck ever since—a miracle!

On September 18, Independence Day, great military and sport parades are staged.

But the casual visitor can scarcely remain a week without witnessing some big civic parade. Few countries in the world are so fond of military pomp and formal parading. The flags are almost constantly unfurled, the bands go through the street, and goose-stepping squadrons of police or firemen or soldiers or marines pass under the crowded decorated balconies.

When we were in Chile on this latest occasion, in the space of a very short period the following events took place:

A huge military and naval parade with marching school children, bands, and speechmaking for Admiral Prat.

The Peruvian popular leader, Haya de la Torre, arrived. There was a big demonstration with bands.

The new Soviet ambassador arrived, and the Leftists paraded, waved banners, and pounded bands.

Then the Archbishop returned; there was an enormous procession and a big parade of mounted *huasos* in cowboy costume.

Presently President Rios died, and there was a still bigger procession and an unprecedented military show with the finest dress uniforms in extravagant colors.

Finally, for no reason that we could discover, one of the largest sport clubs staged a big parade in ski costumes, hiking clothes, and track shorts. Climbing Chile's peaks and skiing at high altitudes apparently do not provide enough exercise.

On these occasions nearly all Santiago joined in enthusiastically. The Chilean flag blossomed from every balcony and rooftop. Many folk joined the ranks and marched, regardless of the motive, the company, or the occasion, or else lined the sidewalks.

Chile is more sport conscious than any other Latin American country. The national temperament is superactive; the climate is favorable and brisk; and besides that, sports are the latest mode. Sport matches are staged constantly at the National Stadium: boxing, wrestling, soccer, polo. Tennis matches are held nearly all year round at the Parque Cousiño. Two race tracks provide ample betting. Frequent ski contests are held.

There is always much music in Santiago, not only in the parks but much impromptu guitar strumming in the little wine shops. Concerts and symphonic music are presented all the time in the various music halls or the municipal theater. Art exhibits are in progress the year round at the studios of the Bank of Chile, at the various university salons, in the Palace of Fine Arts and elsewhere. Few countries today are quite so art conscious, and the government provides annual 100,000-peso prizes for the best in literature, painting, sculpture, and music. In few large cities are so many exhibits held, so many contests staged, so many awards given out.

Santiago has little night life. A small elite dance café is located on Bulnes Plaza, another less expensive one on the

Alameda near Ahumada Street, where entertainment, dancing and singing are provided. A somewhat fake though amusing low-life cabaret—La Posada—is located on Corregidor Plaza in the oldest building in the city. Tables are tightly packed, the guttering light is dim, there is always a cheek-to-jowl crush on the dance floor. Guests pound the tables in time with the orchestra.

The city is full of movie houses, many of them very elegant. Chilean films are occasionally shown at the fashionable Real Cinema, across from the City Hotel on La Compañía Street. Chile does not have a very extensive movie industry, but what they do produce is probably the best in Latin America, although the themes are apt to be a trifle dry and intellectual. On the other hand, the films are nearly always well pruned; the action moves along without flamboyance; the plots are well constructed and put across with sharp-etched economical techniques. And Chilean actors are undoubtedly the best in Latin America.

Most movie houses, however, feature films from Hollywood and from Mexico, a few from Argentina.

The name of the Mexican comedian, Cantinflas, is on everybody's lips, and when Mexican actor Ramón Negrete arrived in Chile, in spite of valiant police efforts his clothes were almost torn off by frantic cheering mobs.

Few Chilean movies run continuously. As in the regular theater, numbered seats are sold for a definite hour.

Spanish, Argentine, or local zarzuelas (short musical comedies) are nearly always on the boards. These may be pure comedy, political or social satire, or straight folk skits. A few are blood-and-thunder melodrama. The most popular vaudeville house is the Balmaceda, with funny vulgar skits.

Many regular plays are constantly presented. Chile has a greater tradition of the regular theater than any other South American country except Argentina. The government provides handsome annual prizes for the best plays and subsidizes various theater companies. There is a fine dramatic school. The largest playwrights' group recently bought ground and is erecting its own theater.

Plays start, according to the season, between 9:30 and 11:00

P.M. In the vaudeville, zarzuela, and musical comedy places, four short plays are given at each *tanda* or performance. Four *tandas* are given in the afternoon and evening: matinee, 3 to 6 P.M.; vermouth, 6 to 8:30; early night show, 8:30; late show, 11.

EXCURSIONS

Winter sports are readily accessible from Santiago in a single day's outing any month of the year. At present the most-frequented places are Farallones and Lo Valdés. Many hot springs, resorts, and beaches are nearby. Fine hunting and fishing are only a few hours distant.

The Colina hot baths, twenty-five miles northwest by concrete highway, are recommended for respiratory troubles, gout, rheumatism, diabetes, and venereal diseases. The Apoquindo baths are only seven miles east, almost within the city. The climate there is considerably drier, however, and it is an excellent place to shake off bronchial gripe or pleurisy, common winter ailments in Santiago. The Morelos baths, 5,500 feet up, are fifty-five miles distant in the Maipo Canyon region by train or bus and seven miles by auto from El Volcán, the terminal rail station.

About twenty minutes by car from El Volcán, there is the Lo Valdés sports center, 6,600 feet up, only about ten miles from the Argentine border. The ski refuge charges sixty cents a day with food. Each blanket costs three cents extra, sheets ten cents.

The trip to El Volcán by car, bus, or train is magnificent. The route follows the Maipo Valley, which has fine all-year rest resorts, such as Guayacán (*Lignum Vitae*), El Canelo (*Cinnamon*), Melocotón (*White Peach*), and San José and San Alfonso, all with modest pleasant hotels.

The trip to Farallones, Chile's best ski run, is also quite exciting. It is thirty miles away, 7,000 feet up in the Andes. The auto road follows the Mapocho River most of the way. In the vicinity of Hermita there is fine fishing. The road runs up a deep canyon, finally makes a zigzag ascent above great gorges up and up to the chalets of the sports center set right on the

outermost edge of the mighty Farallones cliffs on a shoulder of Colorado Mountain.

Here is a hundred-bed ski-club refuge, about thirty private houses, store, restaurant, and a picturesque stone chapel to the Virgin of the Snows. All construction is of native rock with shale roofs held in place by big boulders. Huge steel window frames open out on wide terraces above cliff and slopes. Santiago may be seen far below; at night, an inverted sky of lights. A new large hotel with swimming pool and tennis courts soon will make this an all-year vacation spot. A ski lift is being built. Farallones is already one of the world's major ski centers and is visited by devotees from every land. Few sport places have ever been developed with such good taste.

The most popular, if not the most fashionable beach in all Chile, Cartagena, may be reached in two hours by train (five trains daily) or by bus from Santiago.

En route is the small town of Melpilla, founded about 1774 by Governor José Antonio Manso. In 1816 it was raided by the daring independence *guerrillero*, Manuel Rodríguez, an episode vividly described in Blest Gana's novel, *Durante la Reconquista*. We found the place exciting because of its Sunday cattle fair. Ranchers and *huasos* in costume gallop through the streets or bargain for livestock. Auctions are held in a field where there is a large grandstand with paddocks. The auctioneers call for bids for oxen, cows, steers, yearlings, stallions, bulls, and horses in a special singsong lingo. Otherwise the procedure is quiet, carried on in good part by sign language that sometimes an outsider doesn't even observe. A bid may be placed by a tiny flick of the finger or a slight change of facial expression, which the sharp-eyed auctioneer catches.

Northeast from here in the hills, by a bad road, is the village of Pomaire. We were interested in going there because the community was built up when the last colonial governor, Ambrosio O'Higgins, freed all Mapuches from forced servitude and gave them lands thereabouts. We found it to be chiefly a Mapuche place still, with *rucas* of adobe or logs on a hill slope below a blue and white chapel. The friendly poverty-stricken folk still have a pronounced Indian cast and many pre-Spanish

customs. Today, however, most of the original land grant has drifted back into the hands of the big landholders, and most of the free villagers are, in effect, serfs.

The beach city of Cartagena climbs up hills picturesquely above two large beaches separated by the beautiful Suspiro (Sigh) rocks.

Just south lies San Antonio—of growing importance as a port. Since it is much closer to the capital than Valparaiso is, of late years it has been cutting into the latter's business heavily.

Other beaches, some quite charming and quiet, line the shore. To the north, the most picturesque is El Tabo, noted for its handsome sea rocks and fine sea food. Another beach, El Quisco, lies on a wooded shore below handsome rocky cliffs, a beautiful little harbor alive with fishing boats, nets spread everywhere to dry. Another attractive beach, still farther north, is Algarroba (Honey Mesquite) with rich vegetation and a limitless expanse of shore within a protecting headland and an island. The atmosphere of the place with its modest rambling hotels is friendly. In spring there is a sudden profusion of roses, geraniums, and honeysuckle.

Other beaches lie on south of San Antonio. Llole, on the rail line, has a series of fine sandy bathing spots backed by handsome chalets and gardens. The most modern section—the most exclusive beach of the whole Cartagena shore region—is Tejas Verdes (Green Tiles) on the mouth of the Maipo. It has an elegant de luxe hotel of the Bonfanti chain.

FAREWELL TO SANTIAGO

Every visitor with the slightest touch of the romantic will wish to pay a final visit to Santa Lucía Hill before he departs from Santiago—that central pivot of the city from which he got his first bird's-eye view of the great metropolis, the fertile valleys, the gigantic Andes.

This time it will mean much more than on the first visit, for the main boulevards will have grown familiar and it will be easy to pick out familiar spots in this complex highly divergent city.

Valdivia's original Santiago, four centuries ago, measured

twenty-five blocks each way, with the Plaza de Armas on one side, a few blocks from the Mapocho River.

Today Santiago is a metropolis of more than fifty square miles with a million inhabitants.

Such a city cannot be discovered in a day. On each social level customs vary widely. It is one thing to attend a cathedral *Te Deum* among the elegant and see the brave show of peacock uniforms, quite something else to mingle with the cueca-dancing crowds on Corpus Christi Day in one of the poorer *arrabeles* or wards in La Chimba.

It is one thing to have your afternoon cocktail in the Carrera or Savoy bar; it is quite another to listen to the thrum of guitars and harps in the little wineshops and observe at first hand the stamp and shout of *huaso* songs.

To sit at a stately formal banquet at the Union Club is one sensation; to squat munching a tasty Chilean *empanada*, or popover, in front of a charcoal stove is an extremely different experience.

Santiago has many cities within its limits. It is a complex place of many secrets.

As we stood atop Santa Lucía we thought back over the long story of the city and how it came to be the way it is.

It was already a thriving city when the Pilgrims first landed on Plymouth Rock to face a wilderness.

It was already the capital of a big empire, with inspiring churches and public buildings, long before the Pilgrims had erected a single log cabin.

Long before the first North American settlers fell on their knees on a wild shore, here, down in far south Santiago, priests were already chanting mass before high altars that had become deep coated with the smoke of censers and candles for nearly a hundred years of such worship.

Before Plymouth Rock or Jamestown existed, Santiago was already a great mart for textiles and wine, food and leather goods. Its copperware was sought all over the Spanish empire. Hundreds of thousands of cattle were already grazing down through the central valleys.

A duel was fought in Santiago more than two hundred years before the famous oaks of New Orleans became deadly.

We recalled our first thrill on standing in the imposing new Civic Center, the feeling of ease and enjoyment at our first glimpse of ancient, time-stained Plaza de Armas, the one new and formal and stately, the other weary with the years of history, of peace and violence, warm with the generations of much living, and still the pulsing center of everyday life.

We turned once more to gaze up at the mighty snow mountains, the glassy ice packs of soaring Tupungato and his fellow mountains, which lord it over this valley, this city, and this nation. The spectacle stamps its eternal seal, never to be erased from the memory of anyone who has once beheld its grandeur.

VALPARAISO

OUR launch rounded a spray-drenched rocky head-land and rode the heavy swells into handsome half-moon Valparaiso Bay.

The city climbs brightly up a circle of hills, some more than a thousand feet high and surmounted by snow peaks. It climbs up in a blaze of bright buildings and flowers, of brown walls and green vines, of white villas and red clay.

Details soon fell into place: the tall shore buildings, the ample gardens and parks, the prodigality of trees everywhere, the bold Naval Academy atop water-front Artillery Hill.

High above is a mattress of coiled boulevards, stuffed with green shrubbery on stony cliffs. Poor shacks, tinted rainbow colors, cling like bird cages to the shore cliffs. White villas gleam through leafy screens. Three bold circles stand out: the garden terraces, the hill outline, the circular dome of azure sky.

Each night the city sparkles with loop on loop of jeweled lights hung about the dusky throat of the hills, clear to the upper wavy circle. Other stray lights from far-off villas or huts or charcoal kilns on the mountains, seem planets in a strange sky.

Such is the Pearl of the Pacific. The painter James McNeill Whistler was so taken with this port he made it the first in his notable Nocturne Series of paintings.

Valparaiso—Paradise Vale—is two cities, old and new, the lower port partly on filled-in ground, and the upper gardens and homes. The lower shore is in turn divided into two sections, the port proper and the Almendral (Almond Orchard).

The old is relatively new. Few Spanish colonial buildings

have survived Indians, buccaneers, Spanish bombardment, fires, tempests, earthquakes, revolutions, and tidal waves. These and other disasters have taken their heavy toll over the years since 1536 when Juan Saavedra, a lieutenant of Valdivia, captured the Indian settlement here (called Quintil), and renamed the place after his home town in Spain. In 1543 the present city was formally founded.

Among other calamities, it was sacked by Francis Drake in the *Golden Hind* in 1578. Richard Hawkins repeated the exploit in 1594; so did Dutch buccaneers.

The Viceroy of Peru sent guns, but not until the following century did one of the governors finally build adequate fortifications on Artillery Hill. They still stand there.

Various earthquakes hit it—a very bad one in 1730. All told Valparaiso had such a precarious existence for nearly three centuries that municipal government was not established until near the end of Spanish rule.

On departing, the Spaniards burned it in 1818. Another bad earthquake hit in 1822. The Spaniards bombarded it for four hours in 1836. Fire took its toll in 1843. A flood from a broken dam raised hob in 1888. Mobs pillaged it in the civil war of 1891.

Its worst punishment in recent years came in 1906 when soon after the California disaster an earthquake and tidal wave ripped out shore portions and left 3,000 dead and 50,000 homeless.

August 16, 1906, had been unusually warm and pleasant for a winter day. About eight P.M. a shock was felt. Others followed. The city swung to and fro, then came a jolt that brought buildings crashing down. Light wires snapped. Gas and water mains broke. The cries of the injured and the terrified rang through the shambles of a blacked-out city. High winds fanned fires to catastrophic conflagration. Only a few better-built shore buildings and homes survived quake, tidal wave, and fire. The hill portions, however, scarcely felt the quake. A terrific storm and deluge followed. The 50,000 homeless huddled in mud and confusion on the hills.

Rescue work and cleanup started promptly. Soon, like San

Francisco, the city rose again, tier on tier, more beautiful, better built, more earthquake proof. Hilltop expansion has made Valparaiso one of the world's showier ocean cities. The new Valparaiso established itself as the finest modern port on the whole west coast of South America.

We disembarked at the customs house at the pier inside the big breakwater—a polite formality since we were not coming from outside the country. Nearby is Port Station, with one of the city's best restaurants, where trains leave for the nearby Viña del Mar bathing spa and for Santiago.

A block away from the pier we came to Plaza Sotomayor, the heart of Port Town, an area about three blocks wide along the curving shore under the cliffs. It is the starting place for all Valparaiso both in space and in history.

It is stately, dominated by two "skyscraper" towers and a lofty statue of Arturo Prat, Chile's greatest naval hero.

Since nearly all the streetcars and busses of the city manage to clang and bang and circle through this plaza, it is a congested place. The square and narrow streets around are busy with merchandising, shipping, offices, warehouses, ships' chandlers, drays, trucks, even primitive two-wheel carts drawn by three horses, on one of which the driver sits, lashing his horses, voluble in an argot not easy to understand and better not understood. Now and then an oxcart slows traffic. Because of its high business and shipping turnover, Valparaiso has bustle and activity far greater than most cities its size—209,945 inhabitants.

Near the plaza are the central post office (corner Prat and Urriola), steamship and telegraph offices, commission agencies. The financial center, where most banks and money exchange offices are located, is in narrow Calle Prat.

Seven blocks northwest of Plaza Sotomayor, on Echamurrín Plaza, we visited the low stuccoed Matriz Church, early Spanish, the one port survivor of the numerous disasters. It is the city's most venerable and beloved edifice.

Northwest beyond La Matriz, Calle Prat gives onto Plaza Wheelwright, named after the remarkable adventurous American who started Chile's first international steamship line and

who built the first railroad. Nearby is Plaza 21 de Mayo, a formal landscaped spot with star-shaped flower beds and tailored evergreens.

Both small plazas lie under Artillery Hill, which has served as defense for Valparaíso from the days of Drake and the buccaneers. On it today are the Naval Academy, a lighthouse, a park, and from it the grandest view imaginable. An inclined funicular railway takes visitors to the top, but we reached it by steep steps, our breath short, leg muscles sore.

On the ocean side, around the base of Artillery Hill, splendid Altamirano Avenue swings above spray-drenched rocks and goes on to the cluttered fishing village, El Membrillo (Quince).

On the land side, from Plaza 21 de Mayo, Avenida Playa Ancha (Wide Beach) goes past the stadium, which has a capacity of 20,000, and on to the beach of the same name. The Naval Museum and Valparaíso Museum (chiefly local history) are located nearby on Calle Errázuriz. On Avenida Gran Bretaña are artillery barracks, the naval hospital El Salvador, a radio station, and the Punta Angeles lighthouse.

By tram we traveled all along Avenida Gran Bretaña and Avenida Playa Ancha to the beach, a parklike place with woods, restaurants, old fortifications. Another tram took us along the ocean promenade clear to Torpederas (Torpedo Boat), a bathing resort beside rocky projections with restaurant and dance pavilion. We came back by taxi so we could stop at vantage points, for the circling boulevard offers many magnificent sea vistas.

Most of the city lies southeast of Plaza Sotomayor. After four blocks Calle Prat (nearest the hills and circling under Cerro Alegre (or Happy Hill) becomes Calle Esmeralda, the main shopping center. In a few more blocks, at Plaza Anibal Pinto (named after a president) the thoroughfare becomes Condell Street (named after a naval hero of the War of the Pacific). It curves below Panteón and Bellavista hills clear to Plaza Victoria.

This plaza is beautifully landscaped and has imposing buildings. Here are the offices of the newspaper *La Unión*. Espíritu Santo Church rises right against the hill. On the opposite side are the new cathedral and the famous Severín Library, one of

the largest and most notable in the country, with many rare items. There we went through a lot of old documents showing how one of the great shipping dynasties of South America was originally founded by a British American, with a gang of ruffians who raided ships in port, shanghaied sailors, and stole back the stuff he sold from his chandlery shop to the sea captains. Later on he tried some of these stunts on three United States naval vessels and got into quite a jam.

From Victoria Plaza, cutting through the city midway between hill and sea, wide Avenida Pedro Montt (another president) runs northeast. Pedro Montt is the recreational hub. Here, or nearby, are numerous cafés, restaurants, tearooms, theaters, movies, clubs, and hotels.

Five blocks on is Parque Italia with public baths—Baños del Parque. It is a pleasant center, with a statue of Romulus sucking the she-wolf donated by Italian residents in honor of Chile's first hundred years of independence.

Six blocks beyond is large O'Higgins Plaza, surrounded by business and government buildings. Three blocks below on Avenida Brasil is the central market, crowded with *huasos* and other country folk.

In many parts, both the port area and O'Higgins Plaza have a distinctly British flavor. Many buildings, despite the steady decline of British influence in the country, still bear the names of London firms. The large British colony in Valparaiso, now considerably reduced, maintains a British club and British publications. *The South Pacific Mail*, with a long history and great reputation, is known all over South America. The British frequent preferred cafés where they are sure of getting gin and tonic or half-and-half.

Parallel to Avenida Pedro Montt are several broad handsome thoroughfares with trees and historical monuments. The most impressive of these avenues, besides the shore promenade, and the widest in the whole Almendral area is Avenida Brasil. On this avenue is located the British Arch, with its inevitable stone lion licking his stone chops high aloft—a monument to celebrate the 1910 centenary of Chilean independence.

Near Barón Avenue, all these boulevards of the Almond Grove area converge into wide Avenida España, which swings

north and skirts the shore clear to Viña del Mar. The Almond Grove section ends a block beyond the O'Higgins Plaza at the broad landscaped Avenida Argentina, which runs from the hills to the bay.

THE HILLS

The third sector of the city—the hills—where houses hang over ravines and cliffs is reached by winding avenues and sharp-pitched streets, which have motor traffic, drays, mules, burros, oxcarts and pedestrians toiling up the rock walls. Pedestrians also use steep cobbled lanes and long flights of steps. Easier direct access is provided by numerous small funicular railways with sharp-angled tracks. The cars, run by either steam or electricity, are built on a slant with one end raised high, so the interior seats are horizontal.

We reached Cerro Alegre by the funicular from Anibal Pinto Plaza. This is the oldest built-up hill and was little damaged by the 1906 quake.

On Cerro Polanco, where we found a good observation tower for seeing the city and harbor, we had to walk through a 400-foot tunnel and take an elevator up the inside of the hill. This stops twice at intermediate levels for various hillside streets.

The Barón section, which flows on and around Cerro de los Lecheros (Milkmen's Hill), where workmen's homes cluster, is also reached by funicular.

Unlike most Chilean cities, most of the better-class hill homes are not built flush with the streets but are surrounded by lawns, gardens, and walls draped with wistaria and roses.

As in many South American cities, "Valpo" has no fire department. Fire extinguishing is voluntary, and various clubs vie in providing showy up-to-date equipment, keeping their brass brighter than that of their rivals, inventing ever gaudier uniforms and helmets, and in getting to a fire and fighting it first and hardest. There are tales that sometimes, each claiming the honor of combatting a fire, rival clubs have used their pickaxes on each other while the blaze crackled blithely.

Monthly parades with music are staged, and they are something to see, gold helmets, red helmets, blue helmets, and plenty of braid. It is a real social privilege to be a *bombero* or

fireman. The clubs hold exclusive annual balls. The city, in fact, is overrun with alert, socially competing fire-fighters.

Valparaiso has much industry, and the province is one of the richest farm regions of the country with much dairying, truck gardening, and fruit growing. Although most production is carried on by big estates or large co-operatives, many small country farmers peddle their wares in the markets or the streets of Valpo, on horseback, on mules or burros, or in oxcarts. Chickens are brought in, each in a small coop, towers of them on the back of a single small burro, to be hawked from door to door. Donkey and cow milk is provided by herds and door-to-door milking.

Such street scenes are part of the reward of wandering about this unusual city. Up from the many-colored hovels of the poor, clinging to the shore cliffs, are other tiny hidden settlements in the small canyons that cut down to the harbor. We explored these small gullies for days on end, up slanting paths, over rustic footbridges, by flights of stone or wooden steps zigzagging up bluffs. Unexpectedly we came upon small *chicha* or wineshops, fruit stands, a picturesque angle of an old church with a splash of bright flowers behind. Through low adobe doors, between lanky eucalyptus and tall Lombardy poplars, we often got long vistas of the sea, the wheeling gulls, and the harbor hills.

Folk are hospitable. At one door, a pretty housewife with three children, noticing us panting from the stiff climb and admiring the view, invited us to sit on her doorstep and brought us foaming glasses of *chicha* to drink. Her husband, she said, worked at one of the harbor warehouses—she pointed out the galvanized roof to us.

Just above these casual, jumbled-together shacks are the palaces of the wealthy. In winter, Valparaiso is sometimes beaten by nor'westers, and it gets downright cold; then it is that these humble houses of the poor, tucked away in their sheltered nooks have the best of the bargain.

Mostly Valpo has both a better winter climate and summer climate than does Santiago, but when a storm does beat in, the city is quite exposed. That is why many persons prefer to live in more sheltered Viña del Mar, fifteen minutes away by car,

bus, streetcar, or train. At least 50,000 people make the trip daily to and from the city.

Valparaiso is a strong, virile, busy city, less cluttered with politicians and so-called aristocrats than is Santiago, and is devoted more to commerce and to recreation—a busy working city and a play city. Its people are less severe and formal, far more jolly and friendly. Valpo may lack some of the stateliness and elegance of Santiago, but it has its own dignity and beauty. It is one of the delightful cities of the Americas.

VINEYARD BY THE SEA

Outside Valpo on the coast road to Viña del Mar lie the Placero and Recreo beaches, the latter with casino and dance hall. On the same boulevard is the fine technical university endowed by Federico Santa María and bearing his name. Two hours' walk over the hills is famous Laguna Verde—Green Lake—with a picnic beach.

Busses start from Avenida Argentina; take one to Miradero O'Higgins, where there is a fine view. Here, more than a century ago, the independence leader—a monument marks the spot—watched the departure of the fleet under Lord Cochrane that was sent to free Peru from the Spaniards. O'Higgins issued a brave proclamation of human freedom to send the naval expedition off in high spirits and buoy up the Chilean spirit, for with the Spaniards still entrenched in Peru in the north and in Valdivia in the south, the independence of the country still hung in the balance. His farewell to the fleet is one of the great documents of history.

The bus goes on to picturesque Lago Peñuelas (Little Rocks Lake) where more than a hundred million cubic yards of water are dammed for the city's supply.

Another nearby point is Villa Placilla, battle site of the 1891 nitrate revolution. Near there Diego Portales, the early Conservative leader and behind-the-scenes dictator, was murdered.

Other resorts lie inland by rail. Quilpué (El Retiro, or The Retreat) about twelve miles beyond Viña del Mar, has a fine climate and excellent alkaline hot-springs bathing. The waters are beneficial for stomach and kidney troubles. Near the town is El Pelloto, the aviation club of Chile, and a 250-acre park.

Limache, a town of 16,448 inhabitants just beyond on Aconcagua River, has fine drives and magnificent views. To one side, by road, is Olmué, a quiet rest and fishing resort with three modest comfortable hotels.

Quillota, also on the main railroad just before Calera Junction, has gold and silver mines, some worked before the Spaniards came. From them the Inca conquerors exacted tribute. Later they became the personal property of conquistador Valdivia, who deeded them to himself. Right after founding Santiago, he set his new Indian slaves to working them, at the Marga-Marga mine. A few months later, the mine guards were killed in a general Indian uprising. In the fifties of the last century President Montt established a school of commerce here.

Diego Portales was seized here in June, 1837, by officers of the troops he had come to review. He was loaded with chains and dragged off in a *birloche*, a small carriage, toward Valparaiso and murdered en route. His assassin was executed July 4, 1837, and his head was long displayed in Quillota Plaza.

Valparaiso is the main beach vacation center of Chile. A whole string of satellite beaches are strung along the coast just north—the best, most exclusive resorts of the country, and all told, one of the show regions of the Americas. It is Chile's Riviera.

Queen of them all is Viña del Mar, only a quarter of an hour away. Its winter climate on this protected part of the shore is benign. In summer it is soft and balmy, abloom with bougainvillea, jacarandas, roses, oleanders, honeysuckle, dense with lilacs, wistaria, sweet floripondios, and flowering vines—a real garden city. The air is fresh and fragrant.

The highway from Valpo passes through meadows carpeted with yellow and gold California poppies. Fine drives follow the shore or thread the hills, and many Valparaisans motor out each afternoon along the silver and gold beaches for the twilight promenade. Among the most famous thoroughfares is handsome Avenida Palmeras (Palm Trees). Music is played frequently in the comfortable parks.

During the season Viña del Mar is much frequented by tourists, not only by Chileans but by wealthy Argentineans.

As a main social seaside resort for South America, it provides every facility for luxurious vacationing: fine hotels, casinos, football, hockey, cricket, soccer, tennis, track fields, horse racing. The derby is celebrated the last week in January. International polo matches are held, and yacht races are staged. The fine golf course is at Granadilla, east of the city.

Before the Spaniards came, the spot was called Penco—*there is water* was the meaning. Its Spanish name derives from the fact that Alonso Riveras, who owned this shore, planted a grape vine that grew prodigiously. Later his estate was acquired by the Jesuits, who held it until expelled from Chile in 1760. In 1874 José Vergara, the last owner, decided it was the perfect site for a town.

The main section of the city lies between the railroad station on broad Calle Alvarez at the edge of town and a deep wide estuary spanned by bridges. The center of the city is the Plaza Sucre, the upper part of which is known as Plaza Vergara, after the founder.

On Sucre Plaza is the government tourist information service, Dolores Church, and stores. The aristocratic Club Viña del Mar, the main social center, stands opposite the municipal theater.

The north-south thoroughfares from the Plaza—Arlequín Street, where stands the luxurious O'Higgins Hotel, and Valparaiso Street—run up to handsome Marina Avenue and the Miramar section of wealthy residences. North of the square, with tree-shaded Libertad Avenue as an axis, lies the plush Vergara residential district. Here are the Valparaiso Sporting Club and a fine art school, the latter located in the original Vergara Mansion in what is now known as the Quinta Vergara Park. In the salon there some of the main art exhibits of the country are staged and national prizes awarded.

Many residences are magnificent palaces with formal gardens, rare shrubs and flowers, tiled terraces and balconies, balustrades bubbling with geraniums, dahlias, and fuschias, pools with black and white swans. Masses of ever flowering roses smother every hedge, wall, and house. Bright plumbago hedges shed red and purple blossoms.

The enormous and luxurious town casino, west of Sucre Plaza on the Miramar shore, is a fine edifice surrounded by terraces and gardens. It has public game rooms, billiard parlors, card and pingpong tables, etc., good library, theater, bar, cocktail lounge, restaurant, and rest lounges. From its ample terraces are fine views of the shore rocks and the sail vessels. The municipal gambling room, now run by a private concessionaire but soon to be run by the city itself, has thirty-six roulettes and nineteen baccarat tables. The place is open from September 16 to March 15.

Some years ago several Argentines worked a clever *chantage*—a thievery. They discovered that the chips used at Viña del Mar were identical with those used at the casino in Mar de Plata in Argentina. But the Chilean peso is worth three cents, the Argentine peso twenty-five cents. They bought up all the Viña del Mar chips they could at three cents each, flew to Argentina, where they cashed them in for twenty-five cents.

Few visitors suspect that Viña del Mar is quite an industrial center. Inland from the fashionable shore cliffs, we visited many factories and model workers' apartment houses. There is a constant hum of cotton and woolen mills. Thus it happens that the fanciest resort in South America, except possibly Rio, is customarily run by a Labor mayor.

Near Viña del Mar is Vergara Fort, devoted to the national coast guard school. On craggy Castle Hill (Cerro del Castillo) is great Brunet Castle, rooted in the very sea, used as a presidential summer home.

Beautiful Parque Salitre and much of the fine beach below are reserved for members of the Cáceres cavalry regiment, but outsiders are admitted to the fine collection of subtropical vegetation from all parts of the country and to the excellent restaurant.

Other fine beaches lie below the cliffs and provide a show of feminine beauty and color during the season. But bathing must be done with care for there is only a short shelf then a sudden drop to great depth. The Humboldt Current chills the water even on hot days.

Caleta Abarca (Enclosed Beach) is the most fashionable and

popular. There is a promenade pier with restaurant. The Hotel Municipal de Miramar is right over this beach. It has wide beautiful terraces, hot sea-water baths, Turkish bath, swimming pool and a fine restaurant overlooking the sea. A special pool has been made by using the natural shore rocks.

From the beach can be seen the fine villas on the high headland that pushes a western arm about the little bay. A distant higher range sweeps on northwest on the peninsula above Valparaiso.

The Salinas beach, just north of Viña del Mar, lies beyond wooded hills marching down the sea and under palms and maguey plants. Rows of striped-canvas bathing houses line the upper part of the sand. Here is located the national Marine and Artillery Communications School.

Other beaches are attractive Miramar and Las Osas (Shebears) the latter particularly safe for bathing. At Miramar, besides the municipal casino, there is the Cap Ducal restaurant, shaped like a boat and set high on the rocks at the edge of the cliff. The most distant beaches are Renaca and Montemar, where the real luxury summer palaces of the Valparaiso coast are to be seen: great villas, castles and chalets, a few highly modern mansions, all set in deep gardens.

All told there is scarcely a nook of Viña del Mar that is not well kept and in good taste. Even poorer workingmen's sections are spic and span. Every cranny of the rocks and sea cliffs has been patiently planted with vines and flowers, so that the shore cliffs are aflame with variegated color. The whole place is bursting with flowers. Viña del Mar, all year round, seems like one huge bouquet, a city painted by nature and by man's love of nature to display every color of the arching rainbow. It is the prize resort of the Pacific Coast and superior to many of the world's best spas.

NORTH BEACHES

The highway north from Viña del Mar is one of the world's most superb ocean drives. Flowers flow past the car, below and above, like a constant flame as the road winds above the spray rocks.

Thirteen miles away on the northeast corner of Valparaiso Bay at the mouth of Aconcagua River, among seashore groves of eucalyptus, lies the Con Con resort, with fine hotels and restaurants. Playa Amarilla, or Yellow Beach, as its shore is called, is a curious zigzag of gleaming sands, framed by a long curve of fine buildings and hill-climbing woods. Swimming is particularly safe; there is little slope, no undertow. The numerous penguins here are called *pájaros niños* or child birds because of their plaintive cries. There are a 6,300-yard 18-hole golf course, tennis courts, opportunities for horseback riding and shooting. River boating and fishing are other attractions.

At Con Con occurred the decisive battle of the 1891 revolution that ousted Progressive President Balmaceda and led him to commit suicide. The well-equipped nitrate army of the north, 10,000 strong, was put ashore at Quintero, the next beach north. It forded the Aconcagua River and routed the government forces entrenched on Con Con heights, thus opening the way to Valparaiso, which was badly looted.

Across a river ferry and along roads winding among shore rocks and into deep ravines, below red-gullied bluffs topped by handsome summer castles, the way leads on to Quintero, the hydroplane base for Chilean naval aviation. Quintero was established on lands originally confiscated in the most unfair fashion from Lord Cochrane, the independence naval hero, who then went off in a huff to live in Brazil.

The Quintero beach, which lies at the foot of jagged cliffs and great detached boulders, is unusually good. Beautiful scenic effects are provided by Las Ventanas (Windows), rock formations jutting down into the sea. Nearby are other picturesque rocks, beaches, and hills, and Lake Campiche, which has good hunting.

Farther north is garden-terraced Maintencillo and larger more exclusive Zapallar, a singularly handsome spot, smelling of pines and honeysuckle, a bower of a place.

A little way above, Papudo—after Viña del Mar, the leading resort of the zone—is set in a circle of high hills and filled with fashionable villas. Its beautiful beach esplanade, fine clean sand, and handsome Ritz Hotel facing the sea make it a striking and

an enjoyable place. Its fine restaurants are famous for their sea food. There are numerous pleasant excursions, one of them to the Isla de los Lobos (Wolf Island)—safe even for the ladies.

JUAN FERNÁNDEZ OR ROBINSON CRUSOE ISLAND

Juan Fernández and Easter Island are part of Valparaiso Province.

Once a year in February a government vessel puts off from Talcahuano, near Concepción, for the islands to take new officials, carry mail, supplies, etc. Fishing vessels also operate constantly as far out as Juan Fernández, 360 miles due west of Valparaiso, both from Talcahuano and San Antonio. And during the tourist season special five-to-six-day excursions are arranged by Grace and Company and by the Compañía Sud America de Vapores. The run takes twenty-seven hours.

Juan Fernández is a small archipelago of three islands: Mas Afuera (Farthest Out), Mas á Tierra (Closer to Land), and tiny Santa Clara off the southwest tip of Mas á Tierra.

Mas á Tierra, often called Robinson Crusoe Island, is a large rock mass, twelve by seven miles, mostly barren except on one side where stands the town, fields, fruit orchards, and both wild and domesticated goats and sheep. The island is shaped roughly like a triangle, with a concave base and terminates in three rocky points.

There are four small harbors, and the settlement is located on Cumberland Bay. The highest elevation is El Yunque (Anvil), 2,677 feet above sea level.

The archipelago takes its name from the Spanish captain who bumped into Mas á Tierra in 1574. In colonial days Chile was allowed to trade only with Lima. The trip up was made in a month, but because of the strong northward push of the Humboldt Current, the return took three months. Juan Fernández struck far west and surprised himself and everybody else by making the trip south in a month. He also discovered Mas á Tierra. The island was rediscovered by the Dutch in 1616.

Soon it became the haunt of English and Dutch buccaneers. Its greatest fame results from the residence there for four years of Alexander Selkirk, whose lone experiences provided the material for Defoe's famous classic, *Robinson Crusoe*.

Selkirk had joined the William Dampier expedition to raid the Spanish main along the Pacific Coast and found himself a quartermaster under Captain Thomas Stradling of the *Cinque Ports*, a galley of 96 tons and 18 guns. Stradling and Selkirk quarreled violently, and when the ship, which was leaking badly, reached Juan Fernández, Selkirk asked to be put ashore. He took with him a Bible, a gun, a pound of powder, an ax, a pouch of tobacco, and a box of clothing. When the ship weighed anchor, he got cold feet and yelled to be taken aboard, but the captain sailed without him. That was in 1704, and Selkirk was then thirty-two years old.

He remained on the island four years and four months, living in caves or in huts that he built himself. After his powder gave out, he lived on wild turnips, wild cabbage and plums, turtle, crayfish, and wild goats, which he chased and caught bare handed. He broke the legs of young kids so as to have a food supply easy to catch should he become ill. Pimiento trees and a black pepper called *malageta* provided him with seasoning for his food. When his clothes gave out, he cured goatskins. At the time of his rescue, Captain Woodes Rogers said that Selkirk in his skins "looked wilder than the first owners."

Selkirk kept a watchfire going on a rock now known as Selkirk's Lookout, 1,650 feet high. This was eventually seen by Captain Rogers on the *Duke*, who took him off on February 11, 1709, and signed him on as mate. Two years later Selkirk was back in London, where the newspapers made him briefly famous. He died in 1723 as a lieutenant of HMS *Weymouth*.

Rogers later wrote up Selkirk's experiences in his *A Cruising Voyage Around the World*, published in 1712. Defoe is said to have been inspired to write *Robinson Crusoe* after reading a copy of the second edition. The fullest account of Selkirk's experiences is found in John Howell's *Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk*, published in Edinburgh in 1829. The background story, a pertinent extract from Rogers' book, and Richard Steele's account in *The Englishman* (Dec. 1-2, 1713) are given by Blair Niles in her *Journeys in Time*, pages 85 to 96.

In 1868 Commander Powell and other officers of HMS *Topaz* erected a marble tablet on the Lookout.

IN MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER SELKIRK
MARINE
A NATIVE OF LARGO, IN THE COUNTY OF FIFE,
SCOTLAND, WHO LIVED ON THIS ISLAND
IN COMPLETE SOLITUDE: FOUR YEARS
AND FOUR MONTHS.

The rest of the inscription gives the details of when he was put ashore, taken off (given as February 12, 1709), and when he died.

There are many tales about attempts to intercept the buccaneers on the islands, but in 1750 the then governor of Chile, Domingo Ortiz de Rosas, founded San Juan Bautista on Mas á Tierra to make it impossible for pirates and buccaneers to use the island as a base.

Later it was used as a penal colony by both Spaniards and independent Chile. When the Spaniards recaptured Chile in 1814, they dumped forty leading Creole personalities on the island, who were obliged to live, except for some companionship, in the same foraging way that Selkirk had done a century earlier. Among them was an American businessman and vice-consul who had brought the first printing press to Chile.

Today Juan Fernández has about three hundred regular inhabitants who till a few acres and fish. There are several Chilean officials, an administrator's house, a few log and thatched cabins, a post office, hospital, church, radio station, and school. In the center of the town are remains of old San Juan Bautista and ancient forts. In a nearby cliff are seven of the twenty-four caves where the exiled independence leaders lived. A harbor buoy marks the grave of the German *Dresden*, sunk in the harbor March 14, 1915, by the British vessels, *Glasgow*, *Kent*, and *Orama*.

The other two islands are not settled. Little Santa Clara Island, a volcanic plateau, covered with sarsaparilla and some goats, rises to Mt. Spartan, 1,267 feet high. Mas Afuera, ninety miles west, also previously used as a penal colony, is desolate, little visited, not much more than a precipitous stone

mountain rising from the sea and culminating in twin peaks, the highest, Cerro de los Inocentes, being 5,412 feet.

EASTER ISLAND

Pascua or Easter Island, called Rapa-Nui by its original inhabitants, and located 2,321 miles west of Caldera, is as romantic as Juan Fernández. It was first discovered in 1686 by an English privateer, named Davis, who believed in part of a new continent, which he named Davis Land. Rediscovered by the Dutch buccaneer, Admiral Jacobo Roggewein, April 6, 1722 (Easter Sunday), he gave it the name it now bears. Chilean writer Juan Ignacio Molina, in his book published in 1782, mentions it as part of Chilean territory.

The French decided to seize it in 1888, but Commander Policarpio Toro raced there in the small gunboat *Agamos* on September 9, 1888, and when the French frigate arrived, it found "the beautiful Chilean banner flying over the hut palace (*choza-palacio*) of the governor designated by the Chilean mission."

The island is shaped like an isosceles triangle, with a 15½-mile base and sides 10½-miles long. It terminates in three volcano points, the highest being the northern Huari or Terevaca Cone, 1,765 feet.

Though the island has few trees, with its rolling green meadows set in sparkling seas, its dream climate, it is a warm little paradise. Great white puff clouds often roll above its higher peaks, but there is little rain.

Easter Island is leased for a song to a British sheep company, which has made a fortune by exploiting the meadows and the three hundred Sawaiori inhabitants. There is a small settlement at Mataverí near Hanga Pico Bay.

The island is chiefly extraordinary for its strange stone monuments, stupendous carvings, heads, and monoliths that dot every corner. These elongated heads, inward curving at the back, with long bleak faces, long chins, protruding lower lips, short upper lips, enormous long noses that flare wide yet stick out to sharp tilted points, with heavy overhanging brows and deep-set eyes that are usually merely scooped stone hollows, are found in greatest profusion on the slopes of Rana Cau or

Rana Raracú Volcano. One of the great sea rocks of Orizaba is carved with an image, supposedly of the god, Make-Make. He is shown seated, wearing a high plumed headdress, and powerful hands—fingers separated, palms upward—pushing forward.

The vanished race that carved these remarkable works is different from the artifacts of other peoples, industriously hauling mammoth stones from quarries near the sea, sometimes a distance of eight miles, to chosen spots and carving them with hieroglyphics and heads, till nearly the whole island became a gallery of monumental sculpture, figures nearly always facing the sea, from child size up to seventy feet in height. They constructed platforms and buildings of cut stone, well-joined without cement. The slabs are carved with hieroglyphics, the figures of birds and animals of heroic dimensions.

NITRATE COAST

THE rainless port of Arica is handsome, with its big cream-colored Pacific Hotel fronting the sea, and the great sea headland, El Morro, which towers right over the town. Offshore is Little Scorpion Island, painted white with guano. Fishing boats careen among the harbor rocks and bursting spume, and sea birds fly by in dark curtains for hours on end.

This northernmost city of the Chilean coast seems worlds apart from the rest of Chile, from which it is cut off by desert and distance. Its people are different too, gay, spritely, yet kindly and gentle. They have the peculiar alertness of border peoples everywhere, the keen glance of folk who live in busy seaports. They know at a glance whether you are North American, British, French, or something else. The folk here have something of the artistic grace of Peru to which Arica once belonged, plus the quick-edged severity so typically Chilean, also a cosmopolitan air from contact with the people of all lands.

Vessels come here from the world over. Many plow up from Valparaiso, bringing news from central Chile, bringing also flour and oranges, meat and grapes, which cannot be produced in the surrounding desert. But up in the valleys behind the port, they are now building some big dams for irrigation, and pretty soon Arica should be growing its own foodstuffs.

The railroads come in from Bolivia and Peru. Arica is the nearest Pacific outlet for La Paz high in the Bolivian mountains. Trains come down from those lofty heights loaded with tin concentrates and wolfram, silver and copper and gold.

The little Peruvian train comes across the desert from the rich valley of Tacna, bringing foodstuffs and fruit.

Tacna, Peru, and Arica, Chile, are really twin cities, mutually dependent, and it took the wisdom of many statesmen to separate them and set up a boundary between them. But in spite of the statesmen and the customs and the difficult passport bother and the many frontier guards and troops, the two places still manage to live closely together. Folk climb right over the high wall.

The run from Tacna is only thirty-nine miles and can be made by auto or train. Only a couple miles of the road are sandy and difficult. The *autocarriles*, small rail coaches, rejuvenated with Ford motors, bounce over the rails in a lively fashion, although not all the motion is in a forward direction. The difficult frontier red tape at this particular point is compensated by a glimpse of the old colonial town of Tacna and the thrill of crossing a long-disputed region that has cost much violence and bloodshed. Even General Pershing came down here to settle things and hold a plebiscite but had to throw up his hands in despair. The two countries finally got together and worked out their differences by themselves.

The trip by train or plane from La Paz, Bolivia, is quite magnificent. The international express, with sleepers and diner, leaves La Paz in the early afternoon and reaches Arica the following morning slightly before nine o'clock. The reverse train leaves Arica at night and reaches La Paz the following afternoon. Also, once a week both ways there is a *mixto*, no Pullmans or diner, and passengers must eat strange food out of car windows and sleep overnight in primitive Charana near the frontier.

In an hour of steep circling, the train climbs out of La Paz to the mesa above. Here there is a gorgeous view of the valley and the topsy-turvy tiled-roof city below. The tall brown skyscraper sticking up is the new university building. Even more gorgeous is the view—one of the most dramatic on earth—of the great snow heights of the Andes. Visible in full glory, rising snow swift from the plateau, sharp cut above the wholly flat horizon, are the great giants: Illimani, Sorata, Huaina Potosí, Mururate, Taquerí, and a dozen others.

At Viacha Station, about twenty miles from La Paz, tracks go three ways: northwest for Lake Titicaca, thence to Cuzco, the Incan capital, and to Arequipa, thence down to Mollendo on the Peruvian coast; south through Bolivia for the mining regions, and on to Buenos Aires in Argentina or Antofogasta in Chile; west to Arica, the shortest line to the Pacific.

The Arica route climbs gently up the Colorado River to the Comanchi watershed (13,540 feet high), then follows a tributary of the Desaguadero River that flows north into Lake Titicaca. After half a dozen miles, the tracks climb along the banks of another large tributary, the Mauri River, nearly to the frontier.

The Aimará Indian settlements of low red adobe, scattered over the mesa and in the loops of rivers, actually seem part of the earth where they squat; at a distance they are almost invisible. The women and children in derby hats and long bright skirts are out tending herds of sheep, llamas, or alpacas. Sometimes these folk stand by the train, rarely seeming to pay any attention to it, unless they have something to sell, for they are an independent and shy people. Nearly always they are busily carding their wool or spinning their *husos* or hand distaffs. Only the kids romp all over the train or yell for pennies at the windows, brown faced, tousle headed, bright eyed.

The highest point reached on the trip is General Lagos, 13,973 feet above sea level. One hundred and fifty-five kilometers from Arica are famous sulphur deposits and a refinery. A short branch railroad runs to the flanks of lofty Mount Tacora near which is handsome little Lake Blanca.

The train continues to follow the high mesa in Chile. Again magnificent views of innumerable majestic peaks appear.

Except for a difficult dip into the deep precipitous Huaylas Quebrada, the line continues along the lofty plateau to Puquitos Station. Beyond, the descent is steep with sharp curves, numerous tunnels, back-and-forth shuttles, rack rail tracks. Then come more thrilling glimpses of snow peaks. From Puquitos there is a drop of 7,213 feet in only 25 miles.

Soon the train enters small green Lluta Valley, pleasant after the harsh barren mesa, and finally wriggles out on the coastal desert, where it skirts the smoking shore for six miles.

Arica is dominated by the handsome bulk of El Morro, a white-and-dark-banded headland, shaped like Gibraltar, which rises up a sheer six hundred feet out of the sea. It gives character to this garden spot set here on desolate sands. To its flanks cling the adobe cabins of the poor, tinted a dozen colors like the raised flags of all nations. Above, waves the Chilean flag, and no visiting Peruvian looks at it without bemoaning the loss of this fair city and historic El Morro, with its long record of battles and heroism.

Here, during the War of the Pacific, some seventeen hundred Peruvian troops defending El Morro were cut off by the surprise land attack of four thousand Chileans. The shore batteries were useless, and the Peruvians fought hand to hand till nearly all were killed. The commander, when all was lost, rode his horse off the bluff to death on the sea rocks below. Several hundred of his soldiers also jumped off, preferring to die in this fashion rather than have their throats cut by Chilean *rotos*, not taking prisoners just then. The bodies lodged on the rocks for months till disposed of by fish and fowl.

Far away in Lima, a big wall painting in the Military Casino records this heroic failure. And it is also recorded down in beautiful Parque Bolognesi that lies at the foot of El Morro, between it and the Pacific Hotel. The park itself is named after the Peruvian commander who surrendered Peru to the Chileans, thus ending bloody conflict. There in the park at the northeast corner stands a Vavasseur cannon, Number 317, captured, June 7, 1880. It bears the name of the brave Peruvian defender, Captain Alonso Ugarte and the Chilean attacker, Colonel Pedro Lagos. On El Morro, facing the sea, is a slab reading, "Viva Battalion No. 4"—the defending Peruvian unit—a generous acknowledgment by the Chileans of the bravery of their foe.

The large central statue in this park of massed trees and year-round flowers is of the statesman and author, Vicuña Mackenna, on which are engraved words he uttered in 1880: "Never give up El Morro." The Chileans never have.

In the balmy air under the palm trees, in gardens ever flaming with hibiscus and magnolias and sweet bell-shaped floripondios, morning glories, and geraniums, it is difficult—

so peaceful and enjoyable the setting—to imagine such violent struggles. Itinerant photographers clad in white jackets, and special caps ply their trade. The park is always full of couples and women with children. Teen-age boys and girls play games together, for Chileans, unlike most Latin countries, have no rigid rules about sex segregation.

The park on the northern side of the Pacific Hotel, beside the busy wharves, warehouses, and port customhouse, is crowded at certain hours with *rotos* and stevedores awaiting the call to work.

We chatted with one of the *rotos*. Antonio is much like his fellows, content to loaf endlessly in the sunny luxuriant park, or to work like an ox till he staggers with sweat in his eyes.

He has been in Arica for five years now, which is a long time for a restless roving *roto* to remain in one place. But here his feet were netted. He married a pretty *chola* girl and now has two children. He is rooted here, though there is a far gleam in his eye, for he comes from that sturdy breed of itinerant harvest workers, miners, and stevedores who provide the backbone of Chile's labor force.

His dress has a Spanish flavor: tight blue *boina*, red sash, fiber-soled *alpargatas* or slippers.

"I've worked all over Chile," he reports. "It's been a free life, hard, sometimes gay, pleasant seeing things, different places, knowing all sorts of folk, but it's better here in Arica than any place I've ever been—no rain, never cold, always just enough work. Things cost more here but the pay is better. Arica is a nice friendly town, nobody very rich, nobody very poor. When you work in the wheat fields or picking grapes, or in the mines or shoveling nitrate, then you really know you are a poor man and that you'll have to be moving on. Maybe you get real hungry before you strike another job.

"We have a nice workers' club here. Would you like to come and play dominoes? . . . When I was knocking about the country, there were fine fiestas, with country wine and music at harvesttime. It was always fun, sometimes a nice girl to pick up; and the *patrón*, the boss, always killed a cow, or a pig, and we got some meat. But here in Arica, we have meat any day we want. And we have fine dances and good music in the club.

Too bad you missed our carnival. That's a gay time here in Arica."

Twilight fell, and he ambled off. The sun dipped gold across the ocean. Gradually the benches filled up with amorous couples. This is the favorite spot of neckers. Chilean-style necking varies from the northern brand, only that it is performed on a park bench rather than in a parked car. The techniques seem to be about the same. Lack of privacy induces no noticeable restraint.

Right behind the hotel is another gracious park, but it is the haunt of more sedate married couples, and is especially used for parades, speechmaking, all the civic and military ceremonies of which Arica is exceedingly fond. We were there on the day of the celebration for Admiral Prat, and troops and marines and school children, the girls clad in the conventional blue and white uniforms, turned out in great force to march and sing and listen to speeches from army men and the mayor. We watched it all, standing near a bust of Columbus on a rose-gray pillar, which was given to the city by the local Italian colony.

At the higher end of this plaza, above a new bandstand and block-wide steps, is a pretty blue-white church that looks exactly like frosting on a cake or some child's theater set.

As we lingered on in Arica, we got used to the unusually large contingents of cavalry stationed here to guard the uneasy frontier. At night the patrols clattered through the streets constantly, and the old-fashioned *alerta* is sung out in ringing tones, so that whatever our lack of sleep, we were repeatedly assured that "All is well."

The best view of the entire town, of course, is from El Morro, reached by climbing steep streets, past a small white monument celebrating the Battle of Yungay, January 20, 1839, the first big victory in the first war that Chile waged against Peru and Bolivia.

From the summit of the bold headland, we gazed far across the Pacific and right down on Little Scorpion Island with its white-thumb lighthouse, its guano and roosting birds; down upon the green parks and Hotel Pacifico, with its sea-front

promenade of palms and benches above kelp-covered sand and rocks.

Beyond the port area, the sandy white shore stretches in a long empty curve of sterile desert across which streak the two silver lines of the Tacna railroad. Above the town is a sand golf course, and the streets bump right into the barren Andean foothills. To the south is another curve of beautiful beach, and about twenty minutes' walk away, a restaurant and bathing and dance pavilion stand on a low bluff above the white sands.

In spite of the green bower just below us, the red-tiled roofs, the massed gardens, the church towers, the far yellow bulk of the workers' *colectivo*, or model government housing, our eyes constantly strayed off to the mystery of the desolate desert and sand hills.

There the old Inca trail, where the railroad now comes down from the mountains, was worn thousands of years ago, and over it still come llama, mule, and donkey herds, Indians with basketry and silver from Peru and Bolivia. Some mules are loaded with ore. Over this same route, by llama and mules, came the rich silver from the Potosí mines in Bolivia, all during the time of Spanish rule. It was that silver trade which first made Arica the port that it is today.

Arica was one of the oldest Indian settlements of Chile, and down that same mountain trail the conquering Incas came in 1525 under the leadership of Yahuer Huaca.

The Spaniards settled here in 1566, and it was formally declared a city by the royal cedula of Philip II in 1570.

Early earthquakes and tidal waves destroyed the place. When Sir Francis Drake put in here in 1579 he found only a small collection of Indian huts.

It was rebuilt over the years. Its worst disaster was on August 13, 1868. A tidal wave swept the whole coast and almost washed Arica away entirely. Two United States war vessels, the *Fredonia* and *Wateree*, were in the harbor at the time and were lifted by a sixty-foot wall of water and carried a mile inland right over the vanishing roofs of the town. The *Fredonia* was smashed, but the *Wateree* was left intact high on the hill sands, where for years it served as a boardinghouse for railway employees.

Today Arica, for all its quiet peacefulness and charm, is one of the most important trading ports on the whole Pacific shore. Sportsmen find it one of the best places to go for big-game fish, albacor and marlin.

IQUIQUE

We "did" the nitrate coast both by land and by air. The trip south from Arica to Iquique is no stunt for namby-pamby travelers. The plane does it in an hour or so, but though it is only two hundred miles, the combination passenger and freight busses take a whole day to do it. They spend half the time digging themselves out of the sand tracks that pass for a road.

The traveler on south soon discovers that the dots on his map supposed to indicate towns are only a few lost shacks, maybe only a goat's skull. It is a rough desolate area.

Even Pisagua, once a flourishing nitrate port with a tangle of tracks and nitrate *oficinas*, is now a ghost town with only 419 inhabitants. The industry has been concentrated farther south in several great modern efficient refineries owned by the Guggenheims. In fact the enormous Pisagua department, stretching clear into the Andes, now contains less than five thousand inhabitants.

The census may be deficient, for there are numerous isolated Indian ranches far up in the Andean wilderness in mighty ravines, a cabin or two beside a patch of grass, places never reached by outsiders and beyond even the marked trails that reach up to the snow passes.

From Pisagua south there is one train a week. Here we were at the very northernmost tip of Chile's long coastal railroad system that goes far south into the rain region for more than a thousand miles. There is also a very bad highway from Pisagua to Iquique.

The countryside is one continuous sheet of nitrate, sometimes smooth, more often looking like huge spongy boulders of dirty common salt, sometimes heaved up in huge loose cakes. The sand track, called a road, passes through miserable half-abandoned nitrate settlements, where in more flourishing days, six horse wagons used to be loaded up for the *oficinas* or freight cars.

Iquique, the capital of Tarapacá Province, is half again as large as Arica but no longer anywhere near as important. Though once one of Chile's chief nitrate centers, it has never fully recovered from the blows received by the industry after World War I, and there is plenty of wreckage left behind plus a smell of guano and nitrate.

The millions that rolled in from the long nitrate boom accounted for much of the development of the rest of Chile: the roads, railroads, schools and public buildings; the beautification of Santiago, Valparaiso, the fine summer chalets along the elegant beaches from Viña del Mar to Papudo. In contrast, today Iquique slumbers on, bedraggled and unpainted, a quaint little city behind shore-line railroad tracks, warehouses, and empty nitrate sheds.

We lounged in the central square, Plaza Arturo Prat, with the usual statue of that hero who won his fame right at the gates of Iquique. The luxurious gardens and trees of the little square are kept alive by constant use of the almighty hose, so that this spot, with its absent-minded charm, represents the will for beauty against great odds.

For as in all places along the nitrate coast, water is the key to everything, to life itself, to cleanliness, to beauty. Without water, everything is bone dry, rolling dust. With water, anything will grow stupendously. That has been true from the days of the Atacama Indians to the present. Formerly water was brought into Iquique on burroback and peddled for as much as two dollars a gallon. In other parts of the world you could almost get a bath of asses' milk at that price. Now the city brings water in by pipe line from the Quisina River at Pisca, a pleasant farming oasis southeast in the high hills.

Except for the new concrete hotel going up (the other hotels are pigpens) and a three-story brick edifice, the plaza is surrounded by two-story wooden buildings with sagging upstairs corridor balconies, with much fretted woodwork, railings, and carved posts that give it a faint Charleston flavor.

In the plaza itself, a bandstand is raised above the entrance walk on iron pillars and roofed with tin. A yellow wooden bell tower graces the center, with busts and bas-reliefs of various notables and long lists of heroes of Admiral Prat's naval exploit.

That naval engagement of May 21, 1879, was Iquique's greatest epic. While the main Chilean fleet was absent from Iquique, two powerful Peruvian ironclads, the flagship *Huascar* and the *Independencia*, under Admiral Miguel Grau, appeared in Iquique harbor.

Chilean commander Arturo Prat ordered the small old wooden vessel *Esmeralda*, and the still smaller *Covadonga*, both of which had been left behind because unsafe for the high seas, to sally forth like two small gamecocks. Prat rammed his boat head on against the *Huascar* and jumped aboard the latter waving his sword. He was shot down, and his crew, left behind, were mostly drowned or killed off.

Prat's subordinate, Captain Carlos Condell, on the *Covadonga* showed more astuteness, though he won less fame, for he cunningly lured the Peruvian *Independencia* among dangerous channels where it crashed on the rocks.

Prat's brave nonsense lives on in the hearts of all Chileans. Not even O'Higgins, father of his country, has so many alleys, streets, avenues, plazas, bridges, buildings, schools, children, pets, rivers, and mountains named after him. Scarcely a town the length and breadth of Chile is without a statue of Prat heroically brandishing a sword. He is celebrated by more military parades and fiestas than any other figure, and it would be impossible to put into statistics the amount of patriotic eloquence he has stimulated from flag-draped platforms.

The supreme work of art on the Prat Plaza in Iquique is the big wooden municipal palace. Its yellow façade has mustard-colored Corinthian columns—the beloved colors of all Chile. In the upper triangle of the façade, amid mustard scrolls, are a white swan and a circle of sheaves, all in high relief, and the roof-tree is surmounted by a white lyre. In wooden niches are four white Greek statues. The carving on doors and arches should not be imitated.

Out Balmaceda Boulevard, a handsome avenue escaping the nitrate sheds to the clean white shore, are fine beaches on the Cavancha Peninsula. At Playa Blanca a rope cable brings salt down from mines said to be large enough to supply the whole world indefinitely.

Britishers stationed here for a long period claim to have great

fondness for balmy Iquique. There is a golf course, boating club, and a comfortable British club. The long-standing British joke is "no soda in drinks, take them straight, so as not to exhaust the nitrate fields," but the "damn Yankees," or hereabouts "bloody Yankees," insist on highballs and show no proper concern for the fate of the troubled industry. For such foreigners Iquique provides a pleasant if hemmed-in social life, and regular residents claim that when they are away from that tingle of guano and nitrate in the nostrils, they pine away for it as for a childhood sweetheart.

When they are bored, they hop a plane for Santiago or a boat for Valpo, or they dash up seventy-five miles due east to the radioactive, hydrogen sulphide hot springs of Mamina, 7,800 feet aloft. The road passes through the nitrate *oficinas* of Santa Laura, Humberstone, and Calla-Calla, through the old town of Pozo Almonte, then across the hill ranges of the Pampa de Tamarugal and the spectacular Dupliza gorge. At the springs are four hotels; the best, a low-roofed structure with a hill terrace and specimen llamas pacing haughtily about, is the Termas del Salitre, which belongs to the Nitrate Employee's Social Fund. A fine new modern hotel is now being constructed as part of a long-range plan to make Iquique attractive to tourists and to capitalize on the splendid playtime climate rather than its declining nitrate beds.

ANTOFOGASTA

Once every fortnight a nitrate train rattles in a dust cloud from Pisagua to Iquique. From there once a week a main coast train, gray with desert dust and nitrate, pulls out from the two-story plastered-adobe railway station. It carries comfortable sleepers and a dining car and runs clear to Calera where three days later passengers change trains for a two-hour run either to Santiago or to Valpo. All but the better-dressed Pullman passengers aboard have been duly vaccinated in Iquique against typhus.

It takes three solid hours for the train to climb up the steep mountains that crowd Iquique to a narrow shore ledge of sand, a series of sharp curves and tunnels, right up the face of cliffs, with town and sea below.

Set in utter barrenness are occasional stations with water tanks, a tiny bed of flowers, a pig or two, and a mangy dog. All the way to Antofogasta the line dips and climbs through rugged desert mountain country.

South of Iquique is more abandoned nitrate country: smokeless chimneys, boarded doors, empty towns, big scoops standing idle like dinosaur specimens in a museum. Little settlements where it was once possible, if not pleasant, for folk to make a living are now sinking into their ancient dust.

Chile once produced 90 per cent of the world's nitrate supply, now it produces (except for a recent wartime splurge) only 8 per cent. And this 8 per cent is now concentrated production in ownership and method. The way south leads to that concentrated spot, the last great kingdom of Chilean nitrate, the huge María Elena and Pedro de Valdivia plants, southeast of the port of Tocopilla, plants which are the last word in size and efficiency and capable of handling the country's entire output.

A branch highway and railroad lead to Tocopilla, which, with Antofogasta, has become the main nitrate port. It is important also as an outlet for the copper mine of Chuquicamata, the greatest in the world, which lies above it in the Andes. Out of Tocopilla, from coal-driven dynamos, goes the current on great steel towers right across desert and crag to the heights above. Into Tocopilla and Antofogasta now come bars of copper and other important metals. Into them come the major part of the nitrate export.

Near Tocopilla are the sweet waters of Mamilla. This little port is the most celebrated port in all Chile for deep-sea fishing on the grand style, and people go there from all over the continent.

Antofogasta, the major port of the entire nitrate coast, is reached by train from Iquique and from the south by boat and by regular LAN air service.

It is also reached by several overland routes from Bolivia and Argentina.

The international train from La Paz takes seventeen and a half hours and is equipped with sleepers and diner.

From La Paz the line runs south under the Andean snow peaks along the bleak high plateau. The first important city is the mining center of Oruro, above which are located the lofty Patiño tin mines, the richest in the country.

Seventy-five miles farther on, to the right big Lake Poopó comes into view and the town of Huari. At Rio Mulatto a branch line runs east over mountains to the legal capital of Bolivia, Sucre, and the famous mining city of Potosí. At one point that line reaches an altitude of 15,705 feet.

The regular Antofogasta train is boarded at Uyuni, both by passengers up from Argentina and by those down from La Paz. The route continues along the high plateau at about the 12,000-foot level through the whitish Gran Salar de Uyuni to Ollaguë station near the frontier, 275 miles from Antofogasta. Here a branch railroad curves up along Andean precipices and valleys northwest to Collahuasi, an important mining center.

Mostly the route in both Bolivia and Chile is exceedingly barren, a few trees, a few isolated scrub bushes. Even fourteen thousand feet up there are great alkaline plains. One such covers eighty thousand acres in places to a depth of eighty or more feet. The borax lakes could supply the entire world for centuries.

But beyond the plateau, the train soon runs into majestic scenery at every turn. Gigantic snowy peaks in both Chile and Bolivia are visible from the train windows.

From Ollaguë on, in Chile, the train climbs up past a great borax lake, 24 miles long, to Ascotán, the highest point on the line. Here it skirts the base of two great peaks, San Pablo, and its twin, ever smoking San Pedro. The train picks its way through acres of monstrous jagged rocks hurled forth in past ages when volcanoes were more active.

At the town of San Pedro are big reservoirs of snow water which provide Antofogasta and neighbor towns with water.

When the railroad was completed in 1892, the company soon discovered that the water was so impregnated with salts and minerals that engine boilers were eaten out over night. The railroad then secured the concession for supplying Antofogasta with pure water. Pipes were laid out for more than two hundred miles to supply the trains and the city. Thus two birds were

killed with one stone, or better said two blades of grass and much steam were made to grow where none had grown before.

From here on from Conchi to Calama, tucked away in the Andean folds on tributaries of the big Loa River, are little-known Indian villages still following their prehistoric pattern. The folk herd llamas and sheep, breed horses and mules, tend to their fields, do all their own spinning and weaving. Some go out to market produce. Some gather *llareta*, used by the nitrate *oficinas* for fuel.

Calama is a nice green oasis of hay and grain fields, vegetables, and grazing sheep. Here, cattle driven through the passes from Argentina are fattened up before being sliced up for the nitrate market. Calama also has the big explosive plant of the Compañía Americana de Explosivos, which supplies most of the needs of all Chilean and Bolivian mines.

The Chuquicamata copper mine is fourteen miles off the main line by road or rail.

Also from Calama one can visit, with some hardship, the ancient towns of Puritama with its noted hot springs, Chuichui and San Pedro de Atacama, all with vestiges of Inca ruins.

Below Calama the train drops down through the country's richest nitrate beds, which lie between the stations of El Buitre (Buzzard) and Sierra Gorda (Fat Mountain). There is little to see except the lonely white property-line markers and the depressing dust-covered *oficinas* or factories, with their usual cluster of tin-covered workers' shacks.

On either side of Sierra Gorda are important lead, silver, and gold mines. Among the richest silver mines in Chile, discovered in 1870 but now nearing exhaustion, are the Caracoles Mines I-V and La Isla, twenty miles southeast, which are reached by road. Some mine galleries now reach 2,500 feet down.

Soon the train wriggles through coast ravines and finds a long shore curve into Antofagasta. From Ascotán the passenger has dropped 13,000 feet in a distance of 233 miles.

Another route in and out of Antofagasta is via the new railway line through Aguas Victoria and across the Domeyko Ridge to Imlac at the foot of the Almeida Sierra. It climbs through this gigantic wall, then circles through Socompa pass and on through stupendous mountain country to Salta, Argen-

tina. This road, completed in mid-1948, has opened up a vast new central Argentinean region and brought it thousands of miles closer to New York. It also provides Chile's shortest route to Paraguay and Brazil and so will help knit together the whole southern end of the continent into a great economic empire. The completion of this line bids to be as historic as the driving of the golden spike in our own first transcontinental rail route.

Antofogasta, though the newest nitrate city, dating from only 1870, is now the largest with 50,000 inhabitants. It lies just below the Tropic of Capricorn, about the same latitude as Rio de Janeiro on the other side of the continent, and has a superb climate the year round.

It is a plain grayish port, with good paving, illumination, and other public services. There are a few small industries, mostly related to the mining industry, and the shore line is appropriated by railroads, warehouses, factories, and nitrate sheds. But there are fewer slums than in Iquique; the city is more prosperous, clean, and attractive, though less picturesque. Here nitrate and copper really are kings, and their royal wand has accounted for the city's rapid progress: its 3,000-foot breakwater, good paving, excellent schools, and the ornamental plazas, among the most pleasant in the country.

West of the center is a dilapidated square in front of an unusually clean municipal market. The sole adornment, besides weeds, is an ugly square stucco column given by the local German colony and already falling apart.

Other public gardens lie near the water front, though none has a harbor view, because of the tracks and nitrate sheds. They are nicely laid out with beautiful plants and trees.

But as elsewhere the central plaza is the focus of much social life, and we spent considerable time there. Our little hotel, with its bright flowering inner patio, was only half a block away. The plaza is a graceful garden shaded with eucalyptus and false peppers, bright with poinsettias, rose of sharon, and floripondios. It is surrounded by the offices of shipping companies, banks, and trading firms, mostly British. One side is destined for a magnificent new hotel. The city's main church stands on the south side.

At one corner is a large monument, gift of the Spanish colony, commemorating the burial of historic differences with Mother Spain; two white marble ladies are embracing, one wearing the crown of Castile; the younger woman a liberty cap. At their feet is a very fat and fatuous marble lion, which children love to mount and ride. In the center of the plaza is a neat green marble clock tower given by the British. Two British flags are crossed on a black background, and four British lions bear shields.

In the tall corner bandstand, a gift of the Yugoslavs, who are numerous in all the nitrate ports, music is played twice a week, and folk promenade until shortly after dark.

The city provides considerable entertainment, movies and a variety theater with mediocre road talent. We sampled this and enjoyed the naïveté if not the play itself. We looked in on a slouchy night show with still worse though more risqué talent. The various tearooms are rather shabby and not too clean, but they certainly serve marvelous hot chocolate. The swank automobile club on the outskirts is the most comfortable lounging place in town. This has fine gardens, terraces, a bar, and restaurant.

The golf course lies at Mejillones (Mussels) Bay, forty miles north, reached by either a good highway or branch railroad. Because of sand and rock obstacles, it has special rules.

The decisive naval engagement of the War of the Pacific took place here at Angamos Point, October 8, 1879. The vessels of Peruvian Admiral Grau were cleverly caught between two Chilean squadrons. The conning tower of his flagship, the *Huascar*, was blown to bits and Grau killed. It was the world's first full-fledged naval battle between real ironclads.

Antofagasta is a good headquarters from which to visit nitrate works and mines. Numerous roads and railroads ray out to the various refineries and diggings.

COPÍAPÓ

Copiapó, once a rich copper and silver center, lies on the main line south from Antofagasta and inland from Caldera, over the first railroad built in South America.

This was originally projected as the main transcontinental

route through San Francisco Pass, a route still planned for some future date. The beginning, this first length of track, was due to the energy and vision of an American dreamer with practical promotional talents, William Wheelwright, who did so much to build up Chile. Besides his statue in Valparaiso and the square there named after him, his name has also been given to one of the highest Andean peaks that stands at the gates of the pass where he intended to drive steel rails.

Shipwrecked and penniless in Buenos Aires in 1823, he worked his way around Cape Horn to Valparaiso and decided Chile needed regular steamship service. He secured a concession but was turned down by North American capitalists. Making his way to London, he succeeded in organizing the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. Its first vessels reached Chile in 1840.

His next dream was to conquer the Andes, and he traced many lines on maps, finally hit upon the route from Caldera to Catamarca in Argentina. Again he secured a concession. The port of Caldera was opened, and the road constructed as far as Copiapó. Over it ran the first railroad engine ever exported from the United States.

Unable to carry the line farther, he next set to work to connect Valparaiso and Santiago. He built the line out of the port as far as Llai-Llai, then money gave out. The line was later completed by Henry Meiggs, the fantastic embezzler and promoter, who also constructed the highest railroad in the world over the Peruvian Andes.

The main railroad and highways (in poor shape) from Antofagasta to Copiapó have numerous branch routes running down to many small mining and nitrate ports, or up to mines and smelters toward the Andes.

At Copiapó we put up at a little thatched-roof, adobe-walled inn, at the moment the best lodging, pending the building of a new tourist hotel. The patio with its little thatched kiosk, was drenched with flowers, the food good, the wine excellent. The bed, an old fashioned four-poster, was equipped with sagging springs; the only pillow was an enormous stone-hard bolster beautifully covered with fine lace and silk, and six-inch-thick comforters, stiff as boards and stone heavy, kept us warm.

Thus loaded into submission we slept soundly and woke cheerfully, though the next day we observed the sights with permanently crooked necks.

Copiapó today is a languid community of 16,000 inhabitants and the capital of Atacama Province. Except for parts of the Loa River region in northern Chile, it is the first cultivated valley on the nitrate coast. The Copiapó Valley was known to the natives as Tchilli or Beautiful. Some claim this gave the modern name Chile to the entire country.

For Copiapó is a historic place, and it was already a large town even before the Spaniards came. It became the lowland center where both conquistadors, Almagro and Valdivia, rested their weary troops after harrowing marches across the crags and snows and deserts.

The modern town has a number of paved streets, quite a few mud rivers called streets, a fine countrified plaza, and enormous willow and false pepper trees towering up everywhere.

The Spaniards knew of and worked copper mines in the vicinity. One of the largest and best organized today is Brillador. The first silver mines in this area were discovered in 1832. Other discoveries were soon made. The Colorado and Peralta mines produced lumps of pure silver weighing as much as four thousand pounds. In less than two months, the owners of Peralta, who had been poor prospectors, cleared half a million dollars. They enjoyed themselves hugely by sitting at the mouth of their mine on lumps of pure silver measuring a cubic yard.

Copiapó has a monument to Juan Godoy, another poor man who pioneered in some of the first mines and became one of the richest figures and most powerful progressive politicians in Chile.

Today, near the railway station are the big yards of the United States Smelting Company, but in general mining has declined in the immediate vicinity. As a result the town has grown dilapidated and now wears an air of faded glory that gives it a sort of absent-minded charm. When mining was booming, it had various periods of eager civic improvement, so it is well studded with parks, *paseos*, and public monuments, some of which—it has been darkly whispered—were

swiped from Peru during the War of the Pacific. Certainly it is amusing to see seminude Greek replica statues adorning this place of rather prim proprieties and hybrid cultures.

The gracious wide central plaza, faced by a very modern superior school and children's playground, is on the rustic order with iron picket fences and evergreen hedges. It has a good-looking bandstand on the west side where the usual round-the-rosy promenades take place. In the center of the plaza is a large marble statue of a very-plump bosomed girl, wielding a hammer and three feathers. She stands above plumed fishes, crowned eagles, and a Neptune that sometimes spurts water into a pool. Around the plaza are other nude or gowned statues, mostly of Greek inspiration. One white marble one is a girl with a feather headdress, feather skirts, and nude breasts. A fish encircles her feet and gazes up at her with wistful hope. This figure has been identified as a former Peruvian statue of a Nusta, or Inca virgin of the sun, who brought fish and other gifts to the Spaniards in the hope (or at least so we were told) that they would respect her virtue.

The main street of Copiapó is lined with small commercial establishments, a movie house, a two-story firehouse sporting a red bell tower, bars, refreshment parlors, new concrete banks. Bicycles are rented "till 12 P.M."

Here in Copiapó we found the best and most reasonable shop in all Chile for vicuña, alpaca, and viscacha furs, robes and capes, and the best multicolored woven-fiber goods.

Down O'Higgins Avenue about seven blocks is the broad Alameda Promenade under a double row of false peppers. Once apparently the most elegant part of town, it is now ragged and ill-kempt though bucolic and delightful. The bandstand, erected only recently in May 6, 1936, is now falling to pieces, apparently never used. The Alameda has bold monuments to O'Higgins and other heroes. The statue of the independence hero bears the names and dates of his chief battles: Rancagua, Chacabuco, Maipo.

Farther along, a bronze condor clutches the flag with one claw. At the intersection of Atacama Street, a husky bronze lady in a coat of mail wields a mighty sword. The pedestal bears all the names of the Atacama regiment, and a plaque

shows them landing on a coastal rock. A Civil Guard brightened when we asked him about the historic story and to our surprise was able to give us all the details.

On a pinkish pedestal is seated bronze Manuel Antonio Matta, mustache and all, arm outstretched in declamatory style. Matta, a writer and a native of Copiapó, was one of the founders of the Radical party though related to a rich mine-owning family. He is held up as a paragon for the youth of the town: "You have here, Youth . . . a man who should be your example, your political probity, your social probity, your personal probity."

The town public library and a normal school are just across the street. In fact the little city is noted for its many creditable schools and cultural institutions of every type. Chile's chief school of mines was set up here in the fifties under the administration of President Montt and is now housed in a neat concrete building on a side avenue north of the plaza. The city has various normal schools and excellent *liceos* or high schools, mostly housed in very modern buildings, the last word in up-to-date educational architecture.

Various railroads strike inland from Copiapó, also a number of highways, one to San Francisco Pass, another to Maitenes Pass. The latter route into Argentina is very spectacular. To the south nearby is great Copiapó Mountain nearly 20,000 feet high and ten peaks over 19,500 feet. The pass itself, 15,417 feet high, lies between two of the greatest snow giants on earth—Falso Azufre, 22,271 feet high and Incahuasi, 21,716 feet.

This is one reason the air flight from Antofagasta to La Serena, south of Copiapó, is so stupendous, particularly from Copiapó on. In one sixty-mile stretch above Copiapó are more than sixty peaks higher than any mountain in the main continental United States.

LA SERENA AND COQUIMBO

The plane from Copiapó south first puts down on the broad carpet of green of Vallenar, a small farming and mining center. From this neat place, with handsome bell tower and statues, a highway and rail line runs down to the little mining poi

of Huasco, and another to Carrizal Bajo, where are some of Chile's main manganese mines.

The plane's shadow follows the flight out of Vallenar, a moving print along the grassy floor and presently along brown desolate slopes. For a short distance there are numerous small settlements, adobe buildings, a tree or two, occasionally a small patch of green, some big mining sheds.

As the plane approaches the coast, gray tufts and low cactus plants are scattered along the otherwise sterile slopes. Presently a big irrigation ditch follows the curve of the hills, along steep slopes with terraced meadows, then there are evergreen groves, the first in Chile below the nitrate coast.

Our plane settled down in the meadows of La Serena, a large garden oasis well cultivated long before the Spaniards came.

It is a sleepy town of 22,000, with gardens and flowers, a historic cathedral, and old convents. The place was founded in 1544, right after Santiago, by thirteen men under Juan Bohón. They were wiped out by the natives, and it was refounded in 1549 by Francisco Aguirre and soon spread to three terraced levels above the sea.

In 1680 it was sacked by English pirate Bartholomew Sharpe. All the inhabitants except the *corregidor*, the appointed mayor, fled. Sharpe demanded 100,000 pesos. As these were not forthcoming, he looted the city and burned it.

The square is unusually attractive and well kept, though a large part of it is fenced off for Sunday best occasions, like Grandmother's parlor. Below on the lower meadow is a fine new railroad station. The approaches down the hill have been laid out with attractive streets and landscaped lawns and gardens.

The only comfortable bar in town that knew how to serve drinks, we soon discovered, was the Hotel Berlin, full of lusty round-headed Germans drinking big steins of beer and furiously playing dominoes. The cash register and bar were presided over by a very friendly, smartly dressed German and his blond Chilean wife, a smoldering beauty on the tigress order.

The place specializes in *ostiones* baked on the half shell. These are not oysters, which in Chile are called *ostras*. The

ostiones are a choice shellfish, similar to scallops, with white, gray, and pink flesh, and they are worth journeying around the world to get. Formerly they were one of the chief delicacies in Peru and famed from snow peak to tidewater, but the beds in that country have been badly exhausted and their exploitation is forbidden for the time being.

La Serena has always been famous for its sea foods, especially its shrimps and *pechihuenes*. Even in colonial days, the Spaniards exclaimed and smacked their lips over them. The local La Serena and Coquimbo wines are among the best in the country.

The town and its environs are full of peach, plum, and almond orchards, and in spring (September) it is a glorious seaside floral spectacle. Considerable cáñamo fiber is grown for cordage and ropes, a fiber used before the Spaniards came.

A few miles southwest on the shore is the Quebrado de Peñuelos (Rock Canyon), with bathing beach, gambling casino, and race track. The pleasant beaches of Herradura (Horseshoe), Guayacán (*Lignum Vitae*), and Punta de Trañinos are near.

A branch line runs up the Elquí River through Marquesa, a manganese center, to Vicuña, a rich farming area, and a few miles on to Rivadavia. The famous Pangué (Nettle) hot springs lie twelve miles above Vicuña, by highway, and can also be reached by direct road from Ovalle, a city farther south. Above Rivadavia in the valley is Pisco Elena, famous for its fine climate, its agricultural school, its farming and mines, but above all for its high-grade pisco, distilled from grape juice. The Toro baths, famed for their arsenical waters, lie fifty-six miles up in the Andes, along the turbulent Rio Turbio. A trans-Andean route is planned from here on into Argentina. The Argentine portion has already been built out of San Juan as far as Jachal. There the line sits down.

As one party in San Juan remarked, "In Jachal, when people look up at the lofty Andes, weak ones grow dispirited and say a railroad can get through only with wings. But bolder ones chide them. Our engineers, they say, have accomplished far greater tasks, and the benefits have been less than this line will

bring to us. It is necessary to revive the old-time commercial splendor of this valley and its immense natural resources."

In the meantime a more southerly highway is being pushed from Argentina by another pass to tie in with the Chilean highway up the Mostaza River above Ovalle.

We went by crowded bus from Serena to the port of Coquimbo, only a fifteen-minute ride. The road wound high above the sea through back hills among fruit orchards and adobe farms. Quaint lanes wandered off among false pepper trees and eucalyptus. But coming back, our bus followed the concrete road right along the shore, beside the bathing beaches and the gambling casino. Halfway, the chauffeur had to stop and report to the local *carabiniero*, the police station.

Everyone had refused to cash our travelers' checks in La Serena, even at the main government bank. Exchanging money in Chile, except at a few tourist agencies in the large cities, is always a complicated, difficult, and prolonged process. I am sure that St. Peter lets people into heaven with far less red tape. Money can be exchanged only in a few cities where exchange bureaus are maintained by the central government, for theoretically every bank and individual must get official consent to exchange a penny.

Fortunately in Coquimbo we bumped into an acquaintance of ten years back, an English chap who had been transferred there from Santiago a few days before, and he put the transaction through in a jiffy with a fifth of the customary red tape.

Coquimbo, with nearly 19,000 inhabitants, is a dingy but picturesque place set on a narrow sea ledge below crags. The long winding main street passes through several dilapidated bandstand plazas and ends up in the main port center, a sloping bedraggled square with wind-beaten trees, surrounded by aged buildings stained by storms—shipping offices, banks, and ship chandleries. A rickety-looking hotel stands at the upper end and gazes wearily out at the harbor.

Side streets tip up steeply, soon becoming zigzag paths or endless flights of steps, finally mere goat tracks between adobe and thatched hovels, a fantastic multicolored assortment of

shacks, dumps, clotheslines, sheep, goats, dogs, smeary urchins, outhouses, and tumbled-down fences—all this perched precariously on the crags right above the main streets.

The port is not as old as La Serena; in fact when Thomas Sutcliffe, a Britisher who was a major in the Chilean army, was stationed here in 1824, he wrote that it had "only two decent houses, some stores, a dilapidated barracks and ruinous fortifications. . . . The place then had no water supply except a rivulet entering the bay two miles distant from which all water had to be obtained."

Now, the whole Chilean navy winters here in the magnificent well-protected harbor, and Coquimbo has become an important shipping point for farm and mine products.

Above here near Cruz on the shore is El Tofo where the Bethlehem Steel Company extracts iron ore with electric excavators and ships most of it to the United States, some to the steel mill far south near Valdivia. Later on, El Tofo will supply the new Talcahuano mill being constructed near Concepción for the Chilean government with United States government money and experts. At El Tofo are three hundred million tons of rich 65-per-cent ore in plain sight. The unexploited deposits at nearby Cristóbal are said to be even greater and superior.

We wandered along the shore and watched the many fishing vessels, rowboats, sailboats, and gasoline launches. Owners of the latter crowded around eagerly, wanting to take us out. As we were not interested, the price kept dropping till it got so low we wondered how the owners could possibly get back to the cost of the gasoline.

Up in the ragtag part of town, we talked with a skinny little boy tending goats. He told us about the big fiesta at Andacollo, and apparently that was the one bright spot of the whole year. His whole family always went there with goats' milk, cheese, and homemade candies to set up little stands on the edge of the throngs.

On south from Coquimbo, the highway and train parallel each other—through the flourishing farm and manganese center of Ovalle, with its big dam and irrigated lands, the Combarbala, a tuberculosis resort with a sanatorium. The dry landscape, the cactus and vegetation, and the bright-tinted

adobe houses throughout this region give it a striking resemblance to the desert areas of northern Mexico.

To one side of the route lies Tamaya, an important copper-mining place discovered back in 1833. The one mine there was so rich that it tripled Chilean production within a year and to date has produced the equivalent of 150 million dollars. It has now been outdistanced by the great mines of Chuquicamata and El Teniente with their modern equipment.

We caught fine glimpses of the snow heights from the train window, before we dipped into a gigantic ravine and climbed up for hours through barren hills, the train groaning and squealing.

Illapel, a cattle and fruit center, is a bit forlorn, but it has its points. The women are reputed to be so pretty and so gay that the town's motto is *Sal si puedes*—Leave if you can. However, the population to date is only 6,000. The little country place is famous for its gay fiesta wakes, its music, dancing, and drinking.

Sutcliffe, who went through there in 1824, found these wakes were very commercialized and involved some curious customs. The owners of dance halls or *chinganas*, on hearing of the death of a poor child, rushed to the parents with offers to take care of all funeral expenses and provide all entertainment for the wake, which the whole town always attended. The dead infant or "angel" went to the highest bidder.

The "angel's" body was then dressed up in fancy clothes, its face painted, its eyelids propped open, and it was put in a prominent place in the dance hall and surrounded with candles. Rockets and fireworks were shot off—a fiesta in grand style, with the aid of harps, guitars, and *raveles*, three-stringed fiddles. These wakes lasted many days and nights until burial. Thus the owner of the *chingana* usually cleaned up from the sale of food and drink. Infants were even conserved in *escaveche* or pickling vinegar to keep the fiesta going longer.

We asked if this custom continued, but could get no clear answer beyond being told that a wake was a great affair in the community, a time of prayer, dancing, fireworks, and much drinking.

We did not get up in the Andes to the picturesque and ro-

mantic old city of Salamanca, a place of 15,000, famous for its horse breeding. It is supposed to be a trip exciting for its fine scenery and vistas of the snow mountains.

Soon the main southbound train ran through La Ligua where coastal trains and highways branch off for Papudo and the Valparaíso beach resorts. Above here are many old mines, silver and gold, some of which are still worked in the most primitive fashion, by *rotos* carrying up the ore in sheepskin bags slung over their shoulders. In some mines they climb out of the shaft barefoot by using notched poles, the typical ladder of the Araucanos before the Spaniards came.

Near here we visited a cattle-roundup and rodeo and watched the fine Chilean *huasos* do their stunts. Sometimes they bring cattle down, if the purpose is to slaughter them, by sharp knives tied to the end of long poles. The cowboys gallop past and deftly slice the foreleg muscles first on one side, then on the other.

The long railroad that winds for three days along the nitrate coast—over the desert, down into mighty valleys and out again onto high mesas, along the edge of the sea, or right under the snow mountains—finally ends at Calera, the main junction, where other trains are boarded for Valparaíso, Santiago, or the trans-Andean trip to Argentina.

Here we had an hour's wait late at night, but the station was well heated and comfortable, with big leather chairs. The late night express into Santiago had luxurious leather coaches.

We were now definitely back in deciduous and evergreen country, in the rich grain, fruit, and cattle region of central Chile. The dry nitrate coast was behind us. We were back in the pulsing heart of Chile, its wealthiest, most progressive area.

VALES OF PARADISE SOUTH

Governor MANSO DE VELASCO laid his gold-encrusted sword on the desk in his office and stared out at the old Santiago Plaza de Armas. He tugged his black and gold jacket more snugly down over his white breeches and scratched under his white wig.

Until his administration, no settlements of note had been founded between Santiago and Concepción, the most important port after Valparaiso, and destined eventually to become Chile's third largest city. Talca had been founded in 1692 but had been wiped out by the Araucanos. And so fifty years later, Governor Manso refounded it, and began filling in the gaps never filled in during the first two centuries of colonial rule. He laid out San Fernando and Cauquenes, and now, in the year 1743, he was planning his most ambitious town. It would be a most holy place, to be named Santa Cruz de Triana.

To make it correspond to its sacred name, the Governor departed from crown regulations for new cities and laid out the central plaza in the form of a cross, with the streets entering it in the middle of the block instead of at the corners as is the case with all other Spanish-founded *villas*.

Part of the irony of his holy effort was that ere long the name of the city reverted to the Araucano Indian word, Rancagua, and that in that sacred plaza seventy years later would be fought the most crucial of early independence battles. In that bitter fight the first two days of October, 1814, the heart of the holy city was almost battered to pieces.

Patriot leader Bernardo O'Higgins, forced to take refuge in

the plaza by superior Spanish forces advancing from the south, entrenched himself there to await reinforcements from José Miguel Carrera, the acting head of the patriot government. O'Higgins threw up adobe breastworks, planted cannon at the head of the four avenues, manned windows and roofs. On Merced Church he planted the new Chilean flag surmounted by a black streamer to warn the foe that he would never surrender but would fight to the death.

When the situation grew desperate, the church-tower lookout saw the distant dust cloud of the hoped-for reinforcements.

But dictator Carrera had little love for O'Higgins. He kept back his main forces and sent forward only a small detachment of green troops. They reeled and fled at the first countercharge. Carrera retreated to the capital.

The trapped patriots fought on. Water was cut off. They were unable to cool their cannon, and the powder blazed in their faces before a charge could be rammed home. All one side of the plaza went up in flames. Part of the ammunition blew up.

O'Higgins and five hundred survivors managed to hack their way out of the death hole. But the Spaniards massacred all the wounded and all the women and children crowded in the church. The First Republic of Chile was ended.

Back in Santiago, Carrera was frenziedly loading the public treasury onto mules to flee across the Andes. He never returned from his disgrace. But years later O'Higgins came back as the strong right arm of liberator San Martín to become head of a free Chile.

Today Rancagua is an up-to-date little farm center, with paved streets, modern buildings, movies, and a light and power system just installed by the government Fomento Corporation using 100-per-cent Chilean-made materials. The main hotel, if not the equal of those in more touristed places, is quaint and comfortable.

Over the plain tinted walls of the flat-roofed community hovers the rich odor of grapes and wine, oranges and lemons. The meadows are full of fat cattle. Pear and cherry orchards and olive groves knock at the very gates of the city. The sweet aroma of tobacco plants comes in with the wind. Hereabouts are grown a good portion of Chile's wheat, beans, barley, and

potatoes. Caamo-fiber plants provide the materials for small cordage mills.

Rancagua also serves the rich Teniente copper-mining area, belonging to the Guggenheim-Braden interests, thirty miles east by rail near the town of Sewell. It is a place of workers' barracks clustered on the side of a white mountain wall beside a tumbling river.

The mines, first discovered in the late eighteenth century, lie 10,299 feet up in the Andes in the crater of an extinct volcano, and contain a reserve of 265,000,000 tons, of which more than half a million pounds of copper is refined each year.

It is a massive setup; great towering chimneys, huge mills, acid plants throwing fumes from ten thousand tons of sulphuric acid used each year, large converters, big power dams in neighboring canyons. Everything roars and stamps.

The hills around also yield up manganese, molybdenum, gold, silver, cobalt, some lead and zinc, and important stones, silicates, and clays.

The train and good highways south from Rancagua push on through the richest farming country of Chile, under the rim of the Andean wall. The land is a bower of flaming flowers and vines and fields, bright against the snow backdrop.

We found each of the little country towns and cities much alike. Branch roads and railroads push up to hot springs in the mountains or down to coast cities and resorts. Some of those little resorts we found very simple and delightful, unpretentious places good for loafing and swimming and fishing.

From San Fernando, another city in Governor Manso's original golden chain, we took the branch rail line, which goes part of the way along the lush Tinguiririco River, to the coast town of Pichelem, a five-hour run.

This we found to be an especially attractive bathing resort with a dozen modest hotels set in woods and gardens. Little fishing lakes and streams pattern the countryside; and along the beaches south, interspersed between little rocky headlands, we came upon some of the best unspoiled coast of Chile, all of it extraordinarily beautiful, each half-moon harbor with its own quaint primitive beach and fishing settlement.

Near here was captured Vicente Benavides, famous Royalist officer and later a bandit. He started his career as a patriot grenadier sergeant but deserted to the Spanish side. Later on, captured at Linares, he escaped. Recaptured at the crucial Maipo battle, he was sentenced to be shot as a deserter, but all the firing squad cartridges were blanks, and he feigned death. The officer gave him a saber slash for good measure, but he survived.

Next he offered his services to San Martín, who sent him out as a spy. Instead, he secured a commission as a guerrilla fighter from the Spaniards. When they were driven out of Chile, he continued to plunder the land, burning city after city, sparing neither man, woman, nor child. He seized many American and British boats, enslaving those of the crews whom he did not murder.

Cornered at last by General Prieto, he fled up the coast in a small vessel, but was seized near Pichelemú when he had to go ashore for water.

He was sent in chains to Santiago where he was sentenced as "a traitor, violator of the laws of the nation, pirate, and barbarous destroyer of towns." The military court, in order "to avenge humanity and thereby deter others," sentenced him to be dragged at the tail of a mule to the gallows, to hang until dead, and to have his hands and head cut off to decorate three towns he had devastated. The verdict closed with a long poem about good and evil.

We went on south to Talca, a provincial capital of 50,000, located on the Claro and Piduco Rivers, tributaries of the Maule, the river so famous in Chilean song and battle. For three centuries Talca suffered the brunt of war with the Araucanos; its very name means thunder in the native tongue. Here, or near-by, were also fought many battles with the Spaniards during the independence struggle. In the foothills to the east on the Lircay River, the battle of Lircay was fought in the thirties, the famous engagement that gave the Conservatives control of Chile for nearly a century. From 1813 to 1814, Talca was the temporary capital of the country, the seat of the na-

tional government, and it is one of the proudest communities in all Chile. Its residents look down on both Santiago and Valparaíso as inferior places. The local saying is, "After Paris, London, and Talca, there is nothing."

Actually it is not at all distinguished in appearance, although modern Talca is lively and progressive, with fine movie houses, good hotels, ample sport fields, tennis courts, golf course, and an open-air municipal swimming pool. There is an unusually good air port.

Not only is it the center of an exceedingly rich farming country, but it is now one of Chile's chief industrial cities. It has a large match factory, seven shoe factories, two biscuit factories that permeate the place with a constant aroma of pastry and icing. It turns out many cigars and cigarettes, beds, auto tires, paper, and cement. There are tanneries and five flour mills. Formerly gold and silver and amethyst mines flourished but have been exhausted. However, hopefuls still cradle gold in adjacent streams.

From Talca a branch line runs forty miles through fine vineyards, orchards, and fields to the upper Maule River, and another branch line goes down to the coast along the same river to Constitución, one of Chile's smaller but important ports. It could be really important if the government ever got around to dredging out the sand bar that keeps ocean vessels out of the magnificent river harbor. The ride down to Constitución is most pleasant, through thick woods, with glimpses of the winding river, an occasional small green island.

Once upon a time, Constitución was the chief bathing resort of Chile and is still a favored vacation spot. It has a picturesque location on the Maule River mouth behind bold Matrún headland. Beyond this outjutting hill are handsome beaches with beautiful rock formations, tunnels, spires, and great natural arches. The largest hotel, mostly a vacation place, sits here on the shore, but the other hotels in the center of the city provide launches to go to the beaches.

Along the river landings, colorful peasants from upstream display their farm produce. The forests all around the city contain some of the finest woods in the country, some particularly

valuable for boatbuilding. Many small yachts are built in Constitución. From this central point there are charming excursions to small fishing villages, rivers, lakes, and grottoes.

We simply could not miss Panimávida, although this was one of the country's most expensive resorts. It lies above the town of Linares south of Talca, on a branch railroad and a highway, and caters to good health and enjoyment. It has one of Chile's finest hotels, a 250-bed place, with Russian and Turkish baths, radioactive baths, hot springs, swimming pools.

There, we soaked away the days in the famous mineral waters supposed to cure nearly every known ailment, none of which we had. The hotel has medical laboratories and resident doctors. We were provided with every kind of entertainment and sport: game rooms, tennis courts, golf links, and horseback riding. Everybody in Chile, and in most of Europe, knows about Panimávida, for from here comes the most famous bottled water of the country, and good it is. Cases of it are shipped to lands all over the world, and it is found on practically every table in Chile.

The place is also famous for its fine rainbow-colored baskets and straw mats.

We were there during the off-season, and there were only a few other guests: two Englishmen, who kept religiously to themselves though they bowed distantly; a tall amiable Chilean-born German; and a former concert star, a billowy blonde with many jewels. She played the piano in the cocktail lounge and sang every evening, and most divinely, but as she rapidly downed glass after glass of pisco sours, little by little she would hit more of the wrong keys and her voice would crack. Every night she would plead and weep for more drink, and it would take infinite tact and persuasion on the part of the bartender and the waiters to lead her off finally half staggering, to her room.

Our waiter, coming back from such a mission, told us sadly, "She has had a very unfortunate love affair. Her husband has parked her here at this lonely time of year while he gads about with another. She is very unhappy."

He fished in his white waistcoat and held up an expensive

diamond bracelet. "Every day she loses something valuable, and we keep it for her till the next day. Let us pray she does not go to some other place where folk are not honest."

Chillán, a small city of 50,000, south of Panimávida on the main rail line, is one of the most historic spots in the country, founded way back in 1580. It was repeatedly wiped out and its inhabitants slaughtered by Araucano uprisings that continued until late last century. The place also figured prominently in the independence struggles. Chile's independence leader and first dictator, Miguel Carrera, was long imprisoned here by the Spaniards. Here, too, Chile's greatest liberator, Bernardo O'Higgins, was born to Isabel Riquelme, shortly after she was abandoned by her lover, Captain Ambrosio O'Higgins, the adventurous Irishman who later became Chile's ablest colonial governor. The old Riquelme house, birthplace of the independence leader, still stands.

Today Chillán is quite an industrial center, noted especially for its many textile mills. Even in the colonial period it turned out a phenomenal number of blankets and woven goods. There is still a great deal of domestic weaving by hand loom. We visited a number of homes where the whole family was busily weaving cloth, cotton and woolens, blankets, rugs and ponchos. Formerly, we were told, the dyes were obtained from local plants but now are mostly synthetic. We also looked in on a number of small tanneries, where bloody-handed *rotos* were busily scraping down hides just taken out of the red curing vats. Now and then some lucky prospector comes loping into town after washing gold in one or another of the surrounding streams.

At the hotel, we called for a bottle of *vin ordinaire* with our meal. Unless you want something special, this is the best thing to do. Each hotel always has its own specialty in which it takes great pride, so nearly always you get an unusually good wine cheaper than if you called for a brand name. In this case it turned out to be the local Chillán wine. Some of Chile's best wines are bottled here.

Around about are many famous hot springs, but we were so soaked through and through from Panimávida, we let them

alone. Above Chillán for those liking the sport—which has become a hobby, almost a frenzy in all Chile—is one of the country's best ski runs, high on the flanks of snow-clad Chillán volcano. The trip there is worth the trouble because of the scenery, and the volcano itself is one of the finest of Chile's innumerable mountains.

CONCEPCIÓN

As a result of the terrible 1939 earthquake, Concepción, Chile's third largest city, was almost entirely wiped out and has had to be rebuilt. Today it is the most modern city in all Chile—handsome new buildings flanking the magnificent Bío-Bío River.

We arrived there from the south very late at night and were deposited in the finest railroad station in all Chile, its soaring waiting room decorated with fine frescoes by Gregorio de la Fuente, a leading Chilean artist. From the station we were taken to the City Hotel. This is likewise one of the newest and finest hotels in the country, and we had some of the best food to be had anywhere.

The folk of Concepción are famous for their valor and indomitable spirit. Though now considered part of the very heart of the rich central Chile farm country, Concepción was long merely a military outpost on the edge of the Araucano Indian region and had to maintain its martial status long after the country became independent. This is perhaps why Concepción contributed the most original and bold military and political leaders of the country during the long period of semifrontier rule.

Today it is the chief industrial center of the country, with coal mine and steel mills, and it is the outlet for one of the richest farming valleys of the central zone. In addition, it insists that it is a greater cultural center than Santiago.

Certainly one of our first activities when we landed there was to head for the Tomé ward, nestling against the hills and overlooking the city and the rivers, for there, entirely built up since the earthquake, is the most modern and one of the largest university campuses in all Latin America. It greatly resembles in its setting and architecture the University of California, and

like the Berkeley institution, has a slim granite bell tower or campanile looming above the verdant slopes.

We wandered through its big hospital and medical school, the physics laboratory, and library, where we looked over some of its scientific educational journals.

Behind the university campus rise Caracol (Snail) and Amarillo (Yellow) Hills. Fine boulevards wind in and out, and the top of Caracol is given over to a 250-acre park, full of pines, eucalyptus, boldos, and many other trees peculiar to Chile.

Here we got a magnificent view of the city and the great Bío-Bío River winding placidly between green banks. Below Concepción it widens out to the San Vicente and Concepción Bays and the big Arauco Gulf. There, on a peninsula, stand the new steel town and the national naval base of Talcahuano. To one side of Concepción the smaller Andallén River empties into the Bío-Bío. Both streams are flanked by beautiful woods and prosperous rolling farms.

Against the hills of Concepción are many quaint old residences, uninjured by the quake, and many fine new ones, with walls blanketed with flowering vines. Paths and stone steps wind in and out among fragrant gardens.

The Avenida Pedro de Valdivia is flanked by handsome homes and wealthy villas with fine lawns and gardens. In Ecuador Park there are a municipal swimming pool and sport field, but the park is still cluttered up with emergency housing erected after the earthquake.

The fine central place of the city is mostly new. It has a big bandstand and on one side are old yellow arcades, behind which is the city market. Here are the new cathedral, tall office and bank buildings, movie palace, and other business buildings. Other new earthquake-proof buildings are going up in every corner of the city.

Many friendly countries contributed to this reconstruction. Fine new schools have been built, and Mexico's contribution was to commission two leading Mexican artists, David Siqueiros and Xavier Guerrero, to paint frescoes on their walls.

All told, Concepción is a spacious genial city, the center of fine beaches and vacation spots. Culturally the peer of Santiago, even its club life has an artistic and literary flavor. Some

of Chile's best poets, writers, and artists hail from Concepción. Important is the new North American-Chilean Institute, built up by the strenuous efforts of Helen Sims. A former Stanford University teacher, she visited Concepción some years before the war and liked it so well she never left. She has a real love for Chile and Chileans, and her charm, tact, and energy have done much to win sympathy for the United States in a city with a very large German colony. The Institute now has comfortable entertainment rooms and a good library and classrooms.

These days the City Hotel is buzzing with North American technicians at work on the new steel mill being put up in nearby Talcahuano by United States government money. We talked with the designer of this mill. Earthquake danger called for special construction. The problem was solved by putting the whole plant upon one vast deeply sunk block of reinforced concrete, which in turn floats on five feet of river sand.

Talcahuano, where this plant is located, is worth seeing. It lies only nine miles northwest of Concepción and is reached by railroad, streetcar, or highway. The name of the port means sky lightning in the Araucano language. It is also the leading military and naval port of the country with big docks, naval buildings, arsenals, and other constructions. Here is located an engineering school, and it is a large textile and flour-milling center. From near here, whaling boats put forth for the Antarctic.

Old Spanish forts are scattered around Talcahuano and nearby beaches and headlands. We obtained special permission to visit the School of Grumetes (sailors) on Quirquina Island at the harbor entrance, and the Tumbes lighthouse, nine miles up on the tip of the peninsula. Launches go regularly to neighboring Penco and Tomé beaches, across on the main shore, both of which are small industrial and fishing centers.

Quirquina Island has been historic in Chilean annals. Here the first Spanish sea forces landed under Hurtado de Mendoza in 1557. Here Spanish forces were later landed to attempt to overthrow the first independence government of Miguel Carrera.

Here the naval commander, Lord Cochrane, had a great misfortune. His flagship, thanks to the carelessness of a sub-

ordinate, drifted on the rocks and stove a hole in its side. In spite of this he went on south, all hands manning the pumps, everybody thinking him raving mad, and against overwhelming odds attacked the strong Spanish forts at Valdivia. He carried through successfully and thus ended Spanish naval control of Pacific waters. Even the Chilean independence congress thought his stunt so utterly foolhardy and reckless that, in spite of his success, it reprimanded him rather than praising him for victory. He had to threaten to resign before he got his own salary and the pay for his sailors.

Across the harbor at Penco, founded by Valdivia in 1550 as the original site of Concepción, was fought the greatest Spanish-Araucano engagement when 40,000 native warriors tried to roll back Valdivia's forces. The settlement there subsequently was destroyed many times by the Araucanos, earthquakes, and tidal waves, so the city was finally moved upstream to its present safer site.

Other resort beaches stretch on up the coast and can be reached by railroad. Among the most frequented and picturesque is Dichato, with marvelous sea food, lakes, waterfalls, and commanding rocky heights.

THE COAL COUNTRY

South along the coast from Concepción a good highway is available, also a private coal-mine railroad with regular passenger service that runs fifty-five miles through the mining country as far as Curanilhué. The railroad bridge over the Bío-Bío out of Concepción is the longest in Chile.

The route passes through San Pedro, a favorite recreation spot for the folk of Concepción. Gardens flank little lakes; here and there one finds rustic restaurants or picnic grounds.

Here, way back in 1557, García Hurtado defeated a big Mapuche army under Toqué Caupolicán.

The road follows the shore line through pleasant settlements with spectacular rock and ocean views to Coronel, center of the big Schwager coal interests.

This was already an Indian town in 1612; at that time its chief was named Coronel. The present city started to grow in 1851 when coal began to be mined. Today it is a busy indus-

trial and vacation spot with a pleasant beach below wooded hills.

Near Coronel, November 1, 1914, Von Spee's China squadron, trying to work home to Germany, came here to pick up coal and fell upon Craddock's British squadron and destroyed it.

Nine miles south is Lota, with 22,000 inhabitants, the biggest coal center in Chile, a place of steel and iron, smoking mills, sawmills, glass, brick, tiles, pottery, and porcelain ware. The entrances to the mines are high above the town, but the galleries extend far out under the ocean floor. Strata of slate and shale prevent seepage, and ocean lines sail right over the heads of miners toiling far below.

The little city was founded in 1855 by Matías Cousiño, the great coal magnate, when he first put in a smelter there. The showplace of the town is the handsome park, the finest in Chile—Lota Park—with a white château of imported Italian marble which was built by his wife, Isadora Cousiño. The park is an intricate piece of French-English landscaping with many Chilean quirks: arbors, grottoes, terraces, artificial lakes, and a zoological garden. The view of city and harbor is superb.

Southeast of town is high Villagra Cerro, formerly known as Marihuena Height. There in 1554, after a bloody battle, Governor Villagra's forces were cut to pieces by Toqué Lautaro. Villagra was thrown wounded from his horse, barely managing to escape, but more than half the Spaniards and about 3,000 native allies were killed. This defeat resulted in the loss of Concepción, and Villagra and all the inhabitants of south Chile had to fall clear back to Santiago.

Other towns and beaches lie on south, some of them famous for good fishing. At the south end of the curving gulf may be seen large wooded Santa María Island and some smaller ones. Santa María is still frequented by sealers at certain seasons, and in early days many American sealers and whalers put in there. One story claims that Dutch buccaneer Simón de Córdoba was killed by natives on this island.

On a small branch railroad at the southeastern curve of the gulf lies the coal town of Arauco. It has a good beach and is set in rich wooded and meadow country. This, too, was an old

Araucano town, in fact was often referred to as the Araucano capital. Valdivia made his last march from here when he perished at Lautaro's hands near Cañete. Arauco, after becoming a Spanish settlement, was razed by Toqué Caupolicán in 1563 and by Toqué Paillamachú in 1599. Later, for a long period, it was again controlled by the Mapuches, then became the base for the "navy" of Royalist bandit Vicente Benavides. His "navy" was built up by seizing British and American boats and killing or enslaving the crews.

Lebú, forty miles south, can be reached by a beautiful valley inside the Nahuelbuta coastal mountains. Also, a railroad from the south terminates there. Round about are some of the most beautiful lowland lakes of Chile.

The whole Concepción zone and the coast north and south are delightful, every turn more picturesque, and the region is more typical than either the Valparaíso or Santiago areas.

ARAUCANO LAND

We were eager to get to Temuco, which is the center of the remnants of Mapuche life and culture, the market place for beautiful native jewelry, blankets, rugs, and ponchos, and basketry, as well as carved leather goods. Temuco is the entry point for a large beautiful lake region and the springboard for various spectacular trans-Andean routes. From Temuco on south spread the most gorgeous lakes of Chile. Above it lie ski runs, handsome snow mountains, and highways through the passes into Argentina. From here, both toward the coast and up through the highest mountain valleys spread Araucano villages and farms.

There are two rail routes south to Temuco, and we tried one going and the other on our return.

One branch forks off through Angol, a small and ancient city at the junction of the Rehué and Picoquén Rivers, on a verdant mesa surrounded by wooded hills and at the foot of tall Rucapillán Mountain and the Nahuelbuta Sierra that flanks the coast.

The place was founded by Conquistador Valdivia himself as a strategic defense against the resisting Mapuche. But it was totally wiped out by Toqué Paillamachú at the end of the cen-

tury and was not re-established for nearly three centuries. In 1863 it was laid out for the same purpose as before, strategic defense against the still unconquered Araucanos.

Part of the rebelliousness of the Mapuches was due to the gold in the vicinity. At one time Valdivia obliged every Indian hereabouts to deliver to him thirty or forty ducats a week in gold dust, under pain of death. It soon cost him uprisings, in one of which he met his death.

The folk still wash gold all through the adjacent hills west as far as Cañete, especially after a big rain or a flood. Then everybody rushes out hoping to come upon rich gold-bearing sands. To test the various deposits, they use a cow's horn (*poruna*) split in half lengthwise, which serves as a cradle to rock the sands.

Beyond Angol, from Los Sauces, which is located on a small lake, we took a west branch line through delightful mountain and lake country. The train wound in and out among small green canyons and gradually made its way up over the crest of the Nahuelbuta Range, where the sea came into view, then dropped down to Contulmé.

This little town lies at the lower end of handsome Lake Lanalhué. Here boats of all kinds can be hired. The present hotel is nothing to write home about, but a modern tourist hotel is nearing completion.

To the south by car one can easily reach large Lake Lleu-Lleu, dense with bird life, swarming with fish.

The railroad skirts the north shore of Lake Lanalhué to famous Cañete, on the east bank of the Tucapel River. Around here we visited a number of early Mapuche stone ruins. There are many little Mapuche villages and farms scattered about. The houses are round, with thatched sides and roof, the entrances covered by sheepskin curtains. Here we saw some of the first Spanish forts ever erected in Chile.

Numerous roads lead on to various lagoons, lakes, and fishing towns set on small wooded streams.

Twenty miles off the village of Tirúa we could just make out the shore of large Mocha Island. Folk told us that pigs and horses still run wild on it. Whaling vessels from Talcahuano

stop there to round up meat supplies for the voyage south to the Antarctic.

Returning to the main rail line, we went on south but did not stop at Curacautín, which lies in a circle of fine hot springs and from which the famous Curacautín trans-Andean road takes off, but went directly on to Temuco.

This city was founded in 1881 on flats above the broad Cautín River in a valley eternally green and at the foot of wooded Nielol Hill. To the east, high above the city, rises magnificent Llaima Volcano, shaped like Fujiyama. On it, set among pines and hemlocks, is a rustic hotel that serves a thrilling ski run. A skiing school is maintained there from September to October.

We put up at the rickety firetrap station hotel, where we got an elegant suite with bath but little heat. We were glad of our choice, though, for the station was always full of colorful Mapuches waiting to take the train or coming to town with produce, live chickens, turkeys and ducks, and blankets. At times the station platforms resounded with the wild screaming of fat geese.

We had been repeatedly warned that they were a fierce taciturn people who would have as little to do with white men as possible, and all their history of warlike resistance to the Spaniards seemed to indicate that would be true. But actually we found few people more cordial and jolly. They have round open countenances, are always very playful among themselves, and were always ready to joke and laugh with us. The minute they discovered we were not acting superior or snobbish they became friendly. Interest in their babies or children brought the same warm grateful response that it does with most people in the world.

Temuco itself is a somewhat dingy little city, but the placid wide Cautín River winds gracefully about it. This stream is said to offer some of the best salmon and rainbow-trout fishing in all Chile. In most places it is easy to approach, with wide sandy banks.

During early market hours, the streets of Temuco are vivid with Mapuche venders, selling fine handwoven sashes and

blankets, skillful leatherwork, horsehair belts and jewelry. One important focus of native life is the wool market, a few blocks away from the railway station. Here Mapuche women busily haggle over and weigh out fleece that later they will card and spin and weave. As an indication of their honesty, the buyers and sellers, mostly Chileans, rarely bothered to glance at the scales when the women weighed out the fleece for sale or the amount they wished to buy, but took the weight that was sung out.

One whole street is given over to Mapuche mule and oxcarts and an occasional auto, in which the Mapuche travel into town with produce from the exceedingly rich farm region about, especially famed for its wheat fields, potatoes, and apple orchards, its currants and raspberries. Many of the Mapuche farmers, who hold inalienable titles by the treaty of 1844, are quite well to do and use the latest imported machinery. Even those who do not have autos nearly always have handsome blooded horses, with richly carved, silver-mounted saddles and trappings. For horse racing is a great passion with them and is a part of every fiesta. Prizes are given, and bets run high.

All the bronze open-faced Mapuche women have marvelous colorful costumes. They come flowing into Temuco, their short skirts swirling. They still wear the very short chiripá red or blue, wrapped tightly about their hips, slit-skirt fashion, and held in place with wide colorful sashes. With this outfit they wear long white woolen stockings, home knit. Their bright blouses and black woolen capes, or sometimes a silk shawl of vivid sky blue or rose color, are held in place by enormous silver brooches that spread over their bosoms and dangle to their waists. Their heavy silver earrings are called *upellas*.

Their hair, twined with ribbons, is worn behind in a double braid in a *U* effect. About their heads, they wrap a band of silk, surmounted by a narrower band of silver with dangling plaques, coins, or medallions, or if nothing better offers, jingling silver thimbles.

Many of these folk are poor, but a barefoot Mapuche woman does not necessarily spell poverty; her adornments may be solid silver, her clothing of silk, her embroidery rich and costly, her person scrupulously clean.

In the produce market we talked to one such woman and asked her if she would sell her handsome silver brooch. She shook her head in a decided negative. "I'd rather lose my life than sell it," she said passionately, slightly angry with us.

We told her we couldn't resist asking her, for it was the most beautiful one we had seen in all Temuco.

She glowed with pride and immediately became very friendly. "You see," she said, "each of these extra pendants has been added for each child I have had. And so it is a constant memory of them, all the days of their lives, all the days of my life. It is almost as though I had them close to my heart, you see, all the time, and if I were to lose it, I would have the feeling that I had lost them and would have nothing left to live for."

We went out to a Mapuche festival, but as it was the rainy season and the mud was pretty deep on every side, it was a rather sloppy business. The Mapuches, used to rain, did not seem to mind. Nothing apparently could dampen their good spirits. There was music from dawn till dark, dancing, horse racing, fireworks; toward the end things got pretty rowdy, drunk, and overly affectionate, and we slipped away.

Music accompanies almost every act of the Mapuche's life: love-making, birth, work, prayer, play, sickness, and death. In prayers the *machis*, the medicine men, or more frequently a medicine woman, chant with the *cultrín*, a flat drum. Children have songs for all their games. When a long-absent member of the family returns, he is greeted with a welcome chant by family and neighbors. Threshing and trampling of grain is done to the sound of musical instruments. The dead go to their final rest with music. Love is more often sung than talked. They have many rain chants and rain dances to the sound of drum, special harps, flutes, and fiddles, and numerous instruments in use before the Spaniards came. When someone is ill, relatives gather in a circle and sing gently and shake gourd rattles while the *machí* does his stunts, such as putting a roll of cinnamon near the pillow and sprinkling around the sheepskin bed with guanaco blood.

Polygamy is common. As in pre-Spanish days, girls are sold into marriage at an early age, about ten or twelve. The price of

a fifteen-year-old is already on the way down; by eighteen she is worth less; at twenty, maybe only a sheep; and at twenty-five a bottle of pisco may be too much. The marriage ceremony is elaborate, and the groom goes through a conventional pretense of stealing and raping the bride.

The Araucanos have never abandoned their own religious faith, which is perhaps one of the reasons that Temuco is full of proselytizing Catholic and Protestant missions. The city is the headquarters for the South American Missionary Society and of the American Baptists, both of which maintain schools. It is also a cathedral city, and so Temuco comes close to being the religious capital of all south Chile.

The local Araucano museum contains about 4,000 artifacts, which tell of the Araucano history and reveal their long-standing skill, their ways of life, industries, tools, and artistry.

Many Araucano settlements and villages, with their mound-shaped thatched *rucas*, may be seen from the branch rail line running west along the Cautín River to the river port of Carahué. Around about are fine forests.

Carahué, we discovered, is quite a historic place. It was founded in 1551, given the name Imperial, but was wiped out by the Mapuches in 1600 after nearly two years of unbroken siege. This tragic epic has resounded widely in Spanish chronicles and literature. It was not resettled for more than a quarter of a century and then was wiped out again. On the ruins was built strong Fort Carahué, around which the present town gradually grew up.

We reached Puerto Saavedra at the mouth of the river by launch. This is a much frequented bathing resort, with a primitive hotel, and is also an important fishing town. Launches dart about, and sailboats tack before the rocky wooded shores, presenting a panorama very similar to that of the Connecticut shore line. Other fishing villages dot the coast here. Nearby is large salt-water Lake Budi, with small islands choked with bird life. The fishing is good, too.

The sea can also be reached by a branch rail line from Pitrufquén, a town below Temuco. This is a particularly pleasant trip, for the roadbed follows wide island-dotted Toltén River to the little port of Toltén. Here, too, other small primi-

tive fishing villages stretch to the south. The main one is the river port of Boldos, named after the night-flowering trees so typical of Chile, which provide fine lumber and the leaves of which are brewed for liver complaints.

These and many other little details about the fine woods of Chile, we learned from a lumberman with whom we traveled about the countryside.

We had made his acquaintance on the train south to Puerto Montt, in the dining car. He had ordered wine with his dinner and smilingly filled up our glasses.

We bade farewell to him, finally, in Temuco, up on wooded Nielol Hill above the city. There we sat one splendid twilight on the rustic terrace of the casino run by the Friends of the Tree Society. It is an attractive spot, with a golf course, tennis courts, swimming pool, and stables with horses for hire. As we sipped our farewell drink we could see over the broad Cautín Valley beyond the city, still silver in the fading light, and the rose-tinted clouds around the virginal white crown of Llaima Volcano.

VALDIVIA

We reached Valdivia on a rainy evening and traveled in from the distant station in a cab with the curtains drawn, so we could make out little of what the town was like. We stepped out on one side of the rain-drenched square, into a steam-heated hotel lobby and soon found ourselves in an elegant suite done all in gold and overlooking the deserted plaza.

The dining room was unusually bright and cheerful, the tables which in Chile are always so attractively set, with real artistry, were here more elaborate even than in most places.

Valdivia is nearly always drenched with rain the year round. The following day was filled with showers and scudding clouds, but we found the air zestful, with less feeling of dampness than in Santiago. The whole place, set on an island-dotted river and eternally green and glistening, we found as picturesque and charming as any spot in Chile, a neat livable place besides, its people hospitable and generous.

A reporter showed up from the local paper and from then on took us constantly under his wing. We were shown everything

there was to see in and around the city, up and down the rivers; we were given a dinner by the editor of the local daily, who is head of the North American-Chilean Institute, which, aided by our State Department, maintains clubrooms and a library. We were given another dinner by one of Chile's leading writers, Fernando Santiván, a genial novelist who owns a farm upstream. There was a free friendliness to the place. The favorite reunion spot was the Club Valdivia, which serves good drinks and fine fish and sea food. Unlike most Chilean clubs, it was always attended by women.

On Sunday, we joined in the plaza promenade, celebrated right after Mass, and listened to the band concert of classical music. This is always held, rain or shine. The Valdivians are so accustomed to rain that only the worst sort of a storm would keep them from traipsing around and around the plaza. Nearly every day in the year there are showers, or heavier rains, alternating with short spells of sunshine. This particular morning the sun was out brightly but no one was taking any chances. All the girls wore short rubber boots, not high enough to conceal trim calves, raincoats, and caps, and everyone clutched an umbrella besides.

The most delightful portion of the city is the river front. The stately river promenade is interspersed with wide concrete steps leading down to the boat landings. Farmers and fishermen bring their wares to these steps to display or unload them for sale in the nearby two-story market. At certain hours the steps are covered with big red cabbages, potatoes, carrots, cauliflower, fish, spiny *erizos*, sea urchins that have a pungent orange flesh, shrimps, lobsters, all sorts of shellfish, large-sized barnacles called *pícos*, bundles of *cochayuyo*, or brown kelp, which is made into many toothsome delicacies.

Here to the river steps, the folk bring their little tin charcoal braziers and heat their meals, chunks of fresh meat or fish on live coals, and eat it bare fisted. Many peasants are clad in colorful *huaso* costumes, with shaggy black sheep's-wool capes.

The buildings back of the promenade and facing the river are mostly government offices, commission agencies, or poor inns for river travelers. Some inns, like the Spanish *posadas*, are built around corrals for the mules and horses of the travelers.

On the other side of the water rise the steep glistening slopes of Teja (Tile) Island, between the Cruces and Cancán rivers. There, out of prolific hemlocks, cypresses, honeysuckle, morning-glories, on the high bluffs above the little landings and along winding paths or roads, rise dwellings and factories—beer, shoe, textile, sugar refining, flour mills. The façades have been softened by rain and time and green moss. Both rain and moss are everlasting in Valdivia, and both have brought a brown-green tinge to every wall and roof and curbstone.

We crossed over in one of the small rowboats for the fare of three *cauchas*, less than two cents. These boats are provided with little slatted square boats, turned upside down when not in use, so that the passenger has a dry spot on which to sit if it is raining.

The garden island has its own semi-independent community, with stores, a cheap movie, and a barnlike auditorium for prize fights and dances. Beyond the climbing paths, thick with moss, ivy, ferns, honeysuckle, and trees, the sidewalks soon give way to the muddy streets of the workers' quarters, poor damp shacks. Miry roads lead back through green meadows to dairy farms.

The night of Santiván's dinner there was a tremendous factory fire on the island, and we came down to the river front to watch the flames. So did all the fire apparatus in Valdivia, but once there they had no means of getting across. No ferry was equipped to handle the apparatus. But all the voluntary firemen in their gaudy helmets rushed over in every available rowboat and helped the fire company on the island, soon getting the blaze under control.

To the south of Teja Island, across a narrow river channel, lies Islote (Big Island) also glistening green, with a few picturesque chalets poking from among the trees.

Large river ferries are tied to the landings or ply up and down the stream; tugs and coal barges pull past; small freighters nose in. Larger seagoing vessels moor at the river mouth downstream and send up passengers by launch. The river shores are lined with many boatyards, and these were all busy.

The vistas all along the densely wooded shores are handsome. Valdivia itself climbs up gently from the river on three

sides, an up-and-down city. Every corner glistens with verdure and flowers; so does all the countryside about, the bright green of ever new growth that shoots forth at all seasons of the year. The whole place is a most satisfying combination of quaintness, ancient glories, old customs, and busy modernity. It has many new buildings among the old moss-grown walls, many bright stores, numerous bookshops, paved streets, and a pleasing social life.

The largest bookstore was run by a Peruvian exile, who had had to leave his country during the Benavides dictatorship. We spent many hours there, browsing around and talking, for it is a rendezvous for all the writers and painters of the community.

As one walks through the older parts of the city, the architecture is extraordinarily varied, a product of many climes, many cultures, and many epochs, from early Spanish and Moorish through nineteenth-century gingerbread to the modernistic with horizontal glass and chrome. There are many German-style cottages, for this city, though so old in the annals of the colony, was really built up in modern times by German immigration. Today, however, the tide of southern-expanding Chilean migration has flowed over the place; the third- and fourth-generation Germans are quite as Chilean as our Wisconsin Germans are American, though still with similar predilections for beer and *Kaffeeklatsch*, rather than tea.

In the last analysis one finds that in the architectural hodgepodge of the little port, much of the building can be ascribed only to the genial originality of the Valdivians themselves for you will not find some specimens anywhere else even in Chile.

Most construction is of wood. Some of the older houses are gradually rotting away from the eternal damp, especially poorer dwellings frequently unable to afford the luxury of paint. High on some banks are poverty shacks, supports nearly gone, now propped up by big timbers braced far out in the street, a most casual way of forestalling ultimate fate and a provisional arrangement that has lasted for considerable time to judge from the mossy state of the beams. Some of these shacks are veritable cliff dwellings and how even the goats get in and out is a mystery. But most of Valdivia is extraordinarily neat and well kept.

A big monument to Bolívar occupies one side of a plaza on the avenue leading out to the big new concrete bridge, which spans the broad Calle-Calle River. Several old Spanish fortresses tower, half hidden by poplars, out of house gardens. Their round turrets look black and grim above the tree growth. Across the Calle-Calle on the new concrete bridge are boat-yards, wooded picnic grounds, and a river beach much used in the summer months.

The city was founded in 1552 by an advance force of Valdivia under Captain Juan Bautista Pastenne, the Genoese navigator who first explored the Chilean coast. It was set up to drive a southern wedge below the troublesome Araucano Indians. The proximity of gold and silver mines, which the Spaniards worked with Indian slaves or through the weapon of forced tribute, provided a strong additional incentive for maintaining a settlement so distant from Santiago for so long.

When it was wiped out by Toqué Paillamachú in 1599, he is said to have taken a million in gold as booty. Avenging the horrible torture and death meted out to Toqué Caupolicán half a century before, the Indian leader quartered all persons found bearing arms. Women and girls were distributed and taken off to the villages; young boys were adopted, and some of these, it has been claimed, became the fiercest enemies of the Spaniards.

In 1640 the Dutch seized and held Valdivia for three months, with customary freebooter looting and raping.

During much of the colonial period, both Santiago and Lima, Peru, dumped criminals here. From 1645 on it was made directly dependent upon Lima rather than Santiago and so was tied to the colonial system longer than any important center in Chile. It was well fortified and remained pro-Royalist long after independence. Lord Cochrane, with only a handful of men, stormed its strong forts before sailing north to subdue Peru and Ecuador.

Today, Valdivia, with its bracing springtime climate, is the flourishing center of a rich agricultural region, the outlet for much lumbering, has important shipyards, and downstream, besides its many consumers'-goods industries, it has a large steel mill at Corral.

It is also an important cultural and art center. Its *liceo* was

established in the late fifties under President Montt, and it has other fine modern schools. No city of similar size in the United States has so many bookstores. Numerous leading Chilean writers make their homes here by preference. It is a great spot for painters, not only from Chile but from many other South American countries, who have been inspired by the quiet charm and haunting beauty of the place.

Most excursions out of Valdivia—and all are delightful—are by river boat. By road or launch just south are Old and New Angachilla, with enjoyable gardens and beach restaurants. Many apple orchards surround the river settlements and *de rigueur* is the drinking of apple *chicha*, a fermented cider, the favorite drink of the region.

Corral, eleven miles downstream at the mouth of the Valdivia River, can be reached by ferry twice daily. It has steel rolling mills, installed in 1906 and later modernized with up-to-the-minute equipment. It lies on a small enclosed, densely wooded bay and is a picturesque place of workers' homes climbing up the hills in terraces reached by winding paths, steps, and looping roads. Many houses cluster in little ravines amid thick evergreen growth, the big trees that predominate throughout the whole region. In colonial days strong forts ringed the harbor entrances, and the ruins of these are still visible.

Downstream ferries put in at Niebla (Fog), with its Pioja (Louse) Fort beneath old cliff-perched cannon, and at Amargos (Bitters) on the outer shore. At Niebla, which has both sea and river beaches, are pleasant little German hotels which specialize in sea foods and tea kuchen. The Miramar is a handsome restaurant with beautiful views of Corral.

Special launches can be hired to go up the Valdivia tributaries, where are strung a whole series of agreeable little river and fishing settlements. The largest center up the Cruces River is San José de la Mariquina, headquarters of the apostolic vicarate and all Catholic missionary efforts among the Araucanos, who still staunchly resist conversion. The Church maintains a seminary and a "nature" sanitarium here.

West, over bad roads, are numerous other primitive but beautiful bathing and fishing beaches.

LAKES AND ISLANDS

PUERTO MONTT

WHETHER you enter Puerto Montt by rail or by plane or by the sea, you will enjoy a gorgeous spectacle by day or by night.

We have circled down into the port by train on various occasions. Below stretches out the great deep purple but shimmering Reloncavi Gulf and the Tenglo channel to the inner arm of the bay. The shores are deeply wooded from the water clear to the highest eminence. Far to the east rises the fine Chaltuco snow peak. Soon the city is seen curving along the green shore, like a white arm thrown about the bay.

At night, the far-flung lines of light, all the dots and dashes of light, the shore circle of light, are like golden chains about the neck of the dusky waters. Then comes the crisscross mat of light that marks the city proper.

Equally beautiful and inspiring is the sea approach through a tangle of green islands and narrow passageways growing tighter as one moves finally to the head of the Reloncavi Gulf.

The tides at Puerto Montt have a sweep of from thirty to forty feet, so docks are built high. Since we hit there at low tide, we had to climb up a steep gangplank to get to the wharf. Sailboats were stranded high in the sand. This supplies smaller craft with a natural drydock for minor repairs.

Here, at the southern end of the city are sawmills, lumberyards, and docks. The air is fresh and biting with the scent of pine and alerce and other pungent woods, the smell of fish and kelp, the exhilarating freshness of the sea.

The harbor is always busy, colorful with sailboats, dotted

with rafts bringing in products from farms tucked away in far corners on the inner estuaries and many islands. Great gangs of logs come chained in tow from logging camps far down toward Cape Horn. Big three-masters, passenger liners, and freighters are bound up the coast or more often headed for the Straits of Magellan or around the Horn. Those of the latter routes can be spotted instantly. They look very weather-beaten and jaunty after their run through Antarctic waters.

In the harbor is an *Ancient Mariner* frigate with storm-stained yards and gray hull, drenched with guano, tinged with moss, which is used to store coal with which to service vessels. It is a favorite perch for gulls and albatrosses, birds that cloud the skies at these latitudes and sometimes fly by in dark banks for hours on end.

The little town, because of its all-year rainfall, is eternally glistening and green, though buildings, walls, and roofs are not caked with moss as in Valdivia. A single long avenue curves beside the shore. Two blocks from the water the side streets bump into the hills, which as yet the city has scarcely begun to climb, although on one high shoulder is a new modern hospital.

The place was not founded until 1853—by the Chilean writer, Vicente Pérez Rosales, who was an agent for German immigration. He named it after one of Chile's busiest presidents, who was then in office. Today it is capital of big Llanquihué Province and is one of the most picturesque and important ports of the country.

Puerto Montt's bathing beach is at the Point at Pellaco on Reloncavi Gulf, a quaint town with steep roofs. We didn't tackle a swim for it was already the cold season, and even in summer the water is said to be pretty icy. The favorite picnicking spot for the city is Tenglo Island, which has a high hill providing a fine view of the harbor and the gulf and the snow volcanoes.

A road from Puerto Montt runs east to Chamiza, a military air base a few miles distant on Coihuin River—good fishing there—and on to little Piedra Azul (Blue Stone) port at the head of a deep narrow bay. A cart road goes up the Coihuin to Lake Chapo.

launch, are very beautiful. An unusual launch trip can also be made through these estuaries, past Yates Volcano, winding up through various settlements to the Petrohué baths and to Petrohué on Todos Santos Lake. The traveler can then go by auto to La Ensenada, by ferry across Lake Llanquihué to Puerto Varas, then back to Puerto Montt by bus or train. For those not wishing to hire a special launch, the Servicio Marítimo of the national railroads provides regular boat service, the SS *Lemuy*, which leaves Puerto Montt every Tuesday at 8 A.M. and returns Wednesdays from the head of the estuary at 7 A.M. It puts in at many small hidden bays and settlements. Particularly attractive is Llahuepe on a deep bay right at the foot of tall Yates Volcano. To the south is magnificent snow-clad Hornpirén Mountain. The stop at Yates on the Rio Puelo is the jumping-off place for beautiful Tagua-Tagua Lake. The terminal boat stop is at Ralún at the mouth of the Petrohué River right across from the hot springs.

By launch or the regular coastal boats from Puerto Montt, one can visit Calbuco, center of the south Chile fishing industry, on an island of the same name right at the entrance of Reloncavi Gulf. The trip there is through picturesque island channels. There is a small hotel. Other towns and fishing villages dot the gulf and outer ocean shore; some of them can also be reached by car. At Carelmapú are the ruins of an old Spanish fort set there at the gulf entrance as a protection against pirates.

Puerto Montt lies at the southern end of Chile's 2,000-mile-long mainland rail system, which starts in the far north in the nitrate port of Pisagua. Puerto Montt is thus the last land tie with central continental Chile. Below, to the south, is another world altogether: channels and islands, snow ridges, icy plains and glaciers, a maritime world where the population is sparser even than in the northern deserts, where the climate at certain seasons can be harsh, where life can be dangerous and is nearly always a struggle.

Yet, although there is little summer, most of the sea-level areas and the islands do not have as cold a winter climate as New England. In spite of surrounding glaciers and the remoteness, there are some very livable and rich farming regions that are now gradually being opened up. In fact the whole area has

been pushing ahead steadily. New farms, new industries, new towns have been springing up. It is an expanding frontier world.

CHILOÉ ISLAND

One portion of that southern world has been settled for untold ages and was one of the first regions to be taken over by the Spaniards—Chiloé Island.

Chiloé Island, Place of Seagulls, is one of the rainiest, dripiest places on earth, with great treacherous bogs and a fantastic all-devouring vegetation. No tropic jungle is so dense and overpowering. Long streamers and massed climbers swing from the trees. Ferns turn into bushes and climb up trunks. Gold and lavender lichens burst from dead trunks. There is a superabundance of sea, animal, and bird life. Some small adjacent islands and those on south are black with seals. Sea otters are common.

Man always makes use of the materials at hand, and the luxuriant vegetation has provided many things useful to settlers. The tougher climbing vines provide ropes and string; they are used for the weaving of baskets. The dried moss serves for mattresses. Replicas of steel locks and keys are carved out of ironwood. The same wood makes the carved images of the saints more enduring than in any other part of the world. Fungi on the beech trees provide a food delicacy.

At the northeast corner of the island, the closest point across the five-mile channel from the mainland, is Chacao, founded in 1567. For two hundred years it was the chief town and capital of Chiloé but was practically abandoned in the nineteenth century. Later the town of Castro, halfway down the island, became the capital. In 1887 the seat of the provincial government was transferred to Ancud on the north shore.

This port was founded in 1768 on the Chacao channel beside the Pudeto River. It is backed by hills and mountains, dense with dripping vegetation. During the independence wars Lord Cochrane stormed Ancud and temporarily wrested it away from the Spaniards. They soon won it back and hung onto it until 1826 when two armed expeditions led by President Ramón Freire made it part of independent Chile.

The humble little port is divided into two sections, and a single tall church tower dominates the town's silhouette. The lower port section, with wharves and business buildings, is flanked by a winding shore road lined with shacks. Better residences, little wooden cottages not in typical Spanish Moorish style, stand on higher elevations.

Sea food is abundant and varied, and the lobsters from the nearby Gulfs of Ancud and Quetalmahué are rivaled only by those from Juan Fernández Island.

Near the town is Mount Caracoles which provides a magnificent view. Not far off is Fort San Fernando where an independent obelisk has been erected. Another old Spanish fort was located at the old town of Chacao on the channel, now only a fishing village and lumber center. The fort was razed by the Dutch pirate, Hendrik Brouwer, in 1643, and today little more than the foundations and magazine rooms are visible under the mantle of vegetation.

There is a difficult highway, also a railroad south from Ancud to Castro, about a five-hour trip. Daily service is provided. The tracks run through farm meadows and dense hill forests, beside little rivers and lakes. Here and there cart roads run off to farm settlements or to small coastal villages.

Castro, the main island port with 4,378 inhabitants, lies on the Gamboa River atop a deep inlet and fine bay fronted by the big island of Lemuy. Beyond is a dense archipelago between Ancud Gulf on the north and Corcovado Gulf on the south.

Castro was founded in 1567 by Martínez Ruiz de Gamboa, a famous Spanish officer, later governor of Chile, and it was named after the Peruvian viceroy of that day. In 1599 it was captured by the Dutch pirate, Baltazar de Cordés, with the aid of rebellious local Indians. He killed every male Spaniard he could lay his hands on. It was razed a second time by Hendrik Brouwer who died on the island.

The present town climbs up the hilly bluffs in scattered fashion from tall tide docks and warehouses. The center of the settlement stands above on a small open plateau.

It is a lumbering, farming, fishing, and shipping center. Considerable wheat and potatoes are exported. Potatoes grow wild on the island.

Shore roads lead south to fishing villages then west to Lake Huillinco, named after the early Indian "south people." Various towns on the numerous islands can be reached by launch. Other roads lead to interior farm areas.

No development exists on the whole west coast, which is lined with high mountains and exposed to constant heavy storms, and only rough trails lead across to that shore.

Similarly the lower two thirds of Chiloé is also little developed. There are deep forests and splendid lakes, mostly difficult to reach. On the far southeast are small shore settlements, the most important being Quellón with 7,628 inhabitants, on the Corcovado Gulf.

The Department of Quinchao is made up wholly of offshore islands of which Quinchao is the largest and contains the capital, a place of 707 inhabitants, out of a total of 16,885 in the whole department.

These islands and settlements can be visited by regular twice-a-week steamship service out of Puerto Montt, on little freight and passenger vessels that touch at every tiny port. The vessels are not too uncomfortable and in few places in the world will one find more friendly folk than these simple free people of the southern archipelagos.

Darwin visited many of the islands in 1833, including Lemuy and Cailín. Lemuy now has a little fishing village, Pulquedón, and a cart road running its whole length, but when Darwin visited there, it was so wooded right to the water's edge his party found it difficult to locate an open place big enough to pitch their tents.

They were soon surrounded by Indians anxious to barter, particularly for tobacco, indigo dye, spices and pepper, old clothes, and gunpowder with which to make a racket in their fiestas. They told Darwin his arrival had been announced by the little red-breasted *cheuque* birds, crying "Beware! Beware!" He found the natives already plentifully supplied with sheep, goats, pigs, horses, and cattle, but mostly they lived on shellfish and potatoes, as they do today. They trapped fish in underwater corrals. The fish are left stranded when the extraordinarily high tide of these regions goes down.

On Cailín Island, Darwin's sailors, in exchange for three

ha'pence of tobacco, secured two ducks. Several three-shilling cotton handkerchiefs secured three sheep and a large bunch of onions.

Below this on southwest San Pedro Island, Darwin discovered a new species of fox peculiar to that one little island. Presumably the specimen he killed and stuffed still graces the London Zoological Society Museum. The forest on this island was so thick with trees and undergrowth they were unable to climb to the top of little San Pedro Hill. In some places they walked along for as much as ten minutes at a time on high branches ten or fifteen feet above the ground, and the sailors amused themselves by calling out soundings. Elsewhere they crawled on hands and knees, but the maze of vegetation proved impenetrable, and they finally had to turn back. On the islands south, as one still does today, Darwin saw a multitude of seals, sea otters, black-necked swans, and scrawny-necked buzzards.

All told, Chiloé Island extends 100 miles between Guapacho on the north and Punta Olleta on the south. Its widest point is 38.5 miles; its total area slightly under 10,000 square miles. The province of Chiloé includes about a thousand islands, part of which are in the vast Chonos Archipelago to the south.

SOUTH CHILE

On south from Puerto Montt, though the passage is often risky, is some of the most awe-inspiring scenery in the world: deep purple seas dotted with green islands, mighty cliffs, forests, waterfalls, blue glaciers that break off into the sea. Often enormous tides rush in and out through narrow passageways with frightening roar and great speed. Lighter craft can easily be crashed to destruction, and off the western entrance to the Straits of Magellan, a place known as Ships Graveyard is stacked high with big and little vessels that have hit one of the mighty Antarctic storms and have perished.

But in threading those channels, once past such danger points, the vessel may find itself in some landlocked bay, glass calm, where it is almost impossible to note the rapidly changing tide.

Regular passenger vessels thread those inland waters, touching at numerous ports on Chiloé Island, the mainland, and

swinging through various intricate archipelagos. The main vessels go clear down to Puerto Aisén, set under a high bluff at the head of a long estuary.

This port is of recent origin but has progressed rapidly as the virgin country in the back valleys has been opened up with roads to provide new farm and cattle acreage. The government has put in large sums for development and expects to put in much more on roads, schools, and other improvements. New settlers are pushing up along the rich Simpson and Coyhaiqué valleys clear to the Argentine frontier. New mines have opened up. Another new farming and cattle area is developing just to the north in the fertile Nireguay Valley. The region is dotted with freshly built log cabins set in stump fields. The whole area is abustle.

Farther south—and once or twice a year a special tourist steamer makes the trip—is one of the most interesting and spectacular of all Chilean lakes, San Rafael. It is surrounded by high snow mountains and forests. The dark purple waters lie directly under lofty San Rafael Peak and the big icy San Valentín Range, which glitters like a million diamonds. Great blocks of ice keep falling into the waters from overhanging glaciers atop tall cliffs, then float about as icebergs, sometimes a hundred feet long and thirty feet high. Across the still sweep of forest and water comes the slow tearing sound of breaking ice that grows to a crackle, a crash, and a roar. The huge violet mass plunges down with mighty thunder, sending huge waves galloping clear across the lake.

Travelers put up at a fine modern fifty-bed hotel located on nearby Ofqui Isthmus, where a radio station is available. As the traveler threads back through Elephant Narrows and on north past the great Chonos Archipelago to Chiloé Island and Puerto Montt, he will carry with him a memory of one of nature's most majestic spectacles.

Far to the south in the cold region of Chile on the Straits of Magellan is Punta Arenas, the world's southernmost city, with many modern conveniences. The city can be reached by weekly passenger vessel or by overland busses from Argentina. It is one of the world's most important sheep and wool exporting points, a center for coal mining, and, of late, an oil industry.

North of it, reached by boat or overland by car, is the sheep and wool port of Natales, a dreary cold little port, but from here one can visit the beautiful Payne Cordillera, an impressive jumble of black fantastically cut peaks draped with snow and glaciers.

To the south, Tierra del Fuego—Fire Land—is made up of one very large island, Tierra Grande, and thousands of smaller ones.

Bulky, snub-nosed Cape Horn is located on Hornos Island, formed by twin peaks about 700 feet high. The island is part of the Hermit Archipelago located below Navarino and the wide Nassau Gulf. Cape Horn is merely an outjutting precipice on the south side. It was named after the Dutch city of Horn, from which an exploring expedition set out in the sixteenth century.

All the waterways of Tierra del Fuego are incredibly beautiful—green shores, meadows, forests, seas set against eternal glaciers and snows—a combination of Norway and Switzerland.

Not even Switzerland, however, has such beautiful mountain and lake scenery as southern Chile, neither so much of it nor such a varied assortment. Here above the coast railroad cities are magnificent routes up through the Andean gorges to Argentina, past fine hot springs and vacation resorts, white volcanoes and ski runs, woods and lakes of every size with amazing tinted waters.

The best places from which to set out for the various lake regions and trans-Andean routes are Temuco, Valdivia, Osorno, Puerto Varas, and Puerto Montt. Of these the finest hotel accommodations are found in Osorno and Puerto Varas.

One of the most economical and beautiful, though less used and not so developed, routes of the southern region, is out of Curacautín, a small plains city north of Temuco. It lies in a circle of magnificent hot-spring resorts.

The international road from here is truly majestic. From the famous Manzanares hot springs, fifteen miles above Curacautín, it crosses the tremendous Raices (Roots) Cordillera, higher in some places than the main Andean ridge. From its lofty reaches one can get a startling view of lofty Lanín, snow peak on the frontier.

The road then drops down into fertile Lonquimay Valley and

to Lonquimay town. The river alongside provides good trout fishing. Soon the road passes by San Pedro Lake, offering duck shooting, and passes on into the great Bío-Bío Valley. Lake Galletué, accessible by horseback, can be seen shimmering in the distance.

Bío-Bío River is crossed by ferry and a few miles beyond, the frontier station of Lincura is reached. The traveler there selects either of two roads to reach Zapala in Argentina—the Pino Hachado (Cut Pine) Pass, which leads to Lake Lajas, or the Del Arco Pass, which leads past famous Lake Aluminé on the eastern slope of the Andes.

Regular bus service over this route, via Pino Hachado Pass, is maintained out of Curacautín every Wednesday and Saturday. The trip takes about eleven hours, and the fare is about \$15.00. Passage by train (biweekly schedule) from Zavala, Argentina, to Buenos Aires is \$17.50. This is one of the cheapest and most exciting trans-Andean routes.

LAKE REGION I

Fine lakes lie southeast of Temuco in the Andean region. A road and also a branch railroad, from Freire station provide transportation to Cunco on the Allipén River. A road runs up beside this river, which lies between the impressive Nevadas de Solipulli on the south and, to the north, the Cordillera de Melo and beautiful Llaima Volcano with its exhilarating ski runs.

The primitive but exciting region beyond can be reached only on horseback, for about twenty miles beyond Cunco the road breaks down into divergent horse trails. One of these goes up beside a small tributary to the trail from the Blanco hot springs to Galletué Lake. Other trails go up to various snow passes and over to Lake Aluminé in Argentina. In another direction, south from Cunco, a trail goes to large, completely virgin Lake Colico.

The more convenient route to Lake Colico is by valley auto road from Choroico station to Puerto Corrales on the south side. The north shore road passes across mountains to Puerto Trafanpullí on the northeast shore of long narrow Lake Camburga, where there is a small backwoods hotel. Everything is

pretty primitive hereabouts, with practically no accommodations, but there is convenient launch service on the lakes.

More accessible is Lake Villarrica, one of the most handsome bodies of water in the country.

This can be reached by direct highway from Temuco, via Freire, along the wooded Toltén River to the town of Villarrica on the west end of the lake. This is a newly settled region. The houses are humble boards or log cabins; the wheat and corn fields, fenced with hand-hewn rails, are still full of fresh-cut stumps.

One can also reach the lake quite comfortably by road or train from the Loncoche station. In summer there is a through sleeper direct from Santiago to the lake.

The town of Villarrica, with 20,000 inhabitants, is handsomely situated on the shore among big evergreen beech groves. Here are beautiful views of magnificent mountains and the white Villarrica cone, perfect in shape with wide flowing snow shoulders. Its inverted shape glimmers in the deep still lake waters.

Villarrica was founded in 1553 by Gerónimo Alderete, a lieutenant of Valdivia, and gained prominence very early. It had to be abandoned the following year when Toqué Lautaro swept the Spaniards out of all south Chile. Later it was wiped out again in about 1600 by Toqué Paillamachú. Today it is one of the many gems in the crown of Chile's glistening lake regions.

A fair road runs south from Villarrica through Voipiré settlement to Licán Rayán near the north shore of Lake Calafquén. The main road, eighteen miles long, around the south shore of Lake Villarrica through Moico settlement reaches Pucón at the outlet of the Trancura River. There is also service on the *Doña Rosa*, a ferry boat.

Pucón is a splendid spot with one of the really fine hotels of the land, right on the water front, with 180 beds, golf course, and other recreational facilities. The location is incredibly beautiful: the lake stretching out serene, the mountains and forests, the white majesty of Villarrica Volcano towering overhead.

A road leads south from Pucón to Palguín, high on the flank

of the volcano, where there are fine all-year ski runs, with rustic lodges for stopovers. There, even more magnificent views can be had.

THE MAMUIL-MAMAL TRANS-ANDEAN ROUTE

At Pucón begins one of the most interesting trans-Andean road routes, over to Junín in Argentina. The road—not too good—leads up the Trancura River with fine views all the way of great forests, lakes, and mountains smothered with eternal snow, now and then a frosty glint from a glacier. Presently one gets the majestic sweep of the main sawtooth Andean ridge, with mighty peaks all about, the Villarrica, Quetropillán, and most majestic of all, great Lanín right on the frontier.

Now and then the road is filled with great sheep or cattle herds, tended by Gauchos in flaring trousers, for this is one of the main routes for driving in animals from Argentina.

Seventeen miles beyond Pucón are the Menetué hot springs. The hotel, one of the renowned Bonfanti chain, is elementary but comfortable, and the scenery is beyond comparison. To one side are the famous Palguín baths.

The highway goes on up past primitive poverty-stricken farms along foaming Tancura River to Curarrehué. From here a horseback trail goes north up Maichín River, a breath-taking ride along precipices to the Nellocahuín Pass.

The main road forward is flanked with mighty primeval forests. Here and there are great waterfalls flashing rainbow colors in the sun, sending a mighty roar through the stillness. Presently the way swings south up the Puesco River gorge to Lake Quilleihué, a little gem among mighty mountain prongs.

This lake is crossed by a small flat-bottomed boat just big enough for one car.

The highway leads on east through gray volcanic ash almost to the base of Lanín Peak and on through Mamuil-Mamal Pass, then alongside famous Lake Tromén in Argentina, which is also set in mighty evergreen forests.

LAKE REGION II

One of Chile's most splendid lake regions, where lie Panguipulli and Calafquén, inaccessible and unknown a few years

ago, now can be reached by various highways. A new branch rail line is being pushed in. It has reached about halfway to Purritón, where a bridge is now being built across the Leufthade River.

The highway to the two lakes starts from Lanco station on the main rail line and follows the river more than a third of the way. It is only about an hour's drive to either lake.

Calafquén Lake lies in forest country and has eleven heavily wooded islands, excellent for camping, fishing, and shooting. Horse trails lead around both sides of the lake. The north trail follows to Licán Rayán near the north shore, where a passable road comes in from Lake Villarrica to the north and continues to Trairaico and Coñaripe on the east end of the lake.

A two-mile road from Coñaripe reaches small Lake Pallaita surrounded by steep forested mountains—a stillness deep as the last peace. Beyond Pallaita a short road reaches high to the virgin ski runs of Changlín Mountain. Other trails go up to the north of Lake Pallaita then swing south to Lake Neltumé and the Fui River.

The south trail from Port Calafquén goes to small Lake Pullingué, then to the shore of Calafquén again, where a boat may be taken to Coñaripe. Another trail goes southwest from Port Calafquén across Cuarehué River and follows northeast to Panguipulli Lake till it reaches Fui River. Prior to this a branch trail shoots east across a range to small Lake Neltumé and Puerto Shoshuenco.

Port Panguipulli provides a superb view of four great snow crests: Villarrica, Quetopillán, Lanín, and Shoshuenco, a magnificent backdrop for the purple waters and forests. Roads and trails go on to Calafquén and Lake Pullingué, and the horse trail follows the whole northeast shore of Lake Panguipulli to Shoshuenco.

During summer months a good-sized lake steamer, the *Enco*, crosses Lake Panguipulli to Puerto Shoshuenco and ascends the Fui River to Lake Pirehueico, one of the most lofty and magnificent in Chile.

A road goes from Puerto Shoshuenco to Puerto Fui, with a mile long side road to Lake Neltumé.

The steamer, however, continues on through long narrow

Lake Pirehueico the whole length, past forested mountains, clear to Pirehueico port near the Argentine border—a fantastically beautiful spot with good accommodations.

The traveler can go up the connecting Huahún River through the pass to the town of Huahún on Lake Lacar in Argentina. A road is also available.

One then crosses Lake Lacar, another long thin body of water to San Martín de los Andes, an important Argentine mountain and lake city. A good road goes on to Junín, a rail head.

It is possible, then, to return to Puerto Shoshuenco and take an alternate route back through the short Enco River to Puerto Enco on the eastern tip of Lake Riñihué and there take a boat to the western end, then a train to Valdivia.

Or the circle can be reversed: by highway from Valdivia to Lake Riñihué, or by branch railroad from Los Lagos (ten miles) then by boat to Puerto Enco.

LAKE REGION III

An even more wonderful lake region lies below here.

Southeast from Valdivia a good highway leads to La Unión, a progressive little city on the Lollehué and Radimadi rivers and on the main railroad. Just south is the picturesque La Barra hotel resort on the lofty banks of Bueno River.

The highway from La Unión through Los Lagos, also on the main rail line, forks, the north branch going to Lake Riñihué, the south to Futrono and Paillaco, sawmill places on the north shore of big Ranco Lake. A good road goes on to the prize spot on the lake, the town of Llifén beside tall cliffs and dense forests. Excursions can be taken to lake harbors and islands and up the Calcurripe River to Lake Maihué, higher in the wild sierra, with two picturesque ports, Vásquez and Marín.

Other points on Lake Ranco can be reached by steamer, or by road or railroad. The railroad goes to Río Bueno on the river bluffs, then swings southeast to the town of Lake Ranco in the middle of the south shore. The highway goes to Puerto Nuevo.

From the town of Lake Ranco, numerous steamer trips can be taken to islands, one of which has a large deer farm. Boats

also go to picturesque Golfo Azul with a small hotel, to Coliqu (small hotel), and to Futrono and Paillaco.

South of La Unión the main rail line offers magnificent spectacles of snow volcanoes along the eastern horizon, directly above neat farming country eternally green—all the way to Puerto Montt. It can be compared only to the train ride along the mesa above La Paz or some points on the trans-Andean rail and road routes.

At the junction of the Damas and Rahué rivers lies the progressive city of Osorno, one of the older centers, having been founded in 1558 by García Hurtado. But for two centuries after it was wiped out by the great uprising under Toqué Paillamachú it ceased to exist and was not founded anew till the time of Ambrosio O'Higgins near the end of Spanish rule.

But today it is the most progressive city in south Chile, and its handsome stately plaza is surrounded by tall modern buildings and an up-to-the-minute hotel, the Burnier.

Osorno is the take-off for the famed Bariloche trans-Andean lake route, the most splendid in all Chile. Also from here Lake Ranco can easily be reached by train or road. Other roads lead up to Puyehué and Rupanco lakes.

The last-named is reached directly from Osorno by a southwest road going through Cancura, past Little Lake to Piedras Negras (Black Stones) on the eastern tip of a long narrow bay. Above it rises the Puntagudo cone, one of the more spectacular Andean peaks.

The Puyehué hot springs on Lake Puyehué comprise one of the best resorts in all Chile with every luxury, entertainment, and form of recreation.

Twenty-four miles out on the road from La Unión to Puyehué is a national tourist park with famous cascades, some over one hundred feet high, on the Pilmaiquén River.

The road to the lake runs along the whole south shore to the eastern end, past forests and small islands to the famous hot springs.

Fine lake trips can be taken to the many islands, the largest of which is Fresia. There is a road over two great ridges to Lake Rupanco at Chalupa (Canoe) Point.

LAKE REGION IV AND THE BARILOCHE TRANS-ANDEAN ROUTE

For those who like grand scenery, the overland route out of Osorno to Argentina is the cream of all Chile's offerings, one of the world's truly great excursions. For most people it has provided a supreme memory, the high light of a whole lifetime.

We found the road from Osorno to be a rough gravel affair. It started out through fine wheat country, then cattle meadows. This region has often been compared to the Kentucky blue-grass country—lush green rolling hills. Cowboys dash across the meadows. The road is filled with oxcarts, buggies, wagons, cattle, sheep, and horsemen wearing black *huaso* ponchos, big wooden stirrups, and long blue-steel spurs.

The road soon follows the picturesque foaming Rahué River, with stupendous views of snowy Mount Osorno.

At last, over a ridge, we caught sight of the unusually vivid-colored houses of Puerto Octay on the north shore of Lake Llanquihué, a small town that climbs up among the wooded hills of Centinela Peninsula above a small bay. Everywhere dark forests rear up behind the lake, which stretches off to an often invisible distant shore. Near the town is the much frequented Maitén bathing beach.

Lake Llanquihué, supposed to occupy the vast sunken crater of an extinct volcano, is Chile's largest lake, although the inaccessible Chilean portion of Buenos Aires Lake, far to the south, may be larger. Llanquihué (which perhaps means frog) originally was called Huenaca, or Thieves', Lake because years back Argentine *bandidos* used to slip through the Pangué and Puella passes to steal cattle, kill settlers, mostly Germans those days, and loot.

East from Otay, the international highway skirts the rocky north shore through fishing and resort centers. From Puerto Klocker a road leads up to the refuge and superb ski run of La Picada on the snowy flanks of lofty Osorno Volcano, which majestically dominates the whole Llanquihué and All Saints Lake regions.

As we skirted the lake, another striking snow mountain, semiactive Calbuco Volcano, came into view. Far east were oc-

casional glimpses of other splendid silver heights. We were not entering one of the most impressive regions of all Chile.

The last ten miles of road to La Ensenada (The Cove) on the eastern tip of the big lake was through fantastic lava formations. We reached there by midmorning, and luck was with us as threatening rain clouds, ever a menace in this region, rolled back to let through the sun.

La Ensenada is set on a deep inlet between boldly outlined wooded hills, has beautiful gardens and picturesque environs and a fine little German hotel, clean as a whistle and with fine home-cooked food. From here there were marvelous views, but we soon entered an even more awe-inspiring area.

The international highway doubled back northeast eleven miles over the Mount Osorno foothills, along magnificent wide Petrohué River with its bluish cataracts, foaming rapids, and small cascades, to the town of Petrohué on Lago Todos Santos (All Saints Lake).

We faced the curving shore of the most beautiful of all Chilean lakes.

At the port we enjoyed a fine meal with music. Our terrace table overlooked the lake and the mountains carpeted with big alerce forests and rising to great sheets of eternal snow.

The lake steamer, *El Tronador* (Thunderer), is a spark-throwing wood-burner with an eccentric list, like an old man with a short leg. It moved out sedately but asthmatically from the wooded bay past forested hills. The water was an intense green—sometimes this is called Emerald Lake. Waterfalls leaped down from the crags like liquid mountain goats, flashing from woods to woods, disappearing, flashing out again from sharp pinnacle to rocky basin. The sun was now glinting blindingly, diamond bright on snow and glaciers.

The lake, at no place more than five miles wide, winds along through the sheer mountains and forests for forty miles, each turn more breath-taking than the previous one. The beauty of the scenery is scarcely rivaled anywhere else on earth.

The highest, most impressive mountains fringing the lake are Osorno, Picado (Sharp), Puntagudo (Sharp Pointed), Teichado (Roofed) Bonecheme, Bonete (Cap), and, most commanding of all, Tronador. The Thunderer is so named because

of the frequent thunderous roars of snow cascades and toppling glaciers, sometimes heard for thirty miles and filling the silent world about with an earth-shaking cannonading. The Thunderer presents a majestic snow crest with long glaciers veining far down into the darker slopes below, as though a huge hand dipped in white paint had gouged down the side of the mountain. Puntagudo is a thrilling white needle stabbing the sky above a great sweep of black forest. Techado is a great hulking mountain that looks like a thick flat thatched roof weighted with snow. Osorno is a perfect cone surmounted by beautiful color-changing clouds.

The vessel listed past Bariloche Island and Victoria Island, little green jewels with small settlements and piers. Several times it stopped, whistling shrilly, to deposit or take on messages, packages, passengers. Once the vessel waited patiently while a shore urchin megaphoned through his hands then leisurely rowed out. Cattle were wading over to a small island.

To a local girl we remarked, "This is certainly the world's most beautiful spot. God must be close at hand here."

"It is true that God does not always forget us here. As for this being the world's most beautiful spot—that I would not know, since I have not seen the rest of the world, not even a tiny ways. We do not have much, so very little, but what we see all the time is a great deal."

"Don't you yearn to go to the big city, see shop windows and fine clothes and movies?"

"It would be nice, but I might not like it better than here. Who knows?" And she looked up meaningfully at the mighty crest of Bonecheme.

In two magic hours the little steamer reached Puella (Whirlpool) a town on the eastern shore. Here, over the calm lake, rises a tidy picturesque hotel, in a little settlement among giant coigüé and alerce trees, wooden houses, and log cabins with white fences and corrals. The little hotel stands at the foot of a log- and stump-strewn hill in a meadow of wild rhubarb, flax, and fuchsias—a flower that grows gaily all the way from Santiago to Punta Arenas.

Here we got a really dazzling view of the great mesh of glaciers on Tronador. Directly southeast is Bonete. This town

LAKES AND ISLANDS

is set in the very throat of the great Andean beast, looking from it through the white sky teeth that hold it there, looking out from dark green forests at the long shimmer of Santos Lake with all its reflected colors.

The spectacle can be viewed well from other angles by taking horseback trips to Lago Encantado (Enchantment Lake) and nearby falls. Launches can be hired to go to Cayutué, a fine little port on the southern arm, or for fishing trips up the river to Lake Cayutué and other swift mountain streams.

From Puella the international auto road climbed up curve on curve to the high crest and the frontier station of Casa Pangué (Rhubarb House). From here we could see Tronador close up in full glory, the most impressive view we had yet had, the glaciers majestic and lonely.

The highway kept on climbing more sharply than ever to Pérez Rosales Pass and to Argentina's Lake Frías. In fifteen minutes a launch ran us over to Puerto Blest on the western tip of famous Lake Nahuel Huapi, where there is a splendid hotel. Right in front of it rises the impressive Three Brother Mountain with its triple cones. Nearby are magnificent cascades.

From here another lake steamer is boarded for either Bahía López or Puente Penuela (Little Rock) where an auto is taken for Bariloche. The train from Bariloche leaves at 9 A.M. and reaches Buenos Aires two days later. One can change to a Pullman at Patagones Station.

Other roads from Bariloche head south among other beautiful Argentine lakes.

Travelers in Chile not going on to Argentina can make an exciting excursion from Osorno by bus as far as Petrohué restaurant on the western end of Todos Santos Lake and take lunch there on the veranda over the water. They can then catch the afternoon bus back through Ensenada to Puerto Varas on the other side of Lake Llanquihué.

This road skirts the whole south shore through bathing resorts and fruit orchards. We took a side excursion to La Poza (Well) and a small lake of the same name by means of a narrow overhung channel completely arched with trees, vines, and

gray Spanish moss. The waters were tinted red and covered with big lily pads. Through this narrowest passageway the launch motor had to be cut off, and the boat was hand-poled.

La Poza is beautiful for its deep reflected shadows. The reddish tint is from the *lingué* trees, the Chilean laurel. Big handsome wooded bluffs and big meadows of yellow quila, a kind of bamboo, fringe the shores.

On Lorelei Island, we found a tearoom where we were able to take in the whole dreamlike setting at our ease. This little island with many paths and cut steps is a jungle of hazelnut trees, bushes, mammoth ferns, wild rhubarb, and gnarled coigue trees. From the summit we obtained a fine view of Osorno and Calbuco volcanoes.

Calbuco to the south is only 6,500 feet high, not too difficult to climb. The first 1,300 feet are through dense pine forests over carpets of pine needles, often slippery; then come snow and ice. On its flanks are numerous medicinal hot springs. The last eruption was in 1928.

From its summit there is a magnificent view of Lake Llanquihué on the north, and Mount Osorno stands out sharply. Northeast is Lake Todos Santos disappearing beyond the intercepting flanks of snowy Mount Santo Domingo. Below, to the east, one can get occasional glimpses of the Petrohué River and the Reloncavi estuary. South is Lake Chapo, and southeast, the silver blue-green Seno de Reloncavi on which stands Puerto Montt. Other big snow cones rise in bold relief.

Puerto Varas on the main trunk railroad line from Osorno on South to Puerto Montt is "the queen of Lake Llanquihué," a smiling resort and fishing town with very modern conveniences, even luxury. It has clean well-lighted streets, and it contains one of Chile's finest hotels. From its high windows, for the town is on a hill sloping to the lake, we could see all the great snow peaks beyond the far shore. Another fine view is obtained from atop Calvario Hill, which rises beside the town hospital. The path to the top is lined with giant ferns and the stations of the cross.

From Puerto Varas, ferries and launches take the visitor around the big lake. There is daily service to La Ensenada, and

a shore road runs north to other lake resorts and clear around to many-tinted Puerto Octay.

And so we thread the last glistening jewel on the trailing gown of Long Land, from the spring-clear skies of Arica to the stormy shores of the Straits of Magellan and the ice flame of Darwin Range and Cape Horn.

HOTELS

SANTIAGO, the capital, is well supplied with hotels, from simple inns of the poor, costing only a few cents, on up to the extremely luxurious hotel, the modern Carrera.

The Carrera, which tops the list, is a gray marble skyscraper on Teatinos Street near the Bulnes Plaza and the Civic Center. In the first-class international tradition, it is a rather stiff, formal hotel, with a price range in American money similar to the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. The Carrera is one of the few establishments that does not customarily provide meals with rooms but is run on the European plan. At present it is the headquarters of a number of foreign embassies unable to find regular quarters in a city whose housing has not kept pace with rapid wartime growth. Panagra air line has an office in the lobby.

Hotel Crillón, though not new, is elegant, traditionally the aristocratic hotel of the city, the one-time *pelucón* or *bigwig* hotel. It has a more intimate and friendly atmosphere, something of the air of some of the historic hostelries down toward Washington Square in New York City. The service is excellent and the food superior to that in the Carrera, the rates about half, from four to five dollars for room and bath with meals.

The businessman's favorite hotel is the City, a dignified place of easy comfort on La Compañía Street. The interior of this gray stone place is old English, reminiscent of the University of Chicago. It is good and efficient without too much ostentation, and though it has more modern appointments than the Crillón

and is quite as comfortable as the Carrera, its rates are slightly less than those of the Crillón.

Some people prefer the very modern smaller Savoy, with its lobby adorned with stamped copper, fine Chilean woods, and bright red leather. The furniture in bar and lobby is modernistic. Its rates parallel those of the Crillón.

In wintertime heat is important, and only these hotels and four others, which serve no meals—the remodeled Splendid and Ritz, and the old but dignified and clean Oddo and Victoria—can be depended upon for warmth from central steam heating. All are centrally located.

Those who prefer a pension may enjoy the de luxe Residencial Lehner on the fifth floor of the big arcaded building overlooking the old Spanish Plaza de Armas, the most ancient part of the city and hard by shopping avenues. This will cost a little over two dollars a day with excellent meals, in general better than in the hotels. It is always warm as toast in winter.

Well spoken of also are Residenciales Brun, Ferrando, and Norris, which are somewhat cheaper.

Hotels near the railroad stations should be avoided because of dubious standards of morality and cleanliness, but other smaller hotels, when heat is not a requirement, which means about nine balmy months of the year, such as the España (good food Spanish style) the Windsor, Mundial, and so on, are clean and set good tables.

A pleasant spic-and-span little French hotel, the Bidart at Nueva York, 9, right beside the Union Club and across the street from the university, has enormous rooms and windows overlooking beautiful O'Higgins Boulevard and with a fine view of the Andean snows. Room and food stand the visitor about two and a half dollars a day, but there are communal baths. The rooms have only running water.

Chileans, preferring wine at all times, do not go in much for predinner cocktails. The best places to get to know ordinary Chileans are in the small, often dirty, little wineshops scattered everywhere through the city. They cater to all classes from *huasos* and *rotos* on up. There you will hear everything discussed: farming, viniculture, stock raising, business, prizefights, Mexican movies, comedian Cantinflas, women, politics, com-

munism, fascism, and democracy. You may even see a fight, although the Chileans, unless much aroused, are a pacific stolid folk compared to Mexicans under like circumstances. You are more likely to strike music, even *huaso* dancing, and a good friendly time.

But such wineshops are beyond the courage and language ability of most visitors. Good bars in the city are not numerous, however. In winter months the Carrera cocktail lounge and bar is an icebox and should be avoided, also the drinks are steep in price and not always recognizable. The Crillón has an easy-going bar with excellent drinks. The City Hotel bar—English style—is more frequented. But the best, also the cheapest drinks in a first-class place, are at the Savoy lounge, cool in summer, warm as toast in winter.

VALPARAISO AND THE BEACHES

The leading Valparaiso Hotel is the Astur on Calle Condell, with rates double those of its nearest competitor, about three or four dollars a day with food. It has 120 rooms, every one with bath, and is a first-class comfortable hotel, but not quite up to the Carrera, Crillón, City, or Savoy in Santiago.

Quite satisfactory also is the Lebell at Brasil, 1710, at about half the price. More modest but with good meals and rooms with bath are the Plaza Coppola, the largest hotel in the city, located at Blanco, 1171; the Rolfs at Serrano, 520; the Paris at Blanco, 1067; the Liguria at Pedro Montt, 1993. The best known boardinghouse is the Residencial Extranjera at Pedro Montt, 1881, which charges slightly under two dollars.

There are many good restaurants, some specializing in sea food. More elegant places are the Monico (Calle Prat), Port Station, Nave (next door to the Intendencia), the Jockey Club on Pedro Montt, the Tortuga (Heras, 447) and Almendral (corner Uruguay and Brasil) which have all sorts of shellfish, lobsters, and so on. The expensive and pleasant El Castillo lies out of town on sea terraces at Altamirano, 1424, the shore-line boulevard.

Many people prefer the hotels and pensions at Viña del Mar, fifteen minutes from Valparaiso. These are generally more expensive, except in the off season, but are far more elegant than

anything in Valparaiso proper, and in general the food is far better.

The leading hotel is the O'Higgins on Arlequí Street, with 250 rooms, which charges from five to six dollars without meals, and about seven dollars up with meals. Slightly more expensive is the luxurious Miramar. Only a little less expensive is the Alcazar at Alvarez, 646.

Every room in the O'Higgins has bath and telephone; lunch and dinner, also *once*, are served with music. There is a grill-room and an American bar. The Miramar is a municipal hotel, very modern, with great terraces overlooking the ocean, a private beach, warm sea-water baths, an artificial cold-water ocean swimming pool, Turkish baths, recreation rooms, and a fine restaurant.

More moderate-priced hotels are France at Alvarez, 746, in the center of town; María Antonieta at Alvarez, 884, at the station but near the shore and with a more intimate pension flavor; Merlier at Valparaiso, 178; Park, 3N No. 813; Playa, at Alvarez, 712, at the station and by the shore; Thomsen at Errázuriz, 613.

The Hotel Hispano beside the station on the Plaza de Parroquia is rated lower but has typical Chilean and Spanish cooking. Recommended boardinghouse is the Residencial Embassy, on Plaza Vergara, open all the year and with central heating, which charges from three to four dollars. Much frequented by Britishers and Americans is the Pension Europa, 1N 461.

In Con Con the best hotel is the Gran, which charges from four to six dollars with meals. It is about half an hour by bus from Valparaiso and is somewhat removed from the center. It has cold and warmed salt-water swimming pools. The next best hotels, much cheaper, have no private baths. The Mansilla and Navarro are comfortable. The boardinghouse, the Residencial Roxy, is right above Yellow Beach, and all rooms face the ocean. It lacks private baths but has hot water in the rooms. Its rates run slightly over two dollars a day with meals.

At Quintero, the new comfortable Hotel El Sauce (Willow) charges less than three dollars for room and meals. It is located in pleasant gardens and has an intimate family atmos-

phere. The next best establishments are the Yachting Club and Monaco.

The Gran Hotel at Zapallar is a big luxury hotel facing the sea. The next, without private baths, is the César. Both charge in the neighborhood of three dollars a day for room and food.

The chief hotel of Papudo is the Ritz, an impressive chalet dominating the avenue and the beach, about five to six dollars a day with meals. It is surrounded by beautiful flowering gardens.

Slightly less expensive are the Gran Hotel and the Hotel Papudo, the latter on the central plaza. Considerably cheaper are the Savoy, recently redecorated, and the Palace. The Residencial Montemar charges about two and a half dollars for room and board. The number of rooms with bath are limited in all the Papudo establishments.

Near inland Quilpué at El Retiro there are numbers of hotels, and private cottages can be rented by day, week, or for the season. Hotel Da Oswaldo, set in a large park, is the best.

At Limache, Hanza Hotel has a swimming pool and tennis courts.

At Olmú there are three very modest hotels.

CONCEPCIÓN

Concepción is well provided with good new hotels.

The City Hotel at Arana, 901, about three blocks from the central plaza, is by far the best and exceedingly comfortable. Rates, with meals, run from three to four dollars for a suite. Meals are served in de luxe style with music and the food is superior to the best in Santiago. There is a good cocktail lounge and good steam heat in winter.

The Ritz on the same street nearer the plaza is also first class, the rates about 30 per cent less, and the Cecil on Plaza España is in about the same category.

More moderate priced but satisfactory are the Claris and Central.

The Residencial Hertol on Barros Arana near the Plaza is very reasonable, but has no rooms with bath.

Talcahuano has the Hotel France, not particularly to be recommended. At the neighboring beaches, Penco has the

small rather primitive Hotel Penquista. At Tomé is the good Hotel Morro, run by the National Savings Fund, but reserved for government employees from January 1 to March 15. There are numbers of modest boardinghouses. Dichato is well supplied with modest hotels in which charges for room and board never exceed two dollars, the best being La Playa, Serena, and Pucón. The Montecristo is a French hotel with good cooking.

The hotels along the coal coast are inferior. At Lota, there is the Comercio; at Laraquete, Hotel Laraquete, also modest boardinghouses; at Arauco, Hotel France.

Between Santiago and Concepción most of the larger towns have fair hotels.

At Rancagua the hotels are primitive, the best being the Santiago and Español. There is a pleasant hotel at Rio Claro—Hotel Rio Claro. And there is an excellent hotel at the Cauquenes hot springs, charging from three to five dollars for room and meals. It is a 200-bed hotel, and 65 of the rooms have private baths. It has miniature golf, ping-pong and billiard tables, stables, and facilities for hunting and fishing.

San Fernando has a very primitive hotel. At the Pichelemú beach there are a dozen modest hotels set in woods and gardens. The Gran Hotel Ross, which charges under three dollars a day for room and board, is surrounded by fine gardens with tailored evergreens.

The small Hotel Curico in Curico is primitive. The much-frequented beach of Illoca has many hotel facilities. All are modest but comfortable establishments. The modern tile-roofed Illoca Hotel has a fine terrace over the beach and good sea food. It has stables with horses for hire. Hotel La Playa, with seaside verandas, provides music for meals and dancing.

Talca has a modern first-class hotel, Gran Hotel Plaza—rate about four dollars for room and meals—one of the best in the country. It is run by the same management as the luxurious O'Higgins Hotel in Viña del Mar. Costing less than half as much is the older Central, without private baths, and a block from the station.

Constitución, as a bathing resort, has many acceptable hotels. The best is the Hotel de la Playa, a long rambling struc-

ture fronting the ocean. All the other hotels are in the city proper, but most of them provide free transportation to the beach.

Facing the main plaza is the Hotel Fazzi, completely remodeled, and with Turkish bath. Most of the other hotels are in the dollar-fifty-room-and-meals category, but nearly all have running water in each room. The best are the Maule, Negri, Gran Hotel, the boardinghouse hotel, Residencial Riqueros. The last-named advertises that it has "modern hygienic artifacts" which is a fancy way of saying "flush toilets."

Linares has a third-rate hotel, the Astur, but at the famous hot baths of Panimávida is one of the best hotels in the country, the Termas, with swimming pool, Vichy-style baths, Turkish bath, Russian bath, and radioactive baths. Most forms of vacation recreation are available. Rates run from two and a half to six dollars with meals.

Chillán has only a third-rate hotel, but the famous baths have a fine establishment, somewhat cheaper than that at Panimávida, but with even more recreation facilities.

Temuco does not have a first-class hotel, and none has proper winter heating. The best is the Gran Hotel Central. The railroad hotel, Gran Hotel Temuco, is a galvanized tin firetrap but with some elegant rooms. But don't be surprised if a rat sneaks in and steals your socks. Both hotels set a good table. Hotel Continental is slightly cheaper.

The small hotel at Villarrica, the Bellavista, is clean and comfortable with excellent food. The Central is cheaper and clean. Across the lake at Pucón is the first-class Hotel Pucón, running to about eight dollars with food for the best rooms. More moderate-priced hotels, without private baths, are the Playa, Gudenschwager (very clean), and the Malbrich.

There are good comfortable hotels at the hot springs of Menetué and Palguín. The Menetué Hotel is run by the renowned Bonfanti chain.

Valdivia has several comfortable remodeled hotels. The old Palace Hotel, facing the main plaza, with its bandstand and handsome trees, makes a brave show of luxury. The prize rooms facing the plaza are a glittering dream, gold curtains, gold

upholstery, gold bed coverings. On a chill night the traveler might well appreciate less elegance and just a little more heat from the enormous steam radiators. The dining room is first class, the tables beautifully set, the food excellent, and there is an unusually good wine cellar. At present the place is owned and run by a Spanish Republican refugee, who busily scans the press for any hint of Franco's downfall.

The Grand Schuster Hotel, half a block from the plaza on a street dipping down to the river, at the corner of Maipú and Yungay, is in the same category and is the only hotel, except for a few primitive inns on the river, that has a few windows providing river views.

On the plaza, also, is the German-run Schild Hotel, with the best bar in town, but lodging and heat are not so satisfactory.

The Hotel Pelz on Chacabuco Street has steam baths.

Downstream, Corral has primitive Amargos Hotel, not to be recommended.

Pleasant and comfortable, with excellent sea food, is the Hotel Riechers at Niebla. Pleasant also, with an equally fine view, and cheaper is the Miramar Hotel. At Amargos there is an excellent small hotel set in a fine garden with greenhouses of rare plants.

In the lake region there is a small hotel at Calafquén and a new modern railroad hotel is to be built there in the near future.

Two small rustic hotels exist in Panguipulli; at Shoshuenco are two tourist boardinghouses; and at Pirehueico a really first-class hotel with every comfort. Yachting and fishing are the chief recreations. Around Lake Ranco are numerous small economical hotels: Lake Ranco, the Manghy; Llifén, the Ziegler; Coiqué, the Playa Coiqué; Golfo Azul, Hotel Golfo Azul.

La Unión has inferior hotels, but Osorno has the first-class but reasonable Hotel Burnier (three-to-four-dollar level with food). Next best is Hotel Osorno. Simple but clean, though without heat and with no private baths, are the Español, Heinrich, Central, Plaza, and the Czaya boardinghouse.

In the adjacent lake region, at the lake and hot-springs resort of Puyehué and at Puerto Varas on Lake Llanquihué are

two of the really good hotels of Chile, comparable to the Carrera of Santiago in price and comfort. The Puyehué Hotel is provided with barber shop, beauty shop, drugstore, gift shop, chapel, movie theater, cocktail lounge, tearooms, grill, dance halls, miniature golf, billiards, swimming pool, cricket field, golf links, tennis courts, children's playrooms and nursery, stables with horses for rent, boats, sailboats and launches for hire. It is probably the most elaborate vacation hostelry to be found anywhere in South America except for several places in Brazil and Argentina.

There is a small clean but elemental hotel in Puella, very picturesquely located.

Around Lake Llanquihué are any number of hotels from the most primitive up to the Puerto Varas Hotel. A very fine moderate-priced hotel is the Centinela on the hilltop among woods on the peninsula near Puerto Octay. Ensenada has a simple neat hotel with fine food, Hotel La Ensenada. There are small hotels and numerous vacation boardinghouses in Frutillar. Beside the de luxe hotel in Puerto Varas, there are any number of good low-priced hotels such as Playa, Gran Hotel Heim, Bellavista, and the Minte boardinghouse.

Below this point in Chile there are few good hotels that can be called first class, although nearly all are neat and clean with perfectly fresh linen. The communal toilets sometimes leave something to be desired.

Puerto Montt has no really first-class hotel and none with central heat in winter, though it is then a pretty chill spot, and in fact some heat is satisfying at nearly any time in the year. The best are the Central, Hein, and Las Camelias. Still cheaper are the Miramar and the tiny García Hotel with only nine rooms.

On Chiloé Island the best is not too good. Ancud has the Plaza Hotel and a few boardinghouses with little comfort. Castro has the rather excellent Hotel Luxor. The small boardinghouses, though very cheap, are scarcely to be recommended except for those wanting local color the hard way.

In Puerto Aisén are the Español and Gran Hotel, both fairly elementary but with heat. Coyhaiqué has three new hotels.

Argentino, Español, and Internacional, all pretty simple. There is a really first-class hotel on Lake San Rafael.

The two best hotels in Puerto Natales are the Colonial and Victoria.

In Punta Arenas the best hotel is the Cosmos, which is very comfortable. It has private baths, good heat, and a nice lobby, and its rates with meals run from two and a half to five dollars a day. Less comfortable and slightly cheaper is the Savoy. The other hotels provide too little heat for this climate, but are fairly clean and have good food. These are the France, Colón, and Cervantes. The Asturias and Jadrán fall into the workmen and sailor class. The Garese boardinghouse is fairly comfortable and reasonable.

Along the whole nitrate coast the only first-class hotel is the Pacifico in Arica at the Peruvian frontier, which is run by the Bonfanti chain. It is delightfully located, overlooking the ocean, has a pleasant cocktail lounge and bar; a fine dining room, and is a quiet restful place in the balmiest climate in the world. Its rates with meals run from three to five dollars.

The Grand Hotel, about four blocks back from the water front, under Greek management, is about half the price of the Pacifico, but there are no private baths. It is unusually clean except for the toilets, and it sets a beautiful table with food far superior to that in the Pacifico.

Smaller hotels are the Imperial and America, not especially to be recommended.

By the time this volume appears a new comfortable hotel will have been completed in Iquique on the main plaza. It is much needed for the best of the present establishments are little better than ratholes.

Antofagasta has no really first-class hotel. The Maury on the harbor front is the best and has some rooms with bath. The rooms facing the sea are really pleasant. The price is about three dollars with meals.

The Plaza, on the main street just off the central plaza, a shade cheaper, has a sunny old-fashioned flowering patio. There are no rooms with private baths, but an excellent table is set.

Less acceptable are the Londres and the Grand.

Plans have been drawn for a new hotel, but this is still in the stock-selling stage. It will front the west side of the main plaza.

Copiapó has only primitive hotels of adobe and thatch or adobe and tiles. The Montán, a two-story concrete structure on the main street a block from the Plaza, at one time was a good hotel but has fallen on evil days and is now dirty and ill-kept, the food bad. The best appointed is probably the Residencial Ahumada but it is on the edge of town. The best food is found at the Inglés.

In Serena, the most imposing hotel is the Gran, with marble trimmings and an air of departed grandeur. Room, with meals, costs under two dollars a day. Baths are extra.

Less pretentious but far more comfortable and with unusually good food is the Hotel Berlin. It has the only good bar in the city.

The hotels in Coquimbo are to be avoided at all costs.

Good hotels are found at San Felipe and Los Andes on the trans-Andean route, and a fine hotel with every form of recreation is located at the Jahuel baths near San Felipe. It is much frequented both winter and summer by folk from Valparaiso and Santiago. The rates are from three to five dollars with meals.

Fine hotels are found at various resorts around Santiago and along the Cartagena beach region. The most luxurious is at Tejas Verdes near Llolele beach. It is run by the Bonfanti chain.

CHAPTER 11.

FOOD AND DRINK

CHILE has many typical dishes and drinks, but regular middle-class fare is apt to be monotonous, little change day in and day out. The evening meal is the same as the noonday meal with one course left out.

From end to end of Chile at hotels will be served practically the same menu:

hors d'oeuvre
cold meat or sardines
soup
large white stewed beans (*porotos*), occasionally lentils
fish with vegetable (usually potatoes or spinach)
roast or thin cutlet with salad, either lettuce or water cress
fruit, usually stewed prunes, a banana sliced in half lengthwise
with brown sirup, an orange or an apple
small black or *aguita*. *Aguita* is made by pouring hot water on a lump of burned sugar, a tiny twist of burned orange peel, a twist of burned lemon peel.

At the evening meal the fish course is usually omitted, sometimes also the cold-meat course.

Breakfast consists of a cup of coffee, made from very strong brew, hot water and hot milk, two slices of bread, butter, and a dab of marmalade.

Meal hours are very rigid, and in most places it is impossible to get even a cup of coffee at any other time. Lunch is served from 1:30 to 2:30; dinner, from 7:30 to 9:30.

Once is quite as imperative for all classes as are meals. A

completo consists of coffee or tea, sandwiches, bread and butter, cookies and pastry, or sweet buns.

Only occasionally do more typical dishes slip into the menu, though in places in south Chile special sea foods are often served. For these typical dishes one must go to special restaurants or small country towns.

Very typical and liked by all classes, are *empanadas*, a crusty turnover stuffed with olives, raisins, ground meat, onions, and peppers. These are sold hot alongside the train in many south Chile stations.

A very popular dish—and on trains and elsewhere this can often be substituted by those not desiring the whole regular menu—is *biftek a la pobre*, poor man's beefsteak, with potatoes, fried onions, and fried eggs mounted on top of the steak. One usually gets a much thicker steak than the paper-thin variety served in the regular menu.

Very typical are stuffed potatoes, *papas rellenas*. The inside of the potato is scooped out and the peeling stuffed with chopped meat, or cheese, and onions. The whole is dipped in beaten egg and fried.

"Pancho Villa" is a poached egg, cooked in beef juice with garlic and mounted on beans and corn.

Bird stew in the pot, *cazuela de ave*, is boiled chicken served with whole potatoes, whole ears of corn, rice, garlic, and green peppers.

Pigs' ears, especially cooked with garlic, peppers, herbs, and various seasonings, are considered a great delicacy.

The food of the peasants is very meager, especially that of the itinerant *roto*. In the grape district, workers are usually given some meat once a week on Sunday. In the wheat district, meat is usually served only after harvest has been completed and before threshing begins, as part of a fiesta layoff. The usual peasant diet consists of two daily meals of *pancruto*, a coarse unleavened bread, and *locro*, vegetable stew. The stew usually consists of potatoes and kidney beans, but may contain anything, even roots and leaves in more difficult periods.

Regular farmers eat better, and at fiestas there is considerable banqueting. A country feast always consists of a roast, served with potatoes, a sauce called *pover*, fresh hot bread, and

charcolí, a heavy homemade red wine. The choicest roast used is called *huachalomo*. If any cut has to be used, it is known as *matahambre*, hunger-killer. As a last resort, it may consist of tripe, liver kidneys, and such parts and is known as *estomogillos*, little stomachs.

Chileans are very fond of soups, which are nearly always rich and satisfying. The two most frequent and typical soups are *ajiacó* (chili Soup) and *carbonada* (literally, charcoal burned). Both are closer to stews than soup.

Ajiaco is made from a choice piece of meat near the spine (*huachalomo*) which is well roasted, seasoned, then cut into thin strips. Mashed potatoes are prepared. Sliced onions are fried. The three ingredients are then boiled with added water. Chili sauce is then added, and sliced hard-boiled eggs are put in each serving.

To make *carbonada* pieces of dark meat are cut up and cooked. Squash is cubed, carrots sliced in wheels, potatoes diced, and these, plus fresh peas, lima or kidney beans, and asparagus tips are fried in the meat juice. Seasoning and chili are added. Sometimes rice and corn are also used. On serving, to each dish are added beaten egg and chopped parsley.

Typical salads are alligator pears stuffed with shrimp; and codfish salad, made of flaked cold cod, raw onions, cold boiled potatoes, vinegar, oil, and slices of avocado.

Chileans have few typical desserts. The most common are bananas covered with brown sirup, or bananas baked in cracked meal, cinnamon, powdered sugar, and butter.

The universal drink of Chile is wine, and nearly all Chilean wines are good. Red wine is more copiously drunk than white, for Chileans have a theory that it retains less harmful residue. Besides the ordinary wine, superior grades of a given wine are labeled respectively *reservado*, *especial*, and *gran vino*.

Country-made wine is called *charcolí*. This is the name of a light sour wine still made in the Basque regions of Spain. The Chilean variety is dark red and usually heavy.

There are many kinds of country wines, and some have humorous names corresponding to their supposed effects, such as *chicoata* (goat caper) *yegua* (mare) *tordilla* (black and white mare).

Widely drunk in Chile, especially in country districts, is *chicha*, made of fermented fruit or grain. Golden *chicha* is fresh fermented grape juice. The most common is apple *chicha*. Sometimes *chicha* is spiked with brandy. The concoction is especially good for climbing either glaciers or telegraph poles.

Many country districts use yerba maté tea more often than regular tea or coffee. As in Argentina it is drunk from a special silver or carved-gourd container through a silver or wooden tube. There are two kinds of maté; bitter and sweet.

The most common strong drink is pisco, or grape brandy. It is colorless and powerful, sometimes with a hint of vodka flavor.

When Chileans joined the gold rush to California, they took their pisco along, and to this day pisco punch is a standard San Francisco drink. The most famous pisco of Chile comes from Elqui in the foothills of the north to the east of La Serena.

Around the southern cities of Angol and Los Angeles, raw spirits, usually of pisco, are called *toro blanco* or white bull, sometimes *pilque*, and at fiestas are consumed in wholesale quantities by both men and women.

Numerous homemade liquors are made and served in private homes. One of the most typical is orange-flower *misteles*. This is made by taking two deep dishes, one covered with three tablespoons of orange blossoms, the other with a quarter of a kilo of powdered sugar. The two ingredients are passed from dish to dish till thoroughly mixed then left standing in the sugar dish for twelve hours. If left longer the results are bitter. Three quarts of brandy are then added and mixed well. The liquor is then filtered and bottled.

Chile has many special sea foods not found in other countries, as well as fine shrimps, lobsters, clams, mussels, and most varieties known to North Americans.

Cochayuyo, seaweed, is widely used in cooking. "Look like seaweed" is a common Chilean expression for describing a dark-skinned person. Stuffed seaweed is made by cooking large pieces in vinegar. Chopped hard-boiled egg, parsley, and finely chopped onions, salt, and white pepper are fried in butter. The seaweed is then stuffed with this, dipped in egg and

fried. When served, each portion is covered with white sauce made of butter, flour, and milk.

Another type of seaweed, *luche*, is often served with charqui, dried meat, which is widely used in all country districts.

Erizos, or sea urchins, are one of the most common Chilean delicacies. The *erizo* is a round, spiny green ball about four inches in diameter, which in the sea clings to rocks. Within it are always found a parasite crab and orange flesh that is very pungent and savory.

Two typically Chilean shellfish are *locos* and *ostiones*. Formerly the latter could be obtained in Peru where they are called *conchas*, which is considered vulgar, or *dames del sur*, dames of the south, but the beds have been exhausted. Both of these are perhaps the most exquisite shellfish known.

There are numerous kinds of unusual edible crabs and mussels, sea snails, clams and devil fish, and squid. In the south folk eat a large barnacle called *pico*. Another typical Chilean sea food is *macha*, particularly used to make a sort of chowder.

FIESTAS

ALL year the folk of Andacollo look forward to their fiesta, celebrated every December 26, in honor of the Rosario Virgin, which local Indians and miners affectionately call "La Chinita," an expression used in many parts of Latin America for girls with curly black hair and big black eyes. It is a fiesta known even beyond the Andean wall and every year pilgrims come from the Bolivian highlands and Argentina.

Andacollo is a native town a few miles southeast of Coquimbo, the first port on the way to the nitrate coast. Much gold washing is done in Andacollo, and mining is carried on throughout the whole region.

The dance to the miracle-working Virgin is largely pre-Spanish, done in bright costumes and masks. Headdresses glitter with feathers and mirrors. Continuous music is provided by guitars and fiddles.

The fiesta is a continuation of the crowded Christmas fiestas that have lasted all the previous week and the Rosario fiesta usually goes on for at least three days and nights. One feature is the saying of Mass, accompanied by fireworks and booming rockets. Amusement stands come in from all over Chile, merry-go-rounds, ferris wheels, Japanese pool tables, gambling tents. Horse races and cockfights are staged, with much betting on the side. Open-air eating stands mushroom, and a great deal of *chicha*, wine, and pisco is consumed.

The other notable fiestas of Chile are carried on in the Araucano villages around Temuco, with dancing, fireworks, music, drinking, horse racing, and gambling.

FIESTAS

The music is Indian. Unlike practically all other native music in the Americas, the Mapuche airs are not exclusively pentatonic but utilize divisions smaller than a semitone. The Araucanos also have pre-Spanish instruments that are still used.

The *trutruca*, or reed pipe, produces one lugubrious bellowing note. The *cuincuicahué*, a double musical bow of wood or bones, is bent with a bowstring and interlocked, sound being produced by rubbing the bowstrings. A few more are the *huade*, a seed-filled rattle; the *cuicuil*, a cow's horn on the end of a bamboo tube; the *pinquihué*, a vertical flute; and the *cultrín*, a flat drum. There are many other typical instruments.

Rural fiestas in Chile are very jolly, with much dancing, music, and wine drinking.

At the end of the *vendimia* or grape harvest, along in March or April, there is always a special celebration, with fireworks and country dancing. A special wine, called *cosido*, is always prepared. This is made by boiling grape juice to a thick sirup then adding fermented juice. It is too sweet and heavy for most outside tastes, but it is peculiarly potent.

Special fiestas are also celebrated with music, dancing, and much *chicha* and pisco drinking at the end of the wheat harvest.

Fiestas, rodeos, and roundups on the large *fundos* are pleasant and colorful, with the savor of bygone eras. The owners, overseers, and so on, dress up in colorful *huaso* or cowboy costumes. The real cowboys ride in their baggy trousers, short boots, and guanaco-wool ponchos. The ordinary *inquilinos*, the tillers of the soil, are usually dressed in baggy male skirts caught between the legs in early Mapuche style, in *ojotas* or leather sandals, short jackets, and rather shapeless straw hats or *huarapones*, sometimes a cap or *bonete*. The women wear numerous overlong skirts and heavy, but often bright, woolen shawls. On the whole, they are not as colorful as the Mapuche women farther south.

In rodeos the *huaso* knows many tricks. He uses not only the *reata* to lasso cattle but also the three-ball device that his forefathers used for bringing down wild game and ostriches long before the Spaniards came. Another way of bringing down an animal that is to be slaughtered is with a razor-sharp curved knife laced to the end of a long pole. As the animal rushes past

the *huaso* neatly severs the thigh muscles, first on one side, then on the other.

They are very deft at carving up meat, always exactly the same way, with the sharp curved blade, the *corvo*, which they carry at the waist. Muscles are nipped out of bones with a clever circular click. All fat and suet is removed from meat and bones for boiling down. Certain "innards" are always reserved for the dogs. The various cuts of the animal are placed in certain precise places in the meat houses, and the owner then merely needs to count the number of pieces in order to be assured that the work has been done properly and nothing stolen. Meat not for immediate use is sliced into thin strips for charqui, dried meat. On long horseback trips the *huasos* and other out-of-the-way travelers merely carry along charqui and roasted corn, ground fine, to which water is added.

Exciting, too, are hunts for pumas, and above Parral in the south, the geese roundup. At certain seasons when the grass gets long and lush, geese and some other large birds get so fat they can scarcely fly and have difficulty in getting off the ground quickly. The *huasos* ride in at a gallop with sticks and manage to whack down large numbers.

On some of the large remote *fundos* north of Santiago the old-time *casa de ejercicios*, implanted at the time the estates were owned by the Jesuits, still survive. Tickets for these strictly religious celebrations are given out only to the more deserving workers on the hacienda. Outside guests are also invited. The much-sought-after privilege consists of nine days of penitential praying, really more arduous than the work the *inquilino* escapes. But they get excellent food.

During the whole period, they must not converse but maintain complete silence even when not actually praying. They all sit with their handkerchiefs over their heads, almost covering their eyes, which must be kept cast down. They spend the whole nine days and most of the nights praying or listening to imported religious spellbinders.

Seven of the nine nights the penitents flagellate themselves under the guidance of the priest. They then wear spike or thorn belts, sometimes belts with projecting wire points. During rest

periods between flagellations the priest chants a penitential prayer.

The owners of the *fundos* claim that these observances, similar in many ways to American revival meetings, are beneficial for the whole work force. Promptly thereafter much stolen property is quietly restored, and many marriages are celebrated.

DANCES AND MUSIC

Chile's most typical dance is the *zamacueca* or *cueca*. Some claim the word is compounded from *zambra*, a Moorish festival, and *chueca*, the clucking of a hen. It is a rooster hen dance.

It first appeared in Chile, perhaps from Peru, in 1824 and caught on quickly. The music and dance were injected into the singing lesson seen in the *Barber of Seville*, when that opera was produced in Santiago in 1830.

Usually it is danced in *huaso* costume and has a set rhythm, set steps, and set music, but is not wholly without improvisations. The music, a bit monotonous, is derived directly from the romance troubadours of the court of Alfonso X. The spectators clap hands to the music, Andalusian style. It is nearly always danced at country fiestas and during celebrations on the *fundos*. It is sometimes seen in out-of-the-way wine shops, and is a frequent part of home celebrations, birthdays, and so on.

At the start, the male advances boldly; the woman coquettishly bends her head and body and nearly covers her face and eyes with her elbow, only to show them again. Various movements are announced with loud cries, as in barn dances: "Now the rooster toward the chicken. . . . Partners, circle," and so on. In spite of the Spanish-Moorish origin, both music and dance have acquired a distinctive Chilean flavor.

Luis Alberto Sánchez describes the *cueca* in his *Vida y pasión de la cultura en América*.*

The *cueca* is individualistic, aggressive, determined. The *huaso* advances with an insolent air of triumph and conquest.

* *Vida y pasión de la cultura en América*, p. 31. Biblioteca América, vol. XVI, Ercilla, Santiago de Chile, 1935.

His companion is not an invitation for the embrace . . . but a whetter of desire. The female, willful but coquettish, withdraws thigh and face, to offer them immediately anew as though regretful. The *huaso* advances Don Juan style and brutally, his handkerchief held aloft in the air, vibrating like a flag high on the proud mast of his peasant arm. From his sash peeks out the sharp point of the classic *corvo*, or curved blade. The woman steps around him and is gone. The male rushes in search of her, with an air of violently possessing her. The guiding shouts are guttural, hoarse, cacophonic: "Take her to the hill. No, don't take her, throw her to the dogs . . . Up with the skirt, higher . . . clear down; I go up, I go down; I break you; I crack you open; I slice you off from a garlic sprig . . . garlic, garlic . . . ajo . . . ajo . . . ajo." It is all strident, harsh, sexually violent, dark, very male, bullying.

The powerful Chilean Conservative politician, Diego Portales, once exclaimed, "I would not exchange the zamacueca for the presidency itself." He never did.

The music is always in a major key, six-eight time with three-four accompaniment.

Humberto Allende, Chile's greatest composer, says of the zamacueca, "Neither words nor music obey fixed rules; various motifs are freely intermingled. The number of bars is twenty-six to thirty; usually the melody is either the third or fifth of the scale, never the octave."

The singing version consists of a quatrain like the Spanish *malagueña*, and an eight-octave period corresponding to the *seguidilla*. A coda summarizes the salient points of the verse or provides a moral.

Another dance, popular in Chile for centuries, is the typical New World *zapateo* or tap dance. French traveler Frézer preserved the notation of a *zapateo* danced in 1713.

The Spanish fandango was banished in the eighteenth century by the Church as "infamous . . . indulged in by the low classes and leading to bestial excesses." But it persisted. Actually it is one of the more lively, healthy, and joyous dances.

Other old dances are the *sajuriana*, *cuando*, *refalosa* (sometimes called *resbalosa*), each with distinctive music. The first, danced only in south Chile, is in slow three-quarter time, then

picks up to two-quarters in a habanero rhythm. The *cuando*, in six-eighths minuet time, is sung as well as danced. The *refalosa* starts out with waltz time and grows increasingly rapid. It is one of the easiest and liveliest of Chilean dances.

Chile enjoys many popular songs or *tonadas*. In olden days venders used to sing their wares, still do in remote places, and some of these tunes have been utilized by modern composers. Many are echoes of ancient Arabian music, preserved by the Moors, later by the Andalusians. The *esquinazo*—literally street-corner blow—is a conventional serenade, also a Christmas carol. It is Creole music of Spanish-Moorish origin, but often has the same sort of melancholy wistfulness as the Mexican *huapangos* and Peruvian highland chants, a coloring indistinguishably American and native. *Tonadas* are sung at the wheat harvest, the *trilla*; they are love songs; they are cowboy songs. Sometimes the words are satirical, lampooning the rich, the *hacendados*, the politicians.

HANDICRAFTS AND CULTURE

THE handicraft capital of Chile is Temuco. The best native work is done by the Mapuches, the descendants of the Araucanos.

Their great specialty is the making of *choapinos*, long-nap rugs, which can be obtained in every size from small rectangles up to double-bed size. They are used for floor, bed, and wall coverings. The bright colors offer less startling contrasts than does most weaving indigenous to the Americas. Few of them are too garish to be combined with modern home decoration. The Mapuches are also very fond of black and white, and blue and white, and the designs are simple and beautiful, often an imitation of designs in their metalwork.

They also weave ponchos slit in the middle for the head, beautiful woven and embroidered sashes and scarves, woolen cinches, and saddle blankets.

Their leatherwork is well made and finely tooled—belts, bridles, bags, purses.

Quite unique are their pottery rosaries and necklaces.

Fine colorful baskets are used constantly by them, but they make little effort to dispose of them commercially.

It is now difficult to obtain Araucano silver- and goldwork. This has always been very beautiful, though chiefly it consisted of the famous double-plaque necklaces, which are a part of every Mapuche woman's dress. Handsome earrings and bracelets are also made. Unfortunately this art is dying out for lack of materials and skilled workmen.

From Panimávida, Chile's most famous hot spring, comes very fine rainbow basketry, delicately woven, some of the work

as fine as horsehair. Famous are the Panimávida fiber casings for wine bottles and other glass receptacles. The folk also weave dolls, toy beds, animals, and birds out of straw and other fibers.

Rancagua is also something of a handicraft center. Toys are made of terra cotta and dressed in tissue paper. The place is particularly famous for its highly polished wood carving of birds, cows, and other animals. Wooden shoes are made there. The Rancagua reed-bottom furniture with gay painted designs is similar to that in parts of Mexico. Most of Chile's charcoal fans come from Rancagua, an article used long before the Spaniards came. Some of these fans are very intricate and decorative; some are tinted in various combinations of colors.

From Colchagua come woven sashes used by cowboys and various objects made from goat leather: money bags, belts, and bladders for holding pisco, wine, and other liquors. The folk there make metates, three-legged grinding stones of gray porous lava, identical with those made by the Aztecs six thousand miles away. They carve very ornate beautifully shaped stirrups of quillai wood.

The Andacollans make beautiful objects for their famous fiesta to the Zapollar China, metal thorns for penitence and bloodletting, leather drums, elaborate Zuoave costumes for the dances, beaded and mirror-adorned skirts, beaded headdresses, blue and red wooden whistles. Especially typical of Andacollo are the exquisite images of the Virgin in wood or precious metals. Nicely worked cradles of wood, gold, silver, or copper are made.

The handicrafts of Talca are bungling, amusing rather than artistic, more ingenious than tasteful, as for instance bottles decorated with watermelon seeds.

Colliguay still makes black terra-cotta ware with beautiful white designs: bowls, jars, and figurines such as cows and horsemen.

The musical instruments of Chiloé Island—violins, guitars, harps, mandolins, bass viols, and others—are finely carved from alerce or chestnut wood.

Copperwork is common in many places: ashtrays, picture frames, tobacco humidors, covered receptacles, and occasion-

ally one comes upon some objects that are really attractive and artistic.

In the northern highlands are produced handsome vicuña, llama, viscacha, and alpaca rugs, ponchos, and hangings. Copiapó is one of the main sales centers.

Punta Arenas produces many objects and much wearing apparel made from furs. Famous also are the soft ostrich-feather capes.

Good leatherwork is found all over southern Chile.

In many coast places, folk make ornaments, necklaces, chains, ashtrays, and so on, from seashells. Chile has some of the most beautiful and unusual seashells of any region in the world, but the resultant objects are apt to be more like gimcracks than art.

PAINTING

Few countries are so art conscious as Chile. Exhibitions are constantly being staged in the Art Museum, the University, the *Gallerie du Parc*, and the Bank of Chile. Contests are frequent. Numerous scholarships and prizes are offered by private bequests, art societies, business firms, and the government.

This is a fairly recent development, for Chile has not had a strong tradition of painting. The warlike colonial period saw little good art produced, and what has survived is clearly inferior to that in adjacent Spanish colonies.

The first noteworthy painter to bring art into national prominence was Pedro Lira Rencoret (1846-1912). His best known canvas is "La fundación de Santiago," which is better than most historical painting. One of Lira's pupils, Rafael Correa Muñoz (1863-) won fame for his "El puente de Cal y Canto," which struck sentimental memories of the beloved colonial bridge across the Mapocho River.

The first annual art exhibit was held in 1884 in the Salon of Fine Arts at the Quinta Normal, and the government began pensioning deserving students.

Today painting is at its peak. The National Prize established by Congress a few years ago provides a premium of 100,000 pesos. In 1944 it was won by Pablo Burchard.

The National Salon of Fine Arts bestows annual medals.

A recent first-prize winner was Federico Zabala.

Probably Chile's finest mural is that by Gregorio de la Fuente in the Concepción railway-station waiting room.

SCULPTING

The first well-known sculptor of Chile was Nicanor Plaza (1844-1918). His famous statue of Caupolicán, the Indian Toqué, now stands on Santa Lucía Hill. Later in Paris he produced his "Quimera," which may be seen in the Fine Arts Museum.

His pupil Virginio Arias Cruz (1855-) first gained fame with his "El roto," a statue of a Chilean itinerant worker. Later he turned out a number of very classic and religious statues. He has adorned the façades of numerous public buildings, such as the Fine Arts Building and the National Library. One of his outstanding monuments is that of General Baquedano in the new Baquedano Plaza just northeast of Santa Lucía Hill.

Marta Calvín has done strong bronzes. Her most striking piece is "Ixchel," an Indian woman's head.

MUSIC

Even music has politics, mayhap duels. In November, 1941, the four-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Santiago was celebrated. Many cash prizes were offered for new works by Chilean composers. Three foreign judges made the awards. First prize went to Domingo Santa Cruz for a lengthy work of three madrigal movements. But the general committee for the celebration voided the award on the grounds that Santa Cruz was a personal friend of the jurors. Scandal burst.

Apparently the accusation was just dirty politics and personal enmity, not founded upon fact. Santa Cruz threatened the committee chairman with a duel and branded him a "miserable poetaster." But the duel never materialized, and the prizes were given out in a special ceremony, without the presence of Santa Cruz.

Santa Cruz, born in 1899, is one of Chile's leading musicians and composers. After considerable study in Europe where he occupied diplomatic posts, he returned to become the dean of

THE LONG LAND

iversity Faculty of Fine Arts. He has been particularly
us in his efforts to discover and develop new talents.

has been a prolific composer in all genres. His most am-
s work, denied the first prize, is a symphony based on
s to the mighty mountain stream Maipo, the giant Acon-
Mountain, and the beautiful Valdivian lake country.

le's most modern composer, who has sought his inspira-
n Araucano music, folklore, and native themes, is Hum-

Allende, probably Chile's greatest and most original
al spirit. He has also inspired half a dozen of Chile's best
ger composers. At the Fourth Centennial he was awarded
d prize. A pupil of his, Alfonso Letelier Llona, born in
was awarded third prize.

lorful and original is Carlos Isamitt, born in 1885, who has
studied and used Araucano music in many of his compositions.
Mapuche music also threads through his famous ballet, *El pozo
de oro, The Golden Well*. Well known, part of one of his sym-
phonies, is his *Wirafún Kawellú, Galloping Horses*, which is a
stirring piece based on Araucano music. He has done much to
collect and arrange Araucano work, play, and ceremonial songs.

Pablo Garrido, born in 1905, lost his leg at the age of eight
under a streetcar. In 1923 he organized Chile's first jazz band
and has composed jazz pieces based on Negro and modern
motifs, as for example his "Submarine Fantasy." He has pub-
lished a history of the cueca dance and music and a biting
pamphlet on the lack of musical opportunities in Chile. Actu-
ally Chile seems to be putting forth more effort than most
countries in helping musicians with scholarships, prizes, and
public presentation of their compositions.

LITERATURE

The great early conquest classic is *La Araucana*. It is a long
epic poem written by Ercilla (Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga,
1553-1594), a Spaniard who fought in the early wars and was
with the first party ever to row across to Chiloé Island. His
sympathies are wholly with the native folk against whom he
was fighting. His ringing strophes tell of their tragedies, the
cruelties of the Spanish captains. Also it provides some of our
best information about pre-Spanish life. It is a picture of the

grandeur of the early struggle and the land where it was staged.

Most colonial literature deals with the long bloody struggle between the Spaniards and the Araucanos. Various works deal with the heroic defense of the town of Imperial. One of the most interesting is *Cautivero Feliz, Happy Captivity*, by Francisco de Pineda (1607-1682), the son of a Spanish officer who fought in the Indian wars for forty years. The book describes the author's happy life as a captive of the Araucanos. It sharply condemns the *encomienda* system which enslaved Indians under the guise of teaching them Christianity, the rapacious traders, and many other abuses. Pineda himself was born in Chillán of an Indian mother, and he is thus close enough to native Chile to know how the Araucanos lived, thought, and acted. Although most of the time colonial Chile was not allowed to print books or to read any books which had not passed through the hands of Church censors in Spain, this was one book that had wide distribution and aroused much comment in the colony.

Later, toward the end of colonial rule, more scientific treatises were written about the country, its geography, natural resources, fauna and flora, though mostly these were published in Europe and were scarcely allowed to reach Chile itself. The most outstanding works were published by the Jesuit Juan Ignacio Molina (1737-1829).

The most outstanding independence literary figure was the friar, poet, dramatist, newspaperman, and fervent patriot Camilo Henríquez, who was exiled, jailed, tried by the Inquisition, and suffered other difficulties. He wrote Chile's first play and founded Chile's first newspaper, *La Aurora*, also Chile's oldest surviving newspaper, now a great daily, *El Mercurio*. He became the director of the new National Library.

The other great figure of this period, an economist, scientist, and founder of many educational institutions, was Manuel de Salas (1755-1841).

Early literary life in free Chile was wholly dominated by the austere Conservative, Andrés Bello (1781-1865), who was a Venezuelan. While exiled in London for early revolutionary activities he founded the famous *El Repertorio Americano*, a magazine which became famous in all Latin America, and he

met such figures as James Mill and Jeremy Bentham. In London he also published the works of many new writers unable to return to their native lands. His own writings, poetry, jurisprudence, grammar, and so on, are more scholarly than inspiring. A foe of romanticism and democratic trends, he believed much in authority and discipline. He helped found the University of Chile in 1842 and became its first rector. He is a continental figure, and in spite of his general reactionary attitude, he is acclaimed everywhere, even today, for his indefatigable efforts in clarifying early thought, and in promoting sound scholarship, which laid a better basis for broader literary freedom.

The real peak in Chile's earlier intellectual growth was the movement of 1842 headed by José Victoriano Lastarria, who broke the stiff monastic mold of Chilean thinking and started the whole modern movement in Chilean literature. In this he was aided by the distinguished Argentine exile Sarmiento, who had fled from the Rosas tyranny. The latter wrote one of the great classic novels of the continent, and later became president of his country.

Lastarria played a great original role in literature, law, diplomacy, and as a member of Congress. He founded numerous outspoken literary and political clubs and once was deported. He wrote short stories, novels, plays, biographical reminiscences.

Equally important in this period was the great Francisco Bilbao, a very iconoclastic and anti-ecclesiastical writer, who was thrown out of his academic posts and had at least one of his books burned in the public squares. He was tried and sentenced for "blasphemous, immoral, and seditious" writing and was repeatedly exiled. Even abroad he often found himself in hot water, as in Peru and Argentina. He died prematurely in 1864 of tuberculosis, aggravated by his efforts to save a woman from drowning.

One of the greatest and most influential writers of Chile was Benjamín Vicuña y Mackenna (1831-1886). Vicuña helped liberate his country from early dictatorship, became known as a leading scholar, historian, and statesman. He was twice exiled. In 1872, when he was civil governor of Santiago, he

beautified the city and laid out Santa Lucía Park. He started the building of the northern coast railroad.

He wrote a history of the Inquisition, many biographies, the best being those of the Carías brothers in exile, of Diego Portales, and the first important biography of Bernardo O'Higgins. His two-volume history of Chile is vivaciously written and is still widely used. He also published histories of Santiago and Valparaíso. In all he wrote 160 volumes, totaling 43,402 pages—Chile's most prolific writer.

Chile has produced many good historians, such as Toribio Medina, and the three members of the Amenátegui family, but the most notable was Diego Barros Arana (1830–1907). Arana wrote many studies of various periods of Chilean history. His history of the War of the Pacific is well documented but scarcely unbiased. His real monument is his sixteen-volume history of Chile, published over a period of eighteen years.

Chile has produced many good poets, and it is the only country of the Americas to provide a Nobel prize winner in the field of poetry: Gabriela Mistral was granted this honor in 1945. Her first fame came with the volume *Desolación*, and the best poem in it is one on the Jews. Later she published three other important volumes, the last being called *Ternura, Tenderness*.

Probably the best-known earlier poet of Chile was Guillermo Blest Gana (1829–1903). Most of his poetry is epical and historical and his *Muerte de Lautaro* is a classic. He also wrote plays.

The other most outstanding poet of modern Chile is the Communist congressman, Pablo Neruda, who was awarded Chile's national prize for literature in 1945. He has been a prolific writer. One of his most recent volumes is *Residencia en la Tierra*. He was brought to the United States during the war by the Rockefeller Committee on a good-will mission.

Chile is one of the strongest Latin American countries in the field of the novel.

The first real novelist, perhaps its best, was Alberto Blest Gana (1830–1923), the son of an Irish physician married to a Chilean. The novelist spent most of his life in the diplomatic service. Most of his work is in the field of the historical novel, although his *Loco estero* (*Crazy Creek*), published in 1910,

was an autobiographical and a truly realistic picture of contemporary Chilean life. Also his *Transplantados*, published in 1904, was a harsh portrait of a Chilean family that sacrificed everything in order to imitate European aristocracy. His novel *Martín Rivas*, considered by most to be his best, is a picture of the 1851 political upheaval in Chile. One of his great works is *Durante la Reconquista*, a two-volume novel laid in the period 1814–1818 when Spain reconquered Chile: it is a moving picture of the abuses, the tyranny, the daring work of the underground and the guerrilla fighters, the alternate cowardice and courage of different social classes and leaders.

In 1916 the group known as Los Diez, The Ten, wrote naturalist novels that probed sex and psychology. The most outstanding was Augusto de Halmar (Augusto Goeminne Thompson) who won the National Literary Prize in 1942. He is a frequent imitator of Zola. His novel *Los vicios de Chile* is a novel of prostitution. His most hailed work is *The Passion and Death of Father Deusta*.

In 1943 the National Literary Prize was given to Joaquín Edwards Bello, a prolific writer. He has specialized in novels that echo the daily headlines. His *El roto*, published in 1920, was a fine novel of the Chilean Okies, the Chilean counterpart of *The Grapes of Wrath*. A number of critics consider his *Valparaíso: ciudad de viento*, published in 1931, as one of the finest novels of the continent.

In 1944 the National Literary Prize was given to Manuel Latorre, whose novels deal wholly with rural and regional themes. He was brought up on the banks of the Maule River, the setting of his best work. Recently he published *Vientos de mallines* (*Meadow Winds*) a gorgeous if slow-moving picture of southern frontier life. He is a microscopic observer, almost painfully minute in his descriptions, has considerable ability in arousing pathos, but lacks dramatic intensity. He is often monotonous, but always informative, and there are few better sources from which to learn of the farm life, the color, the folk psychology of the rural districts.

Chile has a big list of strong and excellent contemporary writers, such as Víctor Domingo Silva, who has written novels of the nitrate workers and the nitrate coast; Salvador Reyes,

rather exotic and stylistic novels of sea life and the coast; Antonio Acevedo Hernández, who has cultivated the political novel; Fernando Santiván, who has written strong novels of rural life, psychological novels, and fictionalized biographies. Juan Marín, a member of the *runrunista* or imagist experimental group, has written sea novels and rather fantastic short stories. Luis Durand is a cultivator of the regional novel.

All in all Chile has produced one of the most vigorous and original bodies of literature on the two continents. Mostly the tone has been serious, even prosaic, but the work has determination and body. Next to Argentina, Chile is the most active book-publishing center in Spanish America, and per inhabitant probably publishes more titles and more books than any country in the world.

THEATER

Playwriting is not a developed art in Latin America. Chile, along with Argentina, has the most developed tradition of any other South American country, and its tradition is older than that of Argentina, for it dates back to the colonial period. Fourteen comedies are reported to have been enacted in 1693. The first roofed-over theater in Chile dates from the colonial period and stood at the corner of Merced and Mosquito streets. One of the first acts of the independence government was an edict by Bernardo O'Higgins establishing a national theater. A provisional stage was set up at once in 1818 on Ramadas Street in front of the old bridge leading to the cathedral. Later a permanent edifice was built on Compañía Park—The National Theater—which had its gala opening, August 20, 1820. A new building was inaugurated on the same plaza in November, 1827.

Most of the early writers of Chile turned out a play or two, and the Blest Gana brothers entered the lists with several.

The social drama first made its appearance in 1877 in the Varieties Theater with Daniel Caldera's play, *El tribunal de honor* (*Court Martial*). In 1893 a political play, *Una mujer del mundo* (*Worldly Woman*) by Fernández Montalas, created a sensation.

The writer of light comedies, Armando Mook, held the

boards for decades in Santiago and Buenos Aires and died at the very height of his fame in 1942. Many of his plays, such as *Dressmaker Isabel Sandoval*, *Mocosita* (*Silly Girl*), and others have toured the country steadily for many years.

Following World War I a long series of folklore and experimental plays held the boards. The most prolific folklorist was Acevedo Hernández. His best play is *Cardo negro* (*Black Thistle*). Díaz Meza held the boards for several years with romantic plays supposedly picturing Araucano culture, such as *Rucacahuín*.

There are both municipal and national prizes, the latter being called the DIC Award, for the best play each year. Among the winners have been Lautaro García for his three-act play, *Una sola vez en la vida* (*Once in a Lifetime*), and Mario Alegría and Amadeo González who collaborated in the play *Un numero sensacional*. An annual prize is also given by the University of Chile Experimental Theater, directed by Pedro de la Barra. The most recent awards have been given to Zlatko Bruncie for his *Elsa Margarita* and to Enrique Bunster for his *La Isla de los Bucaneros*.

The society of Chilean playwrights has purchased ground on San Diego Street near the Alameda and is erecting a theater to present new plays by Chilean writers.

RECREATION

BECAUSE of its climate, its beaches, mountains, rivers, lakes, and hot springs, Chile is one of the main recreational centers of the Americas. It is a well-diversified playground and offers unlimited opportunities for bathing, fishing, hunting, skiing, and new exploration. It still has wholly unexplored areas of vast extent, probably more and higher unclimbed mountains than any New World country.

FISHING

Above all Chile is a fisherman's paradise, and one excellent feature, it is almost wholly free of mosquitoes, which are often the bane of this sport. Her coasts, estuaries, rivers, and lakes offer not only a great variety of fish but the most varied and beautiful surroundings.

Some deep-sea fishing is carried on off Arica, but the main center is Tocopilla, where facilities exist for tracking down swordfish, *pez aguja*, the marlin, and the toyo, the chief large-size fighting fish found off the Chilean coast.

The government has paid a great deal of attention to the protection of fish, the acclimation of new varieties, the restocking of rivers and lakes. The Department of Fishing and Hunting has worked actively and scientifically and has had the full co-operation of various private clubs. From various government fish hatcheries have been distributed annually for quite some years more than three million small trout, rainbow trout, salmon trout, steelhead, Argentine *pejerreyes*, and other species. Special attention has been given to stocking streams and lakes

in the more beautiful regions of the country in spots most accessible to fishermen. The Department reports that today there is scarcely a stream, inlet, or lake between Santiago and Puerto Montt which does not offer exciting possibilities for fishermen.

The best season in the large southern rivers is from November 15 to the early part of January, also the month of March. The trout mount the streams to deposit their eggs from May to September. During the last-named month they scarcely eat and then begin to descend the streams in a hungry and aggressive mood. And so it is, reports the Department, "that in November the females have recovered their normal health, and the males no longer have anything to worry about. They have nothing else to do than hunt for food." Above all, December is a fine month—"the month of trophies and memorable fights." There is not yet "an excess of visitors in the hotels nor too great a demand for boats nor too many people churning up the water."

January becomes too warm. Then the snows are melting fast and the rivers soon grow muddied. The heat causes the fish to lose appetite and to seek shadows and depths. But by March, with fall approaching, these conditions have passed, and the fish start moving upstream in schools. In April the season closes.

The Tourist Department assists visitors to locate the best spots and will put them in contact with fishing clubs, some of which maintain cabins of one sort or another in remoter places. The charge is next to nothing.

A year's license, good for anywhere in the country, is valid from October 1 to September 30, though naturally only during the legal seasons. This license can be obtained from the Department of Fishing and Hunting in Santiago at O'Higgins Avenue, 1936, or in any local *intendencia*, *gobernación*, *subdelegación*, or *inspección*. To obtain it, passport or identity card must be presented. It costs fifty pesos or about a dollar and a half. If it is applied for at the local offices named rather than in Santiago, a provisional fifteen-day license is granted immediately, pending the arrival of the regular card from Santiago.

There are half a dozen admirable fishing spots around Santiago.

The best spot on the upper Aconcagua River and tributaries is out of Los Andes, which can be reached from the capital by

bus or train. Another center is San Estebán, by bus. European, rainbow, and ordinary trout are encountered.

Above Los Andes on the Aconcagua, Rio Blanco, Polvareda, Colorado, and Riecillo rivers is more good fishing. The town of Rio Blanco, with excellent hotel accommodations, can be reached by trans-Andean train or more directly by bus.

Still higher on the trans-Andean route, reached also by bus, is the beautiful Portillo resort, with good fishing on the Aconcagua and Juncal rivers, also on Inca Lake, right against the Andean snow wall.

Much closer to Santiago is the region reached by the bus going to the Farallones ski run in less than an hour. La Hermita and upper Mapocho rivers and Lake Dehesa provide European and rainbow trout and *tenca*, or tench.

The same fish are found at Puento Alto on the Maipo River—by bus or military train—a short distance from the city.

Any towns on the Santiago-El Volcán military road, and most of them have fair and even fine hotel accommodations, provide access to fishing on the Maipo. Farther up at the end of the rail or bus line fishing is available in the Maipo, or the Colorado River and, still above, at Lake Negro right among the snow mountains.

Around Rancagua any station on the El Teniente railroad to Sewell, or the Cauquenes hot spring (by bus) permit fishing in the Cachapoal River and such famed tributaries as the Coya, Claro, and Pangal. All sorts of trout and the Argentine *pejerrey* are available.

From San Fernando all the upper reaches of the Tinguiririca River and tributaries, reached by the road to the Flaco hot springs are famous for good fishing.

From Chillán the road to the hot springs gives access to the Chillán River. The tributaries, Nuble, Cholgían, Itata, and especially the Diguillín are even better for fishing. These are reached, according to the spot selected, from either Chillán or Pemuco by auto road, cart roads, or horseback.

From Yumbel the road to the Laja River and the famous falls provide good fishing. By train to Antuco, the sportsman may reach other portions of the Laja River and the Polucra River, also Laja Lake.

Out of Los Angeles the fisherman heads up the road to Laja River. Or he can take a train to Santa Barbara; or a train and road to Mulchén. The favored fishing spots are the Bío-Bío River, especially upper reaches which must be reached by trail, and the two tributaries, the Queuco and Duqueco.

The fisherman who chooses Angol as a headquarters can go by road or train to Esperanza or Collipulli, where he will find excellent sport on the Renaico and Malleco rivers. He can also reach good fishing ground from the Tolhuaca baths, reached by road from Victoria or Curacautín. From Curacautín he can also reach Río Blanco. The Malleco Lake and adjacent rivers are well stocked with rainbow trout and *farios*.

Temuco is especially favored, for the river above and below the city has wide sandy approaches, shaded pools, and other conditions that please the expert sportsman. Many other spots can be reached from this center. By road or train he can go to Nueva Imperial or Carahué. Many islands in the river provide camping spots. By launch he can go on to Puerto Saavedra and Lake Budi. Rainbow trout, Rhine salmon, *farios*, and *pejerrey* are caught.

From Pitufquén roads go to the lower and middle Toltén River. The upper Toltén is best reached from Villarrica on the lake. Pucón, with luxurious accommodations, on the eastern end of the lake, gives access to Trancura River and Lake Caburga. All these waters are at the top of the list, and in them are plenty of rainbow trout, *farios*, Rhine salmon, and perch.

By road from Lanco the fisherman may reach Panguipulli, Lake Calafquén, Lake Panguipulli, Lake Piriheuco, and the Fui River.

Los Lagos is usually referred to as "the fisherman's capital of Chile." It lies southeast of Valdivia on the main rail line. In every direction, from ten to twenty miles about, on the San Pedro, Calle-Calle, Tratún, and Collileful rivers are traditional fishing spots where every kind of fresh-water fish known to Chile can be caught. From here also one can go by train or auto to Lake Ríñihué, Fui River, Lake Piriheuco, and adjacent streams.

Scarcely second to Los Lagos is La Unión. Road or train gives access to the Río Bueno. By auto or train one can reach

Lago Ranco. One can cross the lake by boat to Llifén to reach the famed Calcurrupé and Nilahué rivers. In all these waters, besides *farío* salmon and rainbow trout, there are many steel-head.

From Osorno roads go out to the Rahue, Pilmaiquén, and Damas rivers, also to Lakes Puyehué and Rupanco and the Golgol River.

La Ensenada, reached by road or ferry from Puerto Varas or by road from Osorno, is quite a fishing resort. The Petrohué River is well stocked with rainbow trout and *farío* salmon. In the other direction from Puerto Varas by road or launch the fisherman can cover the Maullín and Chamizo rivers, where he will not find much competition, but the streams swarm with *farío* salmon, *salar* salmon, American salmon, rainbow trout, and *farionela*.

There is excellent fishing on all sides on Chiloé Island and out of Puerto Aisén. Good fishing streams lie between Natales and Punta Arenas.

Hunting is not a developed Chilean sport. Rural folk do a great deal of trapping, and many of their traps for both birds and animals are ingenious contraptions invented by the Araucanos and others long before the Spaniards came.

There is good duck shooting at almost any of the coastal lakes. Near Santiago there is bird shooting on Lake Aculeo about twenty miles south, reached by road from Hospital Station on the main rail line. Around Llico, reached by road from San Fernando or better from Licantén on the branch railroad from Curico, are a whole string of beautiful little lakes swarming with bird life. This is a little-known and little-touristed corner of Chile, with some of the most pleasant scenery and coast in the whole country.

Lake Budí, reached from Temuco by branch rail, then by road from Carahué, or by launch, is another truly attractive spot.

In the hill country above Linares, Parral, and Talca are many wild geese.

~~Puma~~ are hunted above Putaendo, reached by branch rail line from San Felipe on the trans-Andean route.

SKIING

No country in the world is more enthusiastic about skiing than is Chile today. It has become one of the major outdoor sports, and Chile has some of the finest ski runs in the world and more in the making. Quite a few have the very best facilities. It is an all-year sport, and the runs can be reached in many instances from the major cities in a day's outing. There are numerous clubs, national and local, and most of them maintain clubhouses which cost very little and accept outsiders.

Except at Portillo, where room and meals cost between \$3.00 and \$4.00 a day in a fine hotel, and Farallones, where room and meals plus afternoon tea cost \$1.65, the charge is rarely more than \$1.50 and often under \$1.00 a day. At the Lo Valdés ski refuge, they have the custom of charging three cents extra for each blanket and ten cents extra for sheets and pillow cases.

Out of Santiago, one can reach the following ski runs fairly easily:

Portillo (9,319 feet). This lies on the trans-Andean route 126 miles from Santiago, and by car or bus, 87 miles. Five hours are required by bus, five and a half hours by train. During the major skiing season, our summer, special trains and busses are available.

The hotel has accommodations for one hundred persons, and a new very fine hotel is being built. Reservations are made at the Sociedad de Hoteles de Cordillera, Agustinas, 972, Room 503, in Santiago; or, for the ski refuge, Club Andino, Casilla, 637, Valparaiso.

Farallones (7,347 feet). This is the best-equipped sports center in Chile, and lies only 32 miles from Santiago by either auto or bus. There is a ski lift, and a skiing school is maintained from May to September. There are accommodations for about one hundred persons in the Hostería de la Posada and in two refuges. Reservations are made for the hotel at Huerfanos, 1055, Santiago. Accommodations for the main ski refuge are arranged with the Esquí Club de Chile. Bandera, 140, fifth floor, Santiago.

Lagunillas (6,560 feet). This promises to become another

leading center. It has excellent refuges and a modern hotel is being built. It is reached by train, 39 miles to San José de Maipo, then eight miles by auto. Or the whole trip can be made directly from Santiago by car in two and a half hours. The present capacity is for ninety persons and blankets must be taken. The Club Andino Chile, Bandera, 441, Santiago, maintains a ski refuge here. Reservations are made at Matías Cousiño, 150, second floor.

Lo Valdés (6,560 feet). This is 57 miles by train or auto to El Volcán, then 7½ miles by car. It is an exciting run. The refuge there is owned by the Club Alemán Escursionismo, a German organization. Reservations are made at Ahumada, 27, second floor, Santiago.

La Parva (7,544 feet). This run is more difficult to reach. Auto can be taken for 22 miles out of Santiago, then 13 miles must be covered on foot or by ski. The refuge is owned by the same club that owns Lo Valdés, and reservations are made at the same place.

Pinquencillo (7,872 feet). This is for adventurous spirits. It is a five-hour ski trip from the Lagunillas Run. A small unattended refuge exists, so sportsmen must take their own food and blankets.

All through south Chile there are numerous ski runs, with or without accommodations. The leading ones are as follows:

Los Medanos or San Dimes (4,248 feet). This is reached by a 76-mile road from Talca. There is a refuge run by the Club Andino de Talca (Address, Casilla 51).

Vegas del Flaco (5,574 feet). This lies 50 miles by road from San Fernando and is fairly well equipped, with a hotel having a capacity for fifty persons.

Volcán Chillán (5,576 feet). This is one of the most magnificent runs in all Chile. It is reached by a trip of 47 miles by train from Chillán to Recinto, then 16 miles by auto and horseback. There are two refuges, each accommodating about forty persons. The lower Aserradero or Saw Mill refuge, at an elevation of 5,576 feet, is owned by Ski Club Chile, southern section, and special reservations, if desired, should be made at Casilla, 973, Concepción. The Garganta del Diablo or Devil's Throat Refuge,

at an elevation of 6,232 feet, is owned by the Club Los Nevados in Concepción. These two refuges are three hours apart by ski, and are open from June to September.

Volcán Antuco (5,248 feet). This lies 56 miles east by highway from Los Angeles. The refuge is owned by the Club Andino de Los Angeles.

Volcán Llaima (4,854 feet). This is another truly magnificent ski run. It lies 50 miles east from Temuco by car or 13 miles from the Cherquenco railroad station. The last 5 miles must be done on foot or horseback. There is an unusually comfortable ski refuge: the Hotel Club Andino de Cautín, owned by the Esquí Club Llaima in Temuco (Casilla, 307). Room and meals run from \$1.50 to \$2.00. The main season is September and October, during which months a ski school is maintained.

Volcán Villarica (4,092 feet). This lies only 8 miles from Pucón, where luxury accommodations are available at numbers of hotels. The hotel rates run from \$1.30 to \$8.00 a day, room and food. The ski refuge (only seven rooms) is owned by the Club Andino de Cautín, and reservations are made through them, address Casilla, 307, Temuco. The season runs from June to November 20, and a ski school is open during September and October.

Volcán Antillanca (3,936 feet). This lies 60 miles from Osorno or 10 miles from the Puyehué baths, where there are first-class hotel accommodations. The New Refuge is owned by the Club Andino Osorno, Casilla, 604, Osorno.

La Picada on Volcán Osorno (3,116 feet). This is reached by bus from Osorno, 47 miles, fare \$2.50. The refuge has a capacity of one hundred and twenty persons, and room and food costs \$1.90 a day. Reservations must be made through the Club Andino Osorno, Casilla, 604. This is one of the most beautiful and most famous of Chile's ski runs.

Punta Arenas. The ski run is located five miles from Punta Arenas by road. The Esquí Club Magallanes of Punta Arenas maintains a refuge.

HOT SPRINGS

Perhaps no other country in the world has so many hot springs with more assorted medicinal waters than has Chile.

Some were known and used by the Araucanos and others long before the Spaniards came. Many were already famous in colonial times. At one, famous Cauquenes, the independence leaders San Martin and O'Higgins relaxed while making their final plans for the armed expedition to free Peru from Spanish rule. Many of them today have the most luxurious accommodations and facilities for every kind of recreation and sport. A few have resident physicians, clinics, laboratories, and the most modern health equipment.

Probably nowhere in the world could a confirmed hypochondriac spend his days and his whole life more enjoyably in an almost inexhaustible change of scenery. Nor are these wholly health resorts; many are famed vacation spots.

Here are the details about the more famous springs and those with the best hotel facilities.

Nitrate Coast

Mamina (7,000 feet). This lies 80 miles by road above Iquique. These arsenical waters, which issue from the earth at temperatures of 85 to 125 degrees, are reported to be good for rheumatism, stomach ailments, asthma, bronchitis, tuberculosis, liver trouble, diabetes, and venereal diseases. A new up-to-the-minute hotel is being built. The best hotel at present is the Hotel de Salitre. Rates with food run from \$1.00 to \$2.50 a day.

El Toro (10,800 feet). This lies in the mountains, 43 miles by auto from Rivadavia station on the La Serena-Vicuña branch railroad. These are also arsenical waters that come out of the earth at about 145 degrees. They are famed for their beneficial effects on skin troubles, rheumatism, gout, bronchitis, liver, nervous afflictions, paralysis, and syphilis. Board and room can be obtained for \$1.25 or less.

El Soco (5,000 feet). These baths lie 25 miles by car from the farm city of Ovalle. The 90-degree waters are recommended for rheumatism, dyspepsia, skin troubles, gout, stomach, liver, and kidney ailments. A hotel is open from December 1 to May 1, with a maximum charge of less than \$1.50.

Pangué (5,135 feet). These baths are located only 12 miles from Vicuña by branch rail line from La Serena. The 70-degree waters are said to be good for rheumatism, stomach ailments,

and general fatigue. There is a swimming pool. The inn charges, as its top price for room and board, \$1.00 a day.

Santiago Area

El Corazón (2,700 feet). These baths can be reached by train, auto, or bus to Los Andes. They are located $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles out of town. The 85-degree waters alleviate rheumatism, dyspepsia, stomach trouble. There are two hotels, the Continental and Hispano-American, with rates running from \$1.00 to \$2.00 a day with meals.

Jahuel (4,000 feet). This is a favored all-year Santiago resort, especially frequented in winter, for its dry cool air and constant sunshine soon banish colds, bronchitis, coughs, and the usual assortment of respiratory maladies. It lies 12 miles from San Felipe, easily reached from the capital by train, bus, or auto, and has every facility for recreation, swimming pool, tennis courts, children's playground, etc. Reservations are made at any of the tourist agencies or at Avenida Errázuriz, 1220, Santiago. The rates at the best hotel run from \$3.00 to \$4.50 with meals. The 70-degree waters, advertised as radioactive, have a complicated formula, and are suggested as being good for stomach troubles, bronchitis, asthma, anemia, and neurasthenia.

Colina (3,000 feet). This is only 25 miles from Santiago by paved road. The waters issue forth at from 70 to 85 degrees and are heralded as being excellent for respiratory ailments, rheumatism, gout, diabetes, and venereal diseases. The hotel rates run from \$2.60 to \$3.00 a day with food.

Apoquindo (2,700 feet). Although these baths are only 7 miles from the capital, the climate is much drier. The 70-to-80-degree waters contain iodine and are arsenical, among other things, and are advertised as good for rheumatism, stomach and rectal troubles, and malnutrition. They are easily reached in twenty minutes by busses from the Santiago hotels. Also there are cheap if not wholly satisfactory local inns.

Morales (6,500 feet). These baths lie 55 miles by car from Santiago or 7 miles from El Volcán station, the terminus of the Puente Alto military railroad. The 75-degree waters are recom-

mended for rheumatism, skin diseases, and nervous ailments. Room and board cost \$1.50.

Santiago to Concepción

Cauquenes (2,500 feet). These historic baths lie 65 miles south of Santiago and are only 22 miles from Rancagua. The waters issue forth at from 85 to 120 degrees and are recommended for rheumatism, liver, kidney, and stomach ailments. There are first-class hotels, the Termal and Rio Claro, with resident physicians. The rates run from \$3.00 to \$4.00 with food.

Cachantún (2,500 feet). These baths are only 10 miles from Rancagua. The 80-degree waters are good for stomach trouble, skin diseases, and rheumatism. There is a swimming pool and bathing cabins, but no hotel.

Vegas del Flaco or El Flaco (5,700 feet). The road corkscrews up the rivers and mountains for fifty miles above San Fernando. The 95-to-200-degree waters are said to be exceptionally efficacious for rheumatism, tuberculosis, anemia, respiratory troubles, kidney ailments. The large hotel charges from \$2.10 to \$2.50.

Tanhuaio (830 feet). These baths lie only 6 miles from Curtidura station on the branch rail line from Talca to Constitución. The 80-degree waters are good for rheumatism, skin disease, stomach ailments, sinus trouble, bronchitis, and gynecological troubles. There are two hotels, Puquíos and Baños, with rates from \$1.00 to \$1.50 with meals.

Mondaca (4,100 feet). These baths on the south shore of Lake Mondaca are difficult to reach and have no hotel accommodations. The 115-degree waters are said to be good for stomach and bronchial troubles.

Longavi (4,500 feet). These lie 45 miles from Parral. The 150-to-160-degree waters are recommended for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, neuritis, endocrine glandular deficiency. The accommodations are very primitive.

Panimávida (830 feet). These lie 16 miles from Parral by train or road. This is one of the famous health and vacation spots of Chile. The 90-degree waters are good for gastric and renal troubles. It is a place recommended for bronchitis. There

is a luxurious hotel, with rates ranging from \$2.00 to \$6.00 a day with food. There are Turkish and Russian baths, a swimming pool, Vichy-style baths, and many recreational facilities. Resident physicians are always in attendance. The Panimávida water is sold in bottled form all over Chile. Many Chileans mix it with their wine at the table.

Catillo (1,167 feet). This gracious resort lies 17 miles outside of Parral. The 85-to-95-degree waters are beneficial for stomach ailments, diabetes, skin afflictions, rheumatism, and liver troubles. There is a good hotel, rates \$2.00 to \$2.50.

Chillán (6,000 feet). This is another of the more famous and more frequented vacation spots. It lies 17 miles from Recinto on the branch rail line from Chillán. The 140-to-200-degree waters are recommended for rheumatism, phlebitis, diabetes, neuralgia, gout, lumbago, skin troubles, and syphilis. The fine hotel is open from December to April, and the rates run from \$3.25 to \$4.00. There is a resident physician. All sorts of play and sport facilities are available.

Concepción to Valdivia

Copahué (5,800 feet). This remote resort lies 100 miles south-east of Los Angeles and is only 2½ miles from the Argentine frontier. The 100-to-220-degree waters are good for rheumatism, asthma, bronchitis. Accommodations are very primitive.

Tolhuaca (4,000 feet). These baths lie 20 miles from Curacautín. The 85-to-200-degree waters are said to be good for rheumatism, asthma, diabetes, and ulcers. There is a fair hotel charging \$1.50 to \$2.50.

Palguín (2,600 feet). These baths lie 20 miles from the fancy Pucón Lake resort. The 85-to-100-degree waters are recommended for rheumatism, sciatica, stomach ailments, neuralgia, and neuroses. There is a comfortable hotel that charges from \$1.80 to \$2.40.

Minuetué (1,300 feet). These baths are only 17 miles from Pucón. The 80-to-125-degree waters are advertised as good for rheumatic and skin troubles, and are claimed to be radioactive. There is a comfortable little hotel run by the Bonfanti chain. The rates run from \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Rio Blanco (3,500 feet). This resort is 18 miles from Cura-

cautín by road. The 100-to-110-degree waters are beneficial for rheumatism, gout, paralysis, liver, stomach, and respiratory troubles. A comfortable hotel sets its rates at from \$2.00 to \$2.25.

Valdivia to Puerto Montt

Llifén (422 feet). This well-known resort is three hours by ferry across Lake Ranco from the railhead of the branch line out of La Unión via the Cocule station. The 65-degree waters are advertised as aiding rheumatism, kidneys, stomach and as good for skin troubles. The modest hotel charges \$1.80 for room and board.

Puyehué (950 feet). This is one of the famous resorts of the country, and is 50 miles from Osorno near the east end of Lake Puyehué. The 95-to-165-degree waters are beneficial for rheumatism, bronchitis, syphilis, neuralgia, and gynecological complications. There is a magnificent hotel with rates from \$5.00 to \$8.00.

Other hot springs are located farther south but are difficult of access, and few of them have any accommodations.

INDUSTRY

N EARLY half of Chile's population lives on the land, and no visit to Chile is complete without a trip out to one of the large *fundos*. Many of these vast haciendas date back to colonial times and are still held by descendants of the lieutenants who followed Valdivia in the conquest of Chile. They formed the nucleus of the landed aristocracy that ruled Chile for four centuries, and which is still exceedingly powerful in political affairs.

A large *fundo* revolves around the *casa grande*, the manor house, which is part of a central community usually set around a plaza, with church, school, a small store, sometimes a movie or social hall, offices, stables, and warehouses. In recent years more alert owners have set up clinics.

The *casa grande*, set apart, is customarily built around two or three large patios, Moorish-Spanish style. The front patio is always a flower garden, perhaps with fountains and pool; the second is for vegetables; the back one, for corrals, fowls, maybe a riding horse or two.

A raised gallery or open corridor with columns, and often artistic interlaced brickwork, circles the front patio onto which all rooms open.

Back of the *casa grande*, sometimes part of the rear patio, sometimes larger and surrounded by high walls, often of adobe surmounted by a little tile roof, are large orchard and grape arbors. In recent years modern swimming pools, apparently copied from Hollywood movies, have been added.

Beyond the *casa grande*, usually around the square or

bunched in various communities on the broad acres are the adobe houses of the *inquilinos*. The *inquilino* usually has a small plot of ground to cultivate, and he is paid either a yearly wage or wages for the time he actually works. He is paid extra if he uses his own animals.

On some estates there are extra adobe houses or perhaps large barracks for the harvesttime *rotos*.

The life of the owners, who spend only a few of the most pleasant months on the estate, is busy yet leisurely. The day begins early, but meals always drag on for hours of copious eating, drinking, and conversation. Usually there is a horseback ride, either early morning or just before sundown. Noon-day meal, which is served around two o'clock, is always an enormous banquet.

Hardly has the slack in the belt been taken up, when *once* is announced. Tea is served with sandwiches, cakes, and fruit. Dinner, staged about nine-thirty, is also a prolonged affair, and people rarely get up from the table before eleven. Nighttime is enlivened by guitar playing and *huaso* songs. It is an ideal existence, and when the owner's family grows bored, all fly back to the city house or abroad.

From La Serena south, central Chile is a beautiful sight in springtime when the peach, cherry, plum, apple, and other fruit orchards are in bloom. Orange blossoms permeate the highways with their aroma. The walls are decked with flowering vines. From September to November Chile is a glorious floral spectacle.

As one goes farther south in Chile, the big estates are left behind. Cattle and dairy farms grow more frequent. Broad acres of wheat and barley stretch off toward the Andean snows. South around Valdivia and Puerto Montt are more fine apple orchards. Blackberries, brought in by the German immigrants seventy-five years ago, have run wild to become the curse of farmers and grazers.

On into Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, the farm picture changes still more, for there the principle industry is sheep raising. Often forty or fifty thousand sheep can be seen in a single herd. There are far more sheep than people, even including the towns.

FISHING

The fishing and fish-cannery industries are growing ever more important to Chilean life. More than two hundred varieties swarm in the waters within thirty miles of the coast. Some seventy kinds of fish, some of them unknown in the North American market, reach the Santiago market. The kinds that have the most sale are congers, haddock (*róbalo*), *lisa* or river fish, and kingfish. Anchovies are also common and much of the catch is canned.

Very superior shellfish (*mariscos*) are obtained. A large portion of the tasty varieties are unknown to North Americans, and they provide a real treat for the visitor who enjoys seafood. He will discover new kinds of squid and octopus, many unusual kinds of crabs, many special shellfish on the order of scallops and nearly all of them far more savory than scallops.

The most important fishing center is Talcahuano near Concepción; next comes Valparaíso, and third, San Antonio. But 77 per cent of Chile's haul comes from Talcahuano and farther south.

In recent years the government has taken quite a hand in organizing and promoting the fishing industry. Hatcheries have been established. New fish are acclimated. A fishing school was set up in San Vicente in 1935. Aid has been extended to promote better marketing, processing, canning, etc. The preparation of dog food, new fish oils, fertilizers, glue, and other by-products has been pushed. In all, the government has made loans totaling nearly two billion pesos to individual fishermen or small concerns.

Deep-sea fishing was also organized by a combination government private company: Pesquera Arauco, with twelve million pesos capital. This organization maintains its own fish markets in various cities. It provides customers with recipes and information about new kinds of fish. Refrigeration plants have been installed far and wide. Canneries have been built.

In 1945 the government created the marine biology station in Montemar, near Viña del Mar, under the University of Chile, to study fish, fish parasites, fish food supplies, fishing banks, the ideal chemical waters for various types of fish, reproductive

habits, seasonal problems, etc. This is the first establishment of its kind in all South America and is worth a visit by the interested traveler.

The government has many long-range plans for aiding fishermen to enlarge the industry and increase the catch.

LUMBERING

Lumbering is a growing industry. To organize it more scientifically the government some years ago brought in an American technical mission.

In the north where vegetation is sparse, folk use even small growth for wood, charcoal, and other purposes. From Puerto Aisén on south, where the snow line is low, often such small growth is the only kind available.

But in between, especially from Temuco to below Puerto Montt, and farther north either along the shore or among the higher hills, are some magnificent forests.

In highland areas are many deciduous timber trees, such as oak and the remarkable native *raulí* (after the Araucano word *raylín*) which grows to about 130 feet and has a smooth gray bark and very light resistant white wood. It belongs to the beech family. Common, too, except in higher altitudes and right on the coast, is the coigue, the Chilean evergreen beech. Smaller branches are often used to thatch houses.

Chile has many special woods which take a magnificent polish and are excellent for furniture and interior carpentry. Some are exceedingly hard and heavy; others are light, strong, and almost impervious to moisture, such as the alerce, a magnificent tree found in the Valdivia-Puerto Montt area. It is a kind of larch.

Artificially planted forests are mostly pine, eucalyptus, and poplar.

NITRATE

Most people think of Chile chiefly as a nitrate country, and for many decades nitrate provided most of the exported wealth and made for boom-time prosperity in the country. For a time, when nitrate was really king of Chile, the country had one of the lowest tax rates in the world, and revenues from nitrate

permitted the development of railroads, roads, schools, public health, and many other improvements.

The first nitrate plant was started in Tarapacá Province, in 1826, in what was then Bolivian territory. The discovery of new beds in Antofogasta Province led to rapid expansion. Nitrate was one of the causes of the War of the Pacific with Peru and Bolivia, which brought 90 per cent of the world's output of nitrate into Chilean hands. Today Chile, due to the rise of the synthetic industry, provides only 8 per cent of the world's supply.

This pushed the less productive fields into bankruptcy, led to the concentration of the industry in a few large companies controlling the richest beds, the development of modern scientific methods to cut costs, and the erection of several great refining plants capable of supplying the whole export demand.

These plants are the María Elena, built in 1926 at a cost of twenty-eight million dollars, with a capacity of 750,000 tons; the Pedro de Valdivia plant, costing thirty-five million dollars, with an 820,000-ton capacity. The 1945 plant of the Nitrate Company of Tarapacá was erected on the basis of wartime demand that did not continue. The first two plants are near Tocopilla and Antofogasta; the third is at Victoria.

The Pedro de Valdivia plant, the last word in techniques, is well worth a visit. It is a long way indeed from the primitive hand methods long in use.

The discovery of nitrate, according to one story, resulted when some Indians, on building a fire, were surprised to see the ground crackle and flame up in various directions. They rushed to tell the priest about the work of evil spirits. The latter examined the grayish earth closely, then tossed them into his garden. Presently he noticed that the plants nearby had a phenomenal growth.

Another story has it that a poor Scotchman near Iquique noticed that a part of his garden where white earth was banked grew much better than the rest. He sent some of the soil home to Scotland and thereby started a whole new industry. But he himself died as poor as he was born.

The story of the development of the industry is romantic and

exciting, with tales of daring, violence, astuteness, and finally war on a grand scale.

In 1876 the industry got a boost from the new Shanks system, adopted by Santiago Humberstone. It was primitive indeed compared to present large-scale industrial methods.

The Guggenheims moved in in 1924, and two years later put up their first big plant utilizing entirely different methods.

Nitrate ore, extracted from the ground a few inches to many feet below the surface, is called *caliche*, white, gray, yellow, or violet in color. Above the *caliche* usually are three layers: *chuca*, *costra*, and *tapa*. The *chuca*, in decomposition, has a gray to brown color. The *costra* is a pebble-sand conglomerate of derivatives of calcium sulphate, potash and soda, etc. This layer usually has to be dynamited. The *tapa* is sand, clay, or chalk, salt, and calcium sulphate. The main nitrate bed, the *caliche*, if of best quality, has from 40- to 70-per-cent nitrate content. Everything under 13 per cent was previously discarded. Technical improvements now make possible use of lower grades.

The origin of the beds is disputed. The most widely accepted theory is that this coast, once ocean bed, gradually rose, trapping lagoons and marshes containing seaweed and other marine plants that decomposed as the water dried up, leaving nitric acid and iodine, which combined with gypsum to form nitrate of soda.

By the old methods the *caliche* was broken up by dynamite and loaded in chunks on wagons, hauled by three to six mules, either to the processing plant or to be shipped on trains. The chunks were pulverized and taken to a boiler where twelve gallons of water were added for each one hundred pounds. The fluid mixture was run into large receptacles where it cooled in from twenty-four to forty hours. The nitrate crystallized out on the sides and bottom, and the liquid, from which iodine was subsequently extracted, was drawn off. The crystalline nitrate was put into driers for three or four days, then spread out for further drying, after which it was shoveled into 200-pound sacks and shipped. Some nitrate was more carefully refined for chemical and industrial uses.

The process sounds simple. Actually the nitrate works covered much acreage, with extensive laboratories, a great deal of machinery, conveyers, loaders, etc. They were the center of a large organized community, with streets, electricity, policemen, workers' houses, churches, stores, theaters, etc.

Larger companies have their own private embarkation ports, private railroads. Nitrate railroads total more than one thousand miles, and in normal times handle three million tons of freight and three quarters of a million passengers a year.

Today the modern nitrate plants of María Elena and Pedro de Valdivia work in a new way effecting economies to compete with the synthetic industry. The *caliche* is brought in by rail in chunks weighing thirty tons or more and is crushed in a six-story building kept dustless by air conditioning, first to pieces the size of a melon, then two more crushings bring them down to golf-ball size.

The crushed ore is dumped into huge rectangular vats about 20 feet deep, each having a cubic capacity of 2,364,900 cubic feet, and covered with water. The water filters through, carrying the nitrate off in solution. The residue, about 80 per cent of the original material (depending on the quality) is dumped miles off in the desert. The solution is run through refrigerated pipes which cause the nitrate to crystallize out. The crystals are drawn into a spinner for separation. A traveling belt takes them to furnaces to be melted down. The hot nitrate fluid is then sprayed into the air in a sixty-foot snowstorm chamber that coagulates the nitrate into small pellets. These are ready to be shipped in bulk, not in sacks as before.

A by-product is iodine which remains in the liquid after nitrate removal. The iodine is precipitated by use of chemicals as a black powder. This is vaporized in retorts where it deposits as violet crystals. These are packed in small casks each worth some hundreds of dollars.

COPPER

Chile is the second largest copper-producing country in the world, and at times production has exceeded that of the United States. Its reserves are probably twice those of our own country. Chile has the largest copper mine and refinery in the world—

Chuquicamata in Antofagasta Province, a Guggenheim property.

In colonial times small copper mines were worked around La Serena, and copper products—tanks, buckets, tools, nails, tacks, cannon, boilers—figured in very early colonial export lists.

The two big boosts for the copper industry came with the invention of the reverberatory furnace by Charles Lambert in 1831, and the discovery of the Tamaya mine near Ovalle in 1833, which promptly tripled and quadrupled Chilean output.

New capital and new machinery, finally the demands of World War I, brought a dizzy increase in production. Shortly after the turn of the century, William Braden (father of Spruille Braden, the United States envoy to Chile, later Argentina) acquired El Teniente mine above Rancagua and associated himself with the Guggenheims, who soon installed one of the largest, most efficient works in the world, with a railroad running from Sewell to Rancagua.

Even before this was fully developed, the Guggenheims had acquired the wealthy Chuquicamata mine and by 1915 were producing on a vast scale.

A third great mine and refinery were built by William Braden in Potrerillos shortly after World War I.

These three major copper centers turn out over 90 per cent of all copper produced in Chile.

The Chilean government is now aiding independent mine interests and is utilizing Chilean and Argentine capital to put up a modern refinery in Paipote near Copiapó.

A visit to El Teniente, very accessible to Santiago by the Sewell railroad out of Rancagua, is worth the time and trouble. The train climbs up into the Andes to the snow-drift town and workers' barracks. The great flaming installations are a spectacle not soon forgotten, the great tailings, the tall stacks, the acid fumes rising from the electrolytic process, the big cranes and excavators. The ore is dug right out of a crater. Big dams, behind which stretch artificial mountain lakes, provide water and power for the works. Today each worker in the modern refineries turns out five times as much copper as he did thirty years ago.

IRON

Iron ore was mined in Chile in early days in small amounts. The first steel and iron smelter was put up in 1906, the Altos Hornos plant in Corral near Valdivia.

With the aid of North American technicians and United States government money, another plant is being built for the Chilean government at Talcahuano near Concepción. This plant is unique for its special earthquake-resistant construction; a huge block of concrete floated on sand provides the base for the whole plant.

Most of the ore will come from El Tofo, thirty-odd miles above Coquimbo on the coast, where the Bethlehem Steel Company has installed the most modern electric excavators and port facilities. Coal is obtained right alongside Talcahuano from the undersea galleries of Lota, Coronel, and other points around the Arauco Gulf.

The new mill will turn out every type of steel and will have a capacity sufficient to supply all Chile's present needs.

COAL

Coal was used very early. People around Concepción gathered it from open seams to heat their houses and for simple industrial uses. Sailboats took on supplies there for cabin stoves.

The first expansion came with steam vessels in 1840 when Wheelwright opened up the first regular service between London and Chile. Up until the opening of the Panama Canal nearly all vessels in the South Pacific or going through the Straits of Magellan put into Lota or Coronel for coal.

The copper industry, growing by leaps and bounds, soon made additional demand for coal, and in 1852, Matías Cousiño increased production in the Lota mines and later along the entire Arauco Gulf. The Schwager interests opened up big mines also. The Lota mines now extend far out under the sea.

The first Magallanes coal mines were opened in 1870 and are still producing considerable amounts. The chief mines are near Punta Arenas and on Skyring Gulf, but it is known that big deposits exist all through the region. What is not needed locally is

shipped to Argentina. Plans are now being made to push coal production around Puerto Natales.

A few years ago the government bought into the Lota mines and revamped them, putting in the most up-to-date machinery. Output was considerably increased.

OIL

Chile places great hopes in new petroleum discoveries. Extensive government surveys have been made, and oil reported as likely to be found at Carelampú (near Puerto Montt), on Chiloé Island, and around the Magallanes area. It is also rumored that there may be oil in Antofogasta Province on the nitrate coast.

In December, 1945, the government Corporación de Fomento brought in a Springhill well near Punta Arenas, but a second well was not successful. But further oil exploration and drillings soon are to be pushed in co-operation with Argentina, which is supplying large funds for this purpose. All oil in Chile is government property.

Other Chilean products are manganese (mined chiefly around Coquimbo), mercury, sulphur (found all along the Andean uplands), cobalt, lead, zinc, molybdenum (found above Arica in the far north), arsenic, bauxite, borax (taken from great upland beds above Antofogasta, where there are deposits sufficient to supply the world for thousands of years), salt, talcaolin, limestone (from near Concepción and from Magallanes), kieselgur, dolomite, asbestos, lapis lazuli, graphite, mica.

MANUFACTURING

Prior to the Spaniards only handicrafts existed. The Spaniards started considerable industry. Weaving was lifted from handicraft to mill production.

Small shops produced leather goods, copperware, shoes, tiles, adobes, dishes, kitchenware, glassware, soap, gunpowder, harnesses, saddles, trunks, furniture. Woodwork was advanced.

In Chiloé a child's age was customarily reckoned by the number of alerce boards he could carry. Distances were reck-

oned by the number of rests required by a man with a load of lumber on his back. Lumber served as the chief medium of exchange in lieu of money.

Colonial Chile had many food-processing plants: flour mills with water wheels and stone grinders, olive-oil plants, cheese and meat establishments. Winemaking was already well developed.

By the time of independence, Chile, except for sugar, tobacco, yerba maté, and luxury items was economically self-sufficient.

The first concern of the early independence governments was national defense. As early as 1811, the Carrera government hired a Swiss to start a factory to turn out arms, cannon, munitions, powder, uniforms, etc. Later, many other arms factories were started, each more specialized. The greatest expansion in this direction occurred during the two wars with Peru and Bolivia and during the prolonged conflict with Spain during the sixties.

From the start of the Republic leading statesmen urged greater industrialization, but not much progress was made till near the middle of the century when coal mining expanded. In the decades from 1845 to 1865 the following were started: beet-sugar mills, new glazed-chinaware factories, a porcelain factory, the first shoe factory, the first fish cannery.

The following decade saw a piano factory, the first silk mill, the first broadcloth mill, the first paper mill.

During this century, the three most powerful factors causing Chilean industry to expand have been World War I, the depression which curtailed buying abroad, and World War II when few goods were obtainable abroad.

Since 1938 the great new impulse to industry has been the vast government *Corporación de Fomento de Producción*, which was aided by funds granted by the United States Export-Import Bank. It will now also get the bulk of the new \$175,000,000 loan recently granted by Argentina, the largest single loan ever made in any Latin American country.

The *Corporación* has entered into almost every line of industrial activity from fishing, agriculture, and lumbering to mining and manufacturing. It has built large new cement mills,

reducing importation from 60 to 10 per cent of the national needs. The country, thanks to its efforts, now supplies all its own tiles, bricks, porcelain, chinaware, and glassware, and exports some of these. The new Talcahuano steel mill will be under the ownership and control of the Fomento, and will supply a large portion of the national requirements. Large copper and zinc refineries are being built. Special effort has been made to push the electrical industry and the Corporación recently put in a new light and power system at Rancagua with 100-per-cent Chilean materials. Much effort has been expended on the chemical industry, and Chile has become quite an exporter of drugs and dyes. The output of string, cord, and rope has been increased 44 per cent in ten years. Much progress has been made with rayon, cotton, and woolen mills, and Chile now has the largest, most up-to-date linen mill in Latin America and a second is being built. At the same time the Corporación had greatly expanded the growing of flax. The Corporación hopes soon to make Chile independent of nearly all paper, newsprint, and cardboard imports. New leather and rubber plants have been put up, also a factory for tires and pneumatic rubber products. These now supply more than half Chile's needs. An automobile factory is being erected.

In line after line, Chile has been increasing output toward the goal of self-sufficiency, and in spite of its small population and its difficult geography, Chile remains one of the most alert and progressive countries of the continent.

GUIDE SHEETS

I POPULATION AND AREA

<i>Population</i>	5,245,115 (as of 1945)	
<i>Length</i>	Peru to Cape Horn	2,834 miles
	Lineal coast line	2,500 "
	Contour coast line	6,000 "
	Peru to South Pole	3,744 "
<i>Width</i>	46 to 218 miles	
	Average, 110 miles	
<i>Area</i>	Continental	286,396 sq. mi.
	Including Pacific Islands	287,168 " "
	Including Antarctica	769,418 " "

II MOUNTAINS

According to the American Geography Society's sectional survey maps of Chile, the most accurate in existence, Chile has more than five hundred mountains higher than any mountain in the forty-eight states of the United States. Many of these, however, are right on the frontier, hence are shared with Bolivia and Argentina, and the peak of Aconcagua, the highest mountain in the western hemisphere, is actually in Argentina, although much of the mountain lies in Chile.

Five of these giants are over 22,000 feet.

<i>Height in feet</i>		<i>Vantage point from which best seen</i>
Aconcagua	22,829	Santiago-Buenos Aires trans-Andean R. R.
Ojos de Salado I (Salty Eyes)	22,567	Plane, Antofagasta to Copiapó

<i>Height in feet</i>		<i>Vantage point from which best seen</i>
Falso Azufre (False Sulphur)	22,261	Plane, Antofogasta to Copiapó
Tocorpurí	22,157	Antofogasta-La Paz trans-Andean R. R.
Lhullauacú	22,034	New Antofogasta—Socompa R. R.

III PROTAGONISTS

Ferdinando Magellan (1480–1521). In 1520 Fernão Magalhães, the Portuguese explorer commissioned by the Spanish crown, discovered Tierra del Fuego and the Straits of Magellan on his around-the-world trip. He called the natives Patagones—and thereby named a whole region.

Diego de Almagro (1475–1538). The little one-eyed man, associated with Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, spent two years (1553–1555) trying to subdue Chile. After every kind of atrocity, he had to throw up the sponge. On returning to Peru he was beheaded.

Pedro de Valdivia (1500–1553). The big-faced man from Extremadura, Spain, who conquered northern Chile in 1540. Accompanied and aided by his valiant mistress, Inez Suarez, he founded Santiago, Concepción, and other cities.

Lautaro (1535–1556). The most courageous and spectacular of the various Araucano *toqués* or leaders who fought the Spaniards, he was brought up as page boy in Valdivia's own household. He rallied his people against the *cupais*, the white devils, captured and killed Valdivia and all his force. One legend has it that Lautaro killed Valdivia by pouring molten gold into his mouth. "He is greedy for it: let him have plenty." Lautaro vowed he would capture Santiago, but was killed in battle north of the Maule River.

Ambrosio O'Higgins (1720–1800). The Irish peddler, who rose to be governor of Chile from 1788 to 1796, was the most enlightened and able of all colonial administrators. He channeled the Mapocho River, built a road from Valparaíso to Santiago, and drove the first modern road across the Andes.

Bernardo O'Higgins (1776–1842). The "father of Chilean independence" was an illegitimate son of Ambrosio. He took part in all the early struggles to throw off the Spanish yoke but was driven over the Andes after losing the 1814 Rancagua battle. He then aided San Martín in the famous trans-Andean invasion, one of the world's greatest military feats, which destroyed Spanish power. He became the first supreme director of a free Chile. Driven from power in 1823

by the reactionary Bigwigs and revolutionary factions, he died years later in Peru.

José de San Martín (1776–1849). The great Argentine general and patriot, who helped free Argentina then liberated both Chile and Peru. He defeated the Spaniards in the battle of Chacabuco, February 12, 1817. He turned over his forces and his cause to the great Simón Bolívar and retired into obscurity in Paris, where he died almost forgotten many years later.

Diego José Victor Portales (1793–1837). A tobacco, liquor, playing-card concessionaire who—to cover up improper deals with the government—became the behind-the-scenes dictator from 1830 to 1837. He established a military feudal regime, a governing system that lasted until this century. He helped provoke the first war with Peru and Bolivia and was finally assassinated by army officers when he came to review their troops.

Manuel Bulnes (1799–1866). The General who beat the Peruvian-Bolivian Confederation in the Yungay battle, January 20, 1839, and then assumed the presidency.

Andrés Bello (1781–1865). "The great educator" was a Venezuelan who became the first rector of the University of Chile. He was a poet, critic, essayist, historian. This enlightened Conservative is considered one of the greatest intellectual figures in the history of South America.

Claudio Gay (1800–1872). A Frenchman who made the greatest study of Chile ever made by any scholar. He published his findings in twenty-four volumes of history, documents, botany, zoology, and geography.

Manuel Montt (1809–1880). A remarkable but dictatorial president who promoted much new industry, perfected the arbitrary governing system of Portales, brought in German immigration, opened up south Chile.

Benjamín Vicuña y Mackenna (1831–1886). One of Chile's greatest writers, scholars, and statesmen, who fought Montt's dictatorial acts, promoted a more liberal representative system, helped bring the new industrialist and capitalist class into political power.

José Manuel Balmaceda (1840–1891). Chile's first great reform president, who did much to promote education, settle south Chile, build railroads, improve living standards. He was driven out in 1891 after a bitter civil war, promoted by the aristocratic navy, landholders, and by domestic and foreign nitrate and railroad interests. He committed suicide.

Arturo Alessandri (1868-). "The lion of Tarapacá," twice president, who waged the first democratic campaign in Chile, brought modernism to the country, and established notable popular reforms. He is the father of the constitution of 1925, which replaced the Portales constitution of 1833.

Pedro Aguirre (1870-1942). Chile's first Popular Front president, who restored democratic rights abridged by Socialist dictator Carlos Ibáñez, promoted social legislation, reconstructed south Chile after a terrible earthquake, founded new industries, established a huge governmental business and production corporation to diversify the country's economy.

IV CLIMATE AND RAINFALL

TEMPERATURES			
	<i>Av. minimum</i>	<i>Av. maximum</i>	
Arica			
February	63.5	81	
June	54.7	71.7	
Santiago			
January	55.4	84.5	
July	38.5	57	
Valdivia			
January	54.1	82.2	
July	40.1	45.6	
Puerto Montt			
January	56.8	65.1	
June	40.4	52.2	
Punta Arenas			
January	44.2	63.1	
July	30.6	39.4	

RAINFALL (ANNUAL)

	<i>Inches</i>	<i>Rainiest months</i>
Arica	0	
Santiago	52	May to August
Concepción	196	May to September
Valdivia	392	All year
Puerto Montt	173	
Punta Arenas	64	

V SANTIAGO TELEGRAPH AND CABLE SERVICES

Post Office. Plaza de Armas, N. W. corner. 8 A.M. to 12 P.M.

28 branch offices. Among them:

Palacio de la Moneda, 2nd patio
 Portal Edwards (off Alameda), 2770
 Plaza Argentina
 Senate Chamber
 Quinta Normal
 Nueva York, 71
 Palace of Justice

Telégrafos del Estado. Plaza de Armas, 951, 24 hr. service.

Telegrams received at all branch post offices, 8 A.M.
 9 P.M.

Telégrafo Comercial. Huérfanos, 858. 24 hr. service.

Branch offices:

Banco de Chile. Ahumado, 251
 Agustinas, 925
 Matta, 959
 Vicuña Mackenna, 856
 Bandera, 298
 Compañía, 1981
 Estación Alameda (R. R.), Plaza Argentina
 Estación Mapocho (R. R.), Mapocho River
 Matucana, 715B. (Near Quinta Normal)
 San Diego, 1895
 San Joaquín, 1275

All American Cables. Agustinas, 1065. 24 hr. service.

West Coast Cables. Bandera, 156. Until 2 A.M.

Transradio. Argentinas, 1036. Till midnight.

VI SANTIAGO TOURIST AGENCIES. STEAMSHIP, RAILROAD
AND AIR OFFICES*Tourist Agencies*

Government Information tourist bureau. Matías Cousiño, 150.

Agencia Argentina. Hermanos Amunátegui, 131.

- Cambitur, Huérfanos, 1063. (Money exchange.)
Casa Weiss. Estado, 80.
Díaz Alvarez. Exposición, 1478.
Expreso Villalongo. Agustinas, 1054. Local agency for American Express. (Money exchange.)
Exprinter. Agustinas, 1074.
Litvak y Compañía. Bandera, 191. (Money exchange.)
Transportes Unidos. Agustinas, 1139. (Trips to Argentina by car.)
Turavión. Bandera, 169. (Trips to Argentina by car.)
Turismo Colón. Matías Cousiño, 124.
Wagons Lits/Cook. Agustinas, 1058. (Money exchange.)
C.A.T.A. Huérfanos, 670. (Trans-Andean route by bus or touring car or *colectivo*, i. e., share a car with others.)
CIVIT. Compañía Chilena de Viajes y Turismo. Moneda, 930. (Lake and trans-Andean tours.)
C.U.T. Viajes á Argentina. Galería Alessandri, 17B. (All-inclusive tours, Argentina and return.)

Freight, Baggage, Packages

- Compañía de Transportes Minera y Agrícola. Francisco Bilbao, 0133.
Empresa Chilena de Mudanzas y Transportes. Morandé, 322.
Empresa de Transportes Bunster. Almirante Blanco Encalada, 1865.
Expreso Villalongo. Agustinas, 1054.
Sociedad de Transportes. Aconcagua. Morandé, 864.
Grace and Co. Huérfanos, 1189.

Railroads

- State Railroads. Bandera, corner Huérfanos. Also in Alameda and Mapocho Stations.
Ferrocarri! Llano de Maipo. Pirqué Station, Avenida General Bustamante (to El Volcán).

Steamship Offices

- American Exchange Co. Nueva York, 52, R3.
Blue Star Line. Agustinas, 1136.
Compañía Chilena de Navegación Interocéánica. Agustinas, 1062 (to Punta Arenas and Buenos Aires, via Straits of Magellan).
Compañía Naviera y Comercial de Huellén, Ltd. Morandé, 871.
Compañía Sud América de Vapores. Agustinas, corner Morandé.
Ferrocarri!es. Servicio Marítimo. Huérfanos, 1102 at corner of

Bandera in railroad offices. (Government coastal vessels, Puerto Montt, Chiloé Island, Puerto Aisén, Punta Arenas, etc. Lake steamers.)

Grace Line. Huérfanos, 1189.

Martínez Pereira y Compañía. Agustinas, 1111.

Wessel Duval y Compañía. Huérfanos, 1183.

Air Lines (Consult telephone book, as offices constantly being changed and enlarged.)

Panagra.

LAN (National Air Lines).

Argentine Civil Aviation Line.

British Latin American Air Lines, Ltd.

(Brazilian, French, Dutch, and other American lines expected to open offices shortly.)

VII SANTIAGO MUSEUMS

Bellas Artes. Parque Forrestal at Plaza Francia.

Nacional de Historia Natural. Quinta Normal.

Historia Nacional. Miraflores, 50.

(All museums open, 9-12 A.M. and 2:30-6:30 P.M., except history museum which opens half an hour later, closes half an hour earlier.)

VIII LIBRARIES

Biblioteca Nacional. O'Higgins, 651. On Alameda at foot of Santa Lucía Hill. (Contains national archives.)

Del Congreso. Plazuela Pontt-Varas.

Sociedad de Fomento Fabril. Moneda, 759.

José Gregorio Argomedo. Carmen, 518.

Victoriano Lastarria. Recoletas, 523.

IX PUBLICATIONS

Asies. Lira, 363. Weekly, humorous, critical.

El Diario Ilustrado. Moneda, 1158-1164. Daily, ultraconservative, ultra-Catholic.

El Diario Oficial. Agustinas, 1269. Government record.

El Imparcial. San Diego, 67. Daily, nonpartisan.

El Mercurio. Compañía, 1214. Daily, nonpartisan, conservative.

El Siglo. Moneda, 716. Daily, Communist. (Suppressed, October, 1947.)

La Hora. Moneda, 744. Daily, nonpartisan.

La Nación. Agustinas, 1269. Daily, Radical party.

La Opinión. O'Higgins, 874. Daily, Socialist.

Las Ultimas Noticias. Compañía, 1214. Daily, afternoon, published by *El Mercurio*.

Noticias Gráficas, Teatinos, 82. Daily, nonpartisan, afternoon.

Zig-Zag. Weekly, illustrated, published by Ercilla, largest publishing house.

X VALPARAISO

Post office

Prat at Urriola.

Telegraph and cable services

State Telegraph. Prat, 812.

Commercial Telegraph. Prat, 669.

Transradio Chileno. Prat, 863.

All-American Cable. Esmeralda, 919-925.

West Coast Cable. Prat, 816-822. (Electra House.)

Travel Bureaus

Compañía Chilena de Viajes y Turismo (CIVIT). Pasaje Ross, 51.

Exprinter. Prat, 895.

Transportes Unidos. Prat, 719.

Villalongo, Prat, 745. (American Express.)

Transportation Offices

Compañía Sud América de Vapores. Blanco, 895.

Compañía Chilena de Navegación Interoceánica. Blanco, 891.

Grace Line. Plaza Sotomayor.

Servicio Marítimo. Port Station. (State Railways)

Sociedad Anónima Compañía Braun y Blanchard. Blanco, 891.
(Nitrate Coast.)

Sociedad Anónima Marítima Chilena. Blanco, 582-586. (Nitrate Coast.)

Sociedad Anónima Ganadera y Comercial "Menéndez-Behety."
Prat, 772. (Punta Arenas and intervening coast ports.)

Sociedad Marítima y Comercial (James and Co.). Pasaje Ross, 51. (Talcahuano and Iquique.)

Panagra Air Line. Plaza Sotomayor.

LAN. Port Station. (National Air Lines.)

Bandera in railroad offices. (Government coastal vessels, Puerto Montt, Chiloé Island, Puerto Aisén, Punta Arenas, etc. Lake steamers.)

Grace Line. Huérfanos, 1189.

Martínez Pereira y Compañía. Agustinas, 1111.

Wessel Duval y Compañía. Huérfanos, 1133.

Air Lines (Consult telephone book, as offices constantly being changed and enlarged.)

Panagra.

LAN (National Air Lines).

Argentine Civil Aviation Line.

British Latin American Air Lines, Ltd.

(Brazilian, French, Dutch, and other American lines expected to open offices shortly.)

VII SANTIAGO MUSEUMS

Bellas Artes. Parque Forrestal at Plaza Francia.

Nacional de Historia Natural. Quinta Normal.

Historia Nacional. Miraflores, 50.

(All museums open, 9-12 A.M. and 2:30-6:30 P.M., except history museum which opens half an hour later, closes half an hour earlier.)

VIII LIBRARIES

Biblioteca Nacional. O'Higgins, 651. On Alameda at foot of Santa Lucía Hill. (Contains national archives.)

Del Congreso. Plazuela Pontt-Varas.

Sociedad de Fomento Fabril. Moneda, 759.

José Gregorio Argomedo. Carmen, 518.

Victoriano Lastarria. Recoletas, 523.

IX PUBLICATIONS

Asies. Lira, 363. Weekly, humorous, critical.

El Diario Ilustrado. Moneda, 1158-1164. Daily, ultraconservative, ultra-Catholic.

El Diario Oficial. Agustinas, 1269. Government record.

El Imparcial. San Diego, 67. Daily, nonpartisan.

El Mercurio. Compañía, 1214. Daily, nonpartisan, conservative.

El Siglo. Moneda, 716. Daily, Communist. (Suppressed, October, 1947.)

La Hora. Moneda, 744. Daily, nonpartisan.

La Nación. Agustinas, 1269. Daily, Radical party.

La Opinión. O'Higgins, 874. Daily, Socialist.

Las Ultimas Noticias. Compañía, 1214. Daily, afternoon, published by *El Mercurio*.

Noticias Gráficas, Teatinos, 82. Daily, nonpartisan, afternoon.

Zig-Zag. Weekly, illustrated, published by Ercilla, largest publishing house.

X VALPARAISO

Post office

Prat at Urriola.

Telegraph and cable services

State Telegraph. Prat, 812.

Commercial Telegraph. Prat, 669.

Transradio Chileno. Prat, 863.

All-American Cable. Esmeralda, 919-925.

West Coast Cable. Prat, 816-822. (Electra House.)

Travel Bureaus

Compañía Chilena de Viajes y Turismo (CIVIT). Pasaje Ross, 51.

Exprinter. Prat, 895.

Transportes Unidos. Prat, 719.

Villalongo, Prat, 745. (American Express.)

Transportation Offices

Compañía Sud América de Vapores. Blanco, 895.

Compañía Chilena de Navegación Interoceánica. Blanco, 891.

Grace Line. Plaza Sotomayor.

Servicio Marítimo. Port Station. (State Railways)

Sociedad Anónima Compañía Braun y Blanchard. Blanco, 891.
(Nitrate Coast.)

Sociedad Anónima Marítima Chilena. Blanco, 582-586. (Nitrate Coast.)

Sociedad Anónima Ganadera y Comercial "Menéndez-Behety."
Prat, 772. (Punta Arenas and intervening coast ports.)

Sociedad Marítima y Comercial (James and Co.). Pasaje Ross, 51. (Talcahuano and Iquique.)

Panagra Air Line. Plaza Sotomayor.

LAN. Port Station. (National Air Lines.)

Museums

Naval. Avenida Gran Bretaña.
 Valparaiso. Avenida Errázuriz, 70.
 Severín Library. Plaza Victoria.

Restaurants

El Castillo. Avenida Altamirano, 1424. (Terraces over sea, high priced, good.)
 Bolsa. Prat 7.
 Bavaria. O'Higgins, 1253.
 Jockey Club. Pedro Montt, 1746.
 Monico. Calle Prat.
 Nave. Calle Serrano, beside Intendencia.
 Neptuno. Esmeralda, 1160.
 Port Restaurant. Port Station. (Bonfanti chain.)
 Tortuga. Heras, 447.
 Almendral. Uruguay, corner Brasil. (Sea food.)
 Cafe Riquet. Plaza Anibal Pinto. (Tea, ice cram, candy.)

XI INDUSTRY

Mining (1945)

Gold	6,337 kilos	
Silver	30,997 "	(Peak: 1871-80, av. 212,469 kilos.)
Copper	498,326 tons	(Reserves, 26,277,000 tons.)
Nitrate	976,808 "	(Peak: 1910-19, av. 2,336,650 tons.)
Sulphur	21,392 "	
Manganese	21,921 "	
Mercury	34,158 kilos	
Coal	2,300,000 tons	
Iron	1,900,000 "	(60 per cent ore.)

Industrial Population (1940)

Agriculture and Fishing	619,563	(35%)
Mining	96,090	(5.4%)
Industry	356,249	(20.1%)
Commerce	221,861	(12.6%)
Communications	148,634	(8.4%)

XIII CHIEF CITIES

	Population
Santiago	952,075
Valparaiso	209,945
Concepción	85,813
Talca	50,464
Antofagasta	49,106
Chillán	42,817
Temuco	42,035
Iquique	38,094
Talcahuano	37,744
Valdivia	34,496
Rancagua	31,018

XIV BARILOCHE TRANS-ANDEAN ROUTE

Osorno to Petrohué (Bus, 5 to 6 hrs.)	\$ 3.60
Petrohué to Puella (Ferry, 3 hrs.)	1.80
Puella to La Cumbre (Bus, 1 hr.)	4.05
La Cumbre to Puerto Blest (Ferry Lake Fria, 1 hr; bus, 15 minutes)	3.75
Puerto Blest to Bariloche (Ferry, 4 hrs.)	2.10
Hotel Puella, room and food	3.00
Hotel Blest, room and food	6.00
Other meals, taxes, and tips	4.70
Grand total	28.00

Through tourist rate, all inclusive, tour arranged by tourist agencies, Pullman, best hotels, and food from Santiago to Buenos Aires comes to about \$90.

Direct fare between Santiago and Buenos Aires by plane or rail is about \$50. By taking the Bariloche route, the traveler pays \$40 more, sees most of South Chile, the finest scenery in both Chile and Argentina, and quite a bit of the Argentine pampas.

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